TERROR IN OUR TIME

BOOKS ON
INTERNATIONAL SECRET SERVICE
By R. W. ROWAN

TERROR IN OUR TIME

THE STORY OF SECRET SERVICE

SPIES AND THE NEXT WAR

SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA

THE PINKERTONS: A DETECTIVE DYNASTY

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY: THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN
ESPIONAGE

TERROR IN OUR TIME

The Secret Service of Surprise Attack

BY

RICHARD WILMER ROWAN

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TERROR IN OUR TIME

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At least such subtile covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.

John Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part II

I

WAR IN MASQUERADE

Ever since the "war to end war," which itself never really ended and only very grudgingly and ostentatiously suspended from November 11, 1918 to September 1, 1939, there has been a steady development of secret-service combat. We have, in fact, lived through a period of truce that was mainly an epoch of secret service. Throughout those twenty-one years the science of foul play and the strategy of power politics became so intermingled that it was often nearly impossible to distinguish governing practices from the technique of the criminal underworld.

In a preceding volume *The Story of Secret Service* the writer endeavored to trace the history of military and political espionage, police repressions and government intrigue down the misty corridors of thirty centuries. These annals were concluded with the war years, 1914-1918. And it was shown that, although there had been a vast enlargement of secret-service activities in modern times, there had been no reforms, few revisions and little evolution. The Biblical spy and the agent of espionage in the great war did not look alike, they might have far different objectives, but the impulses, the methods and ethical atrophy were nearly identical.

There had been little evolution, or gradual change. But hereafter, as we traverse the past twenty-one years, we shall discover many bewildering, almost revolutionary changes affecting the pattern of secret-service operations. These changes, though each is a variation of secret serv-

ice, are plainly marked ; virtually nothing has been hidden. Whereas through most of the thirty centuries of *The Story of Secret Service* there were momentous intrigues and adventures blurred or half-erased by time, by historians' neglect or the frightened reticence and denials of participants, in the past two decades there have been thrown up on all sides of us infernal facts of conspiracy and betrayal, creeping out over the face of the earth like lava from a score of underground volcanoes.

Many fortunate countries were spared involvement in the great war of 1914-1918, but now all the nations of the civilized world are bound to share its remorseless heritage. The impact, the strain and the terror have not thus far been equally divided ; yet in some degree to every corner of the earth this new, never abating and clandestine struggle has already extended its network of intrigue. It is a subterranean conflict, being fought by brigades of secret agents with every sort of weapon that comes to hand. And it is the kind of conflict that is certain to breed other hostilities ; for, even as its skirmishers and shock troops press on to the attack, they prepare the way for that more terrible war which is waged in the open and in the dark, simultaneously.

Development of the undercover, undeclared combat in recent times has accounted for most of the extraordinary changes in secret-service methods and activities. Espionage agents are more numerous and enterprising than ever before ; but there are other agents whose duties desperately improve upon the merely furtive acquisition of intelligence. These newcomers are the recruits of combatant secret service. They are the storm troopers of an up-to-date secret corps, trained in the practices of sabotage, blackmail, even kidnapping and assassination. To the malign repertoire of secret service their perverse

talents have added the meanest devices of pressure and intimidation.

They have added *terror*.

This transforming of the spy into the terrorist greatly increases the range and hitting power of combatant secret service. And it immensely complicates and magnifies the countering problems of defense. Those operatives whose job is still known as "counter-espionage" are now called upon for doubled and redoubled exertions of vigilance. Every structure of defensive secret service has had to be overhauled.

The up-to-date secret corps—including a terrorist corps—is organized to participate in three kinds of underground combat. Our own truculent and troubled times provide outstanding specimens of all three. The first is largely a substitute for more costly armed conflict. The second is a campaign designed to weaken a stronger potential opponent. The second, in short, is aimed to prepare for war. While the third kind of underground combat is the secret-service "side-show" which co-ordinates with actual hostilities.

The exorbitant costs of warfare, 1914-1918, provoked an immediate search for some cheaper substitute. Governments sought to maintain a dove-bedecked attitude of peaceable negotiation and disarmament, but allowed their secret agents to take up a challenge and fight. Rival secret services thus quietly set about doing all the damage they could, to each other and to the opposing governments, while saving the government treasuries the price of highly expendable battle-planes and tanks, cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

The years since 1918, as we shall see, have closed over an alarming amount of this covert economy combat. But in 1934 the mood changed, and secret-service actions

and objectives changed. As an innovation of subterranean warfare there was now devised the secret-service offensive launched by an aggressor, or an alliance of would-be aggressors, intending to weaken, delude and disrupt those nations which the aggressor realized must inevitably stand in his path or perish. He saw that he had to weaken them by subtle means because they were actually stronger than he was, and potentially much stronger. He must delude them if he could, so that they, the stronger, might be persuaded not to challenge his aggressions before he was ready. And he must try to disrupt their unity of purpose as well as play upon a popular disinclination to engage in war.

This sort of undercover campaign has for its sole objective the offsetting of great differences in financial power, geographical advantage, material strength and resources of morale. And we must note that the *Blitzkrieg* or lightning-war has the same objective. The proponents of force and aggression, the political adventurers who have advocated — and practiced — the conquest of weaker neighbors by means of a sudden and overwhelming surprise attack, have hailed the strategic innovations of the *Blitzkrieg* as the sure antidote for such national inadequacies as lack of foreign exchange and gold reserves, food shortages and insufficiency of raw materials. Hit hard, they believe, strike swiftly, with frightfulness but without a moment's warning, add velocity to ferocity — then we shall not have to sustain a long war. Only during a long war would material and financial weaknesses count against us.

Thus the clandestine “*Blitzkrieg*” of secret-service assault and the even deadlier armed *Blitzkrieg* of concentrated air and land offensive have been drawn into partnership by reason of their singleness of purpose. They

have also been drawn together because the chief architects of the military *Blitzkrieg*, the Germans, have a devotion to espionage, sabotage and guileful aggressions second only to their love of total war and frightfulness.

Now *Blitzkrieg* is an intoxicating word, it has such a murderous sound. It intoxicates aggressors. And it is habit-forming; none of the professional have-not states now expects to thrive without it. As an imminent exercise in unprovoked massacre, as the theme of blackmailing propaganda, it has already yielded large dividends.

Not that a short, decisive war is anything new or exclusively German. In 1864 the Prussians made short work of Denmark and seized the fertile duchy of Schleswig-Holstein. Again in 1866 the imperial growing pains of Prussia expressed themselves in the defeat of Austria during a mere Seven Weeks' War; while the ensuing overthrow of the military power of Napoleon III was a hurricane of blunders, confusion and hard-hitting invasion, accomplished with screens of cavalry and columns of marching men led by German generals who could have scarcely imagined a bombing plane or army tank. But what about the relatively non-militaristic United States of America that, in 1898, although unprepared for a foreign war, humbled Spain in a hundred days?

Nor are the so-called "scare tactics" or "fifth column" tactics of German origin—however congenial they may seem to triumphant Nazi tacticians. The Mongol conquerors of the thirteenth century were deadly innovators and perfected the "attack on the rear" aiming at non-combatant morale. In 1238 the inhabitants of Scandinavian countries were scared because Mongol strategists wanted them to be scared. Fifty herring sold for a shilling in England because the fishing fleets of Gothia

[Sweden] and Fries stayed in port awaiting the invaders. It was a pure stroke of terrorist propaganda. The ravaging successors of Genghis Khan were a whole year's march from northwestern Europe, and for all their victories and intimidating technique they never did get as far as Sweden.

Almost eighteen centuries earlier, in 539 B.C., there was an immensely destructive "fifth column" undermining Babylon. Because they hated their Chaldean monarch, Nabonidus, for his reforms and religious tolerance, the priests of the great god Bel-Marduk sold out to Cyrus the Persian. It was they who opened the gates of Babylon, admitting the besiegers.

The secret service *Blitzkrieg* was a predictable culmination of all the subtleties, events and developments to be found in the history of secret service from A.D. 1919—or 1919 B.C.—down to the present hour. Yet it was hardly to be thought when this book was begun—in August, 1939—that every advance step pertaining to up-to-date secret-service combat predicted in the record of the past two decades would be taken before the book could be published.

Beginning with August 23, 1939, there was a genuine thrust of secret service *Blitzkrieg* on the diplomatic front, that lightning-stroke of Nazi-Bolshevik "understanding," the abruptly proclaimed Hitler-Stalin embrace. It was a stroke aimed at the Poles, the British and the French, being intended to terrify and overpower Warsaw while shocking London and Paris into new paroxysms of appeasement. It was not aimed at Rome, Madrid, or Tokyo, yet in ranging over the world it struck heavy blows in each of those capitals.

However startling to Fascists everywhere and to all those who had taken seriously Hitler's smoke-screen of

Red-baiting, the Nazis' timely attachment to the Kremlin was a wholly rational reconciliation of two revolutionary opportunisms. And its foundations had been well and carefully laid by the German General Staff. Years before Hitler consolidated his power in Germany, years before Stalin liquidated all his Russian rivals, the "outcast" German and Bolshevik general staffs and intelligence departments had achieved a close and covert collaboration. They were, in fact, driven into it by the victorious Entente. And not even at the height of Hitler's anti-Communist campaigning was the German General Staff persuaded to forget its first new rule of grand strategy: that never again must Germany risk war in the West until Stalin had been tricked, cajoled, or bribed into assuming a role of benevolent non-belligerency.

Thus we find the German staff maintaining not only an unbroken continuity of personnel but of war preparations and strategic purpose. And the end is not yet, for no living man can foresee the scope or future of a Hitler-Stalin-Mussolini-Franco-Nipponese world combine of anti-democratic propaganda and burglary. No living man can hope to gauge its total effect upon the civilized structure of the modern world.

In 1939 the Nazi and Bolshevik cousins had scarcely finished licking each other's wounds—inflicted by abusive propaganda—when the systematic devastation of Europe began. The rapid defeat and ruthless partitioning of Poland was attended by a preliminary suppression of independence in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which was followed up soon afterward by the attack upon valiant Finland. A short pause for the sharpening of more teeth, then the snarling rush through Denmark and the overrunning of Norway. Then the conquest of

The Netherlands in something less than five days — the grim occupation of little Luxembourg, the smashing of Belgian defenses! And swiftly the flame-throwing, armored irruption into northern France which signalled the destruction of that hitherto confident military Power!

When rampant megalomaniacs take the world for their stage and the overthrow of its civilization for their mission, they make it difficult for us to examine the methods and projects of combatant secret service with nice objectivity. This book was designed to show how the growth of "terror in our time" was ironically repudiating the promise of "peace in our time" — Mr. Neville Chamberlain's insipid and deceptive phrase with which he consoled himself and his clique for a few weeks after "Munich." But now "our time" has lost its way in an epoch of engulfing barbarism. Peculiarly fiendish barbarism that would revolt even the barbarians of olden times, that is not — as was their barbarism — the product of ignorance or the rude self-expression of restless and primitive tribes, but is rather an achievement of cunning and martial calculation, the *calculated* barbaric frightfulness of German war-making.

This barbarism has brought terror into our everyday lives. It has spread terror to every peace-loving community of our hemisphere. It has laid terror as a monstrous challenge on every American doorstep.

Who can tell what sort of unspeakable achievements may accompany the next lightning-strokes of aggression? Or against whom they may be aimed?

We can only deduce that each new stroke of conquest, or attempted conquest, will be attended by new manifestations of combatant secret service. An enlarged campaign of sabotage, a blasting drum-fire of moral and

Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer!

Frühjahr 1938

Herbst 1938

Frühjahr 1939

Herbst 1939

Frühjahr 1940

Herbst 1940

Frühjahr 1941

Herbst 1941

**Groß-Deutschland
1938-1948**

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!

This sensational propaganda map won a great success in Nazi Germany. Beginning with the conquest of Austria in 1938, it boldly predicts the scheduled annihilation — Spring and Fall — of national liberty in Europe. By 1948, according to the Gospel of Goebbels, there will be only a vast, cringing Naziland, with eastern Spain, a segment of France, Greece, North Africa, Syria and Palestine reserved for the domination of Nazi-dominated Fascist Italy.

material demolition, a super-subversive undertow of rumor, panic and public disorder!

In July, 1939, the six words which form the sub-title of this book—as well as the title of Chapter XXXVIII—were under discussion, and a friend said: “Just what is ‘the secret service of surprise attack’? It’s an exciting phrase. But where is it to happen? What does it mean?”

Today, unhappily, the whole world is all too certain of its meaning. Just since last July—in Poland, in Denmark and Norway, in The Netherlands and Belgium, in France—the meaning has been driven home with catastrophic clarity. In fact, the only surprise element in the stunning succession of Hitlerian triumphs has been their secret-service preparation and accompaniment. So sure have been the Germans of their extensive, painstaking work of deluding, corrupting, undermining and weakening each prospective victim of the *Blitzkrieg* that there has been little or no caution shown in treating the next project of aggression as a military secret. And *that* is a form of terror beyond the cruelest imagining of any average terrorist: it is the 1940 terrorism of being sure that immensely competent, completely ready and utterly confident intriguers are aprowl in the world.

Knowing what lies ahead, made desperately aware of the very worst outcome, as we now proceed through these annals of the past twenty-one years of tortuous, if largely preliminary, intrigue, we shall see how invariably one form of undercover campaign has cleared the way for the next. We shall discover how, step by step, the blundering, the distortions, miscalculations and betrayals elevated and strengthened a dynamic evil, and discover that, from 1934 through 1939, the train has been laid in all quarters of the world for sudden and secret offensives.

II

ENDEMIC INTRIGUE

The great war which theoretically came to an end in 1918 ended in victory without peace, in defeat without consciousness of guilt or military disaster. Economic dislocation and exhaustion had fastened upon Europe; and the Treaty of Versailles revived in the peoples of the Continent a hardy succession of antagonisms, fears and suspicions to which all the ensuing phobias, embroilments and tensions may be traced.

Woodrow Wilson had vainly endeavored to convert Europe to "open diplomacy"—and, in 1919, to "open covenants openly arrived at"—but he was scarcely in his grave before the jungle of Old World habit and intrigue was closing in around a new, ungarrisoned edifice of popular sovereignty. This was provoked in part by the triumphant conspiracies of Bolshevism in Russia and Fascism in Italy. It sprang also from the habit of artifice and from the prevailing conspirator type—the congenitally conspirant mentality of patriots or political adventurers who were then rising, or would presently rise, to power.

It was Oscar Wilde who wondered whether the fogs of London produced the people, or the people of London produced the fogs. Looking back to the post-war decade we may fairly ask whether those turbulent, disordered years—1919–1928—formed a ladder that only trained political conspirators could climb, or whether only the conspirator type survived aggressively in the generations

which had given twenty million fighting men to perish in battle, die of wounds or disease, or be hopelessly crippled?

It is hardly accidental that both Stalin and Mussolini were graduate students of revolution and conspiracy. Stalin was a professional terrorist, a man of steel, whose fame prior to the upsurge of Bolshevism rested upon his plotting and leading a savage attack on a paymaster's train in his native Caucasus, with a great gain of cash reserves for the revolutionary cause and a loss of many lives.

Mussolini at the same formative period was a hired agitator and professional malcontent, atheist and underdog. There is still evidence to show that he was even hired by the French secret service after 1914, in those precarious months before Italy entered the war, not on the side of her Germanic allies, but as a new partner of the Entente. Mussolini owned a record of interesting length in the archives of the political police and Roman *Questura*. It was removed when he came to absolute power and quickly suppressed, yet not before students of Fascism had uncovered and copied it.

Whereas Adolf Hitler, in the lean years when his struggle was a matter of finding shelter and food, gained employment as a spy serving the political police of Bavaria. He did most of his lurking in theatres, beer halls, restaurants and other safe places of public assembly. He did not hunt trouble—he shadowed it. He appears even then to have shown himself a sly, shrewd and smoldering fellow, ambitiously resolved to excel among his skulking kind and rise in the world on a ladder of vindictive fanaticism. Hitler was a recognized zealot even among police spies, and gained his first worldly advantages in that meager profession of petty betrayals.

Post-war confusion, the widespread hardships and uncertainties, invited such men to escape from their own mediocrity by deluding, organizing and regimenting masses of the mediocre, confused and unsatisfied. And it was inevitable that such men, the parvenu products of a post-war epoch of painful and planless readjustment, would try to aggrandize themselves and add to their power by generating a new world tension, a pre-war world tension.

Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler were not the only characters of this fascinating post-Versailles drama who ascended from conspirator roles to the eminence of supreme authority. Josef Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, was a soldier but also a patriot plotter who had known imprisonment both in Russia and Germany. Pilsudski pursued his Polish revolutionary aims while the prisoner of one or another of the two great states that have long aspired to divide and suppress the Poles. Pilsudski learned about repressive government and dictatorship while imprisoned or while dodging the agents of the Russian Ochrana. Like so many of the Bolshevik magnates, this Polish conspirator was tempered by intrigue and sharpened on the ruthless vigilance of his tsarist police opponents.

In passing we must note that Pilsudski was the first ruler in Europe to weigh accurately the general menace of Adolf Hitler's pan-Germanism. Foreseeing the Nazi aggressions of 1938-1939, Pilsudski advocated in 1933 a swift and sudden "preventive war" against the Germany of National Socialism. His proposal was not, however, encouraged by Paris or Rome, and it was urgently vetoed in London.

The old marshal, architect of his adored "modern Poland," might well have devoted himself to other preventions. But in his will he left this paragraph :

I appoint General Eduard Rydz-Smigly first defender of the fatherland . . . to take precedence over all officers of the state, including the Prime Minister, all of whom owe him reverence and unquestioning obedience.

Now the General Rydz-Smigly of Pilsudski's testament, though a soldier of seeming experience in the campaign that saved Warsaw from Budenny's Bolshevik cavalry, had first gained Pilsudski's favorable notice as an energetic partizan and conspirator.

Rydz stands for "mushroom," suggesting a family of peasant origin. Eduard Rydz, for purposes of secret service, had assumed the name Smigly, which means "nimble." As Smigly he even had served as chief of the Polish Military Organization, the celebrated P.O.W. of wide underground activities, while Josef Pilsudski was confined to the Prussian fortress of Magdeburg. And a final revision of name and rank produced Marshal Eduard Smigly-Rydz, Pilsudski's heir and the first citizen of Poland.

Had the aging Pilsudski's foresight extended past his distaste for Adolf Hitler to the second and third weeks of September, 1939, he might have bequeathed defense of his fatherland to another. It is too soon to estimate accurately what incompetence Marshal Smigly-Rydz contributed to the calamitous defeat suffered by Poland. Even before Pilsudski's death the dictator's chosen successor was in virtual command of the Polish Army. Smigly-Rydz as inspector general was surely responsible for the kind of equipment that army received; and if he was not also responsible for the incomparably mismanaged Polish mobilization — when Nazi Germany had already mobilized on three neighboring frontiers — to whom else had the marshal rashly delegated a problem of paramount defensive importance? In history this ex-

Poland's Fascist-minded "patriots" — political and military strategists and diplomatic intriguers — were the first wave of that "Blitzkrieg" which obliterated the modern Polish state.

conspirator's burden of military blame seems likely to become a heavy one.

All the while professional plotters elevated to dictatorship have been flourishing, other minds, acute and veteran secret-service minds, have influenced the governments of Great Britain and France. Sir Robert Vansittart—a talented poet and playwright, and never really a conspirator of the “school for dictators” class—was long the directing head of the British Secret Service. He had a great deal to do with the shaping of British foreign policy, and, through his connections with M. Léger of the *Quai d'Orsay*, of French foreign policy. Vansittart, until Neville Chamberlain displaced him by an adroit thrust of apparent promotion, was at the core of intelligence channels winding in from all over the British Empire and the world. It was often Vansittart alone who tried to add an escort of realism and vigilance to the policies wavering out of Downing Street.

In a later chapter we shall approach the malodorous influences of various conspirator types upon the post-war (1919–1939) history of France. There was a period when French Continental policies appeared to be devised by persons saturated in espionage intrigues and the devious maneuvers of secret service. French secret-service brains are always believed to be acute, for one reason, because so many of the modern variations and refinements of secret service were originated by French practitioners. An undertone of dangerous division had been disturbing France, however; the secret police forces and military secret service were known to be at odds. Suspecting each other, they none the less combined to suspect and at the same time make use of the speculative-financial communities. This was sharply outlined in the

unfragrant fumes which marked without masking the Stavisky affair.

It was possibly a kind of clandestine game, and all very well as long as France was not genuinely threatened. Yet this division, internal confusion and mistrust accounted for the notorious inattention of Paris to the consistent warnings of the French General Staff—based upon investigations by the military secret service—during the civil war in Spain. No officer of the Intelligence and no reliable secret agents were ever taken in by the ludicrous pretenses of “non-intervention.” Yet clerical pressure and the connivings of politicians discounted the vigilance of the secret-service operatives.

Much might have been done, even in a cramped, disguised fashion, to spare France the ultimate strategic embarrassment of a *third* Fascist frontier. But scarcely anything was done; warnings based upon the most urgent and carefully checked secret-service reports were brushed aside blandly or washed down the drain marked Perpetual Appeasement—a French installation of London design.

It was fervently believed in certain quarters that the civil war in Spain was sure to disorganize and ruin that country “for a generation,” thereby presenting Francisco Franco and his confederates with a victory as empty as a dictatorship’s treasury. Franco was going to need money. And London and Paris had money for loans and money for bribes. Mussolini and Hitler had enabled the Spanish Fascists to win; but persons investigating for the British and French financial communities sized up the clique around Franco and hopefully pronounced its members not the kind of Spaniards who, when you buy them, stay bought. London and Paris openly discussed

outbidding Mussolini and Hitler in the event of war.

Now the war is a fact, and the ruin and disorganization of Spain is another fact. No government need send spies into the land to uncover the sad certainty of Franco's restoration of order. He attempts to pose as an enlightened despot, a builder and deliverer of his people — although his relatives and backers do most of the real ruling of Spain. Yet while Franco and the Spanish Fascists disguise extermination as "pacification" and describe their own self-interested plundering as rectification of the economy of the state, there is also a strategic military purpose in back of the Franco régime. Franco and his followers bide their time. No dictatorship is ever so poor it cannot afford armaments. Bankruptcy and belligerency have long played in the same backfield on Mussolini's team; and Mussolini is the martial preceptor of Madrid.

Franco appears to have "stayed bought," to be taking orders still from one or both of the dictators who saved his insurrection again and again from ignominious breakdown. The widely circulating rumors of Nazi German strength lodged in Spain can hardly all be Goebbels' propaganda. Franco would only require a German or Italian "backbone" to step forth as a substantial military threat in the western Mediterranean.

Meanwhile, Franco sits tight, making no move until the axis signal is given. Like Mussolini, he is probably expecting to name his price after the war has dragged on and the belligerents' exhaustion can be measured with the eye. Franco is only waiting for England to weaken; or, perhaps, like Stalin and Mussolini, he is waiting for *both* sides to weaken.

III

LOOKING AHEAD TO HITLER

The prevailing post-war conspirator types were only in part responsible for the recently changed methods, mechanisms and objectives of secret-service operations. These changes, and particularly that basic change—a kind of secret-service “treatment” for every problem of state or project of international politics—were brought about in the years following the great war by a succession of queerly fomented or wholly imagined emergencies. And each emergency in turn derived from one or another of a troupe of phobias which had been implanted by the war or by its outcome.

We had better examine these peculiar phobias before trying to understand the stratagems and conspiracies of secret service that they continually inspired.

The first of the phobias centered upon frantic maintenance of the status quo. Its addicts, as we shall see, were ready to borrow any deceit or maneuver in order to defend the geographical enormities and moral inequities of Versailles. Secret-service operatives were steadily employed to distort, discourage, or suppress any demand for treaty revisions.

In 1931 when *Anschluss* was first threatening, certain French authorities ordered their secret agents and underground collaborators to prevent by every means any patriotic uniting of Austrian Germans and Germany. That ounce of prevention took the form of the manipulated *Creditanstalt* crash in Vienna, provoking a financial panic that ruined thousands of small business men.

The German and Austrian republics did not dare to combine.

Mussolini was equally determined to prevent *Anschluss* when the new Nazi régime first began to agitate its racial program of Nordic supremacy and German unity. Mussolini sent his agent, Moreale, to Vienna to tell poor, doomed, little Dollfuss the price of Italian protection. Whereupon Dollfuss was induced to train artillery upon the block of model apartments occupied by Viennese Socialist workmen and their families. France had inflicted financial distress upon Austria. Mussolini's agent ordered the shelling of Austrian women and children. The phobia concerning the status quo in only its Austrian manifestation was a high-priced indulgence. And in March, 1938, there came that inescapable *Anschluss*, driven home by Nazi plotters and promoted with terror, which quickly consumed defenseless Austria.

An even more provocative phobia of this period of post-Versailles change and disquiet was the spreading fear of Bolshevism. It is a phobia that has not unreasonably burdened foreign policies, including many liberal foreign policies, for twenty years past. We shall discover it instigating the first of the new subterranean or secret-service wars. Too long it remained the chief concern in back of all British secret-service operations, whether in Europe or Asia; and thus it has blinded too many influential Britons to other perceptible threats and imperial dislocations.

A third phobia which has done its share in cultivating international tensions is the result of a general propagandic paresis. War propaganda, 1914-1919, blasted the mentalities of large populations, implanted abnormal ideas, buried hatreds dangerously deep. It was with propaganda and kindred devices that the German Gen-

eral Staff, through aggressive secret-service missions, fostered Bolshevism in revolutionary Russia. By means of Communist insurrection the Germans shrewdly counted on overthrowing the pro-Ally régime of Alexander Kerensky.

Almost at once the German staff came down with a bad case of the phobic fear of Bolshevism. It might recoil upon them, it might spread back into Germany. This was ironic, yet not without foundation, for in 1918 dreadful German privations fomented grave German unrest.

Meanwhile, operatives of the Entente allies were learning to play a similar tune. They began deafening their German foes with propaganda advocating "democracy" as the correct antidote for all the poisons of the Prussian ruling caste. But when, having overthrown German militarism on every front, the surviving victors assembled at Versailles, they straightway grew mighty suspicious of the doctrine of their own propagandists.

They not only feared the rising tide of Bolshevism in far-off, broken Russia, but also shivered and found themselves sore afraid of German radicalism — even liberalism and honest republicanism. Whereupon the conspirator-clique powerfully influencing Entente tactics began applying every trick and ingenuity of secret service in order to confine, oppress and dishearten German democracy. This lamentable process wrecked the republican interregnum of the Reich.

It likewise proved immensely stimulating to the last of these major phobias, one which today is a Nazi-Germanic myth, and which exacts the popular conviction that the armies of Kaiser Wilhelm II won the first World War. The invincible German soldier won, but was in 1918 foully betrayed by that behind-the-front

Judas, the civilian. Betrayed by his cowardice and intrigue, betrayed by civilians who were Jews, or Socialists, or Centrist—Roman Catholic—politicians! The myth of “the stab in the back.”

General Erich Ludendorff was, very appropriately, the first to express this curious and morbid dread of historical fact. The myth which he helped to originate has exposed the German populations, both in and out of Europe, to every sort of pressure group and adventurers’ agitation. And it is, like so much propagandic toxin, founded upon a lie.

We have proof of the lie in one of Ludendorff’s own army orders. From German O.H.L. on September 3, 1918 came an army general order, warning soldiers on leave from the battle front to stop making statements that bordered on “high treason and incitement to disobedience.” Ludendorff added that “instances such as these drag the honor and respect of the individual as well as of the whole army into the mud, and have a disastrous effect upon the morale of the people at home.” General Ludendorff thus officially recognized that it was the German soldier who had been breaking down civilian faith in the army and banishing enthusiasm for continuance of the war.

This German army order, a part of British Intelligence archives, was first quoted by Sir George Aston, K.C.B., formerly of the British Naval Intelligence Department. But the myth was highly palatable, it deluded a proud people and was so dubious a counterfeit it was gratefully added to the basic Nazi doctrines. When Adolf Hitler came to power he even commanded that a bureau should be organized to prepare a “history” proving that the German Army, victorious everywhere, had been corrupted and betrayed by Socialist intrigue and civilian

cowardice. Colonel Walther Nicolai was Hitler's personal choice for chief of this creative branch, dedicated to the production of retroactive guilt.

Ordered by Herr Hitler to fortify a dangerous myth, Nicolai began kneading his own secret-service records into Nazi propaganda. He became a member of the Reich Institute for History of the New Germany — the academy founded by Hitler to rewrite Teutonic history in his own image. Nicolai's bureau was also commissioned to dash off a Nazi propagandic "world history" of the Jews. In prospect a remarkable blend of secret service and oblique research! Nicolai in 1914 had been a typical staff luminary of the Prussian mold, promoted to the command of the *Nachrichtendienst* over the head of its ablest officer, Major Karl von Lauenstein. Nicolai was, in short, a "Ludendorff man" then, and a Hitler favorite two decades later — a born courtier and conspirator, intensely anti-Semitic. We shall return in a later chapter to his labors and mishaps with the propagation of the mythical stab-in-the-back.

For the present it is necessary and illuminating to deal with Nicolai the "Ludendorff man" after Ludendorff had been largely discredited, and with Nicolai the "Hitler man" in the years before Germany — or even a chief of German military secret service — could possibly have heard of Corporal Hitler. For be it known that Walther Nicolai was an incipient Nazi when he and his future Nazi colleagues were still subjects of the Hohenzollerns. He helped to prepare the despotic upsurge of revolutionary National Socialism by one really adroit trick of secret-service concealment.

Colonel Nicolai wrote several books about German secret service after the Treaty of Versailles had reduced him to seeming retirement. In them he disclosed the

many merits of the organization which he had been appointed to command. He claimed that its tireless endeavors were habitually neglected or undervalued. He gloomily compared the penurious financing of German espionage and counter-espionage with the open-handed sustenance allowed his rivals who were British, French, or American. And in more than one passage Nicolai exposed his pardonable grief, his keen sense of professional annihilation, when the secret service of Germany had to be disbanded on account of national bankruptcy and the terms of the Versailles treaty.

Thus rather ostentatiously and in print, in works which were translated into English and French, Nicolai contrived to forget that his secret service remained in subtle operation. Violating the Versailles pact with relish and cunning, it survived for nearly seven years as a perfectly secret secret service.

Colonel Nicolai preserved a core of the old imperial *Nachrichtendienst*, he managed to keep alive the forces of espionage and counter-espionage by disguising them within the framework of a prospering private enterprise. Without demeaning himself the "retired" chief of secret service opened a private detective agency in Berlin. The republic's strong man, Noske, had already dealt roughly with the Spartacides, and Berlin was again safe for Prussian colonels.

The clients of the detective agency were a select set of bankers and industrialists. Some exceptionally rich men with interests in many different lands were Nicolai clients, or, shall we say, Nicolai backers. And most influential among them were the very financiers who would one day agree to invest millions in Adolf Hitler and his street-fighting storm troopers.

Nicolai clients are now known to have been induced —

possibly by the colonel himself—to underwrite Hitler and the Fascist movement he promised to impose upon Germany. Schneider-Creusot, the great French munitions combine, is reliably said to have joined with these underwriters, since a rearmed and militant Reich meant all Europe frantically rearming. But Emil Kirdorf, the coal magnate, Fritz Thyssen—now in exile, a fugitive from Gestapo hospitalities—along with other Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists, found most of the backing Hitler demanded. All these philanthropic speculators had been hostile to the German republic from the outset; and so they contributed heavily to the secret funds—believed to have exceeded the equivalent of one hundred and fifty million dollars—which nourished the Nazi partizans until their drive for power carried them close enough to the public treasury to nourish themselves.

IV

EARLY TENSIONS OF THE TRUCE

Along the chain of triumphant intrigues which have measured off European "progress" from the last great war to the present incalculable conflict, we find this secret preservation of a German military secret service the second in line. The successful conspiracy of Bolshevism in Russia had, of course, come first. We are now in 1919, at the beginning of the two most complex and crowded decades in secret-service annals. Spies and counter-spies, Intelligence officers, propagandists and code experts on the winning side had not yet felt the pangs of unemployment. But in Germany and Austria spies were starving. One officer of the Entente, sent into Prussia to recruit a few useful agents, entertained nearly two hundred bona-fide applications in about seventy-two hours. Starving, demobilized espions were eager to encode their names on a foreign payroll.

Walther Nicolai was presently a name on a payroll. It was a shrewd device and congenial work as well, the income deriving—however furtively—from high places and international sources, rather than directly from any semi-official foreign agency. Nicolai cannot be said to have sold himself to the enemy, even though individuals with French, British, or American backing were among those paying him retainers. The greater part of the necessary financing of the service depended upon polite blackmail. The German Secret Service during the recent war had run down a good deal of evidence relating to Germans: profiteering was the usual commonplace of a

national emergency, but there had been trading with the enemy and other crimes, violations of the endless war regulations and certain offenses which, had Germany escaped disaster, might readily have been interpreted as treason. Not many of the offenders had fled the country, and hardly any of them had been ruined as Germany itself seemed ruined. Those who could afford it found a real bargain—erasing the past and safeguarding the future by engaging the versatile services of a private detective agency.

There were, too, radical agitators to be watched and labor organizers to be balked, bribed or intimidated. Nicolai clients seem to have brought a variety of genuine cases to the agency, although it had been designed chiefly to salvage the fruits of German secret-service activity in the great war. Those were never to be obliterated as the Allies had intended, never lost or for a moment mislaid. The ingeniously financed Berlin detective agency, while perhaps profitable as a semi-private enterprise, was from the very outset a blind. It would even appear that the supervisory commissions and numerous secret agents of France and Great Britain were taken in by the Nicolai dodge.

And what about the German republican government then ostensibly in full control? It is not surprising to learn that the republican government knew nothing of this defiant subterfuge. Albert Grzesinski, who was twice Police President of Berlin (1925–1926, 1930–1932) and for four years Prussian Minister of the Interior (1926–1930), appears to have belatedly become suspicious. In his memoirs *Inside Germany* he tells of having discovered that an unlawful and furtive reconstitution of German Military Intelligence was in progress seven years after the Armistice, in 1925.

Because it is so important twenty years after, this record emphasizes the clandestine salvaging of the defeated, abolished and discredited secret service which Nicolai had commanded. It is important because nothing will be found to have done more to afflict us with our epoch of intrigue than the establishment and world-wide development of Nazi secret service. As long as the German government remembered its promises and German operatives were in seeming eclipse, a good part of the world was a place of reasonable resort. But the Nazi plotters, and their Prussian allies such as Walther Nicolai, have changed all that. They raised Germany from humiliation and defeat by reviving nearly everything which that defeat was supposed to exclude from civilization.

It is true, of course, that the victorious Entente allies did all that they possibly could to postpone or conceal the decline of government secret service and conspiracy. The Entente allies even celebrated the 1918 Armistice by reducing their wartime attempts upon Germany and starting eagerly to spy upon each other. Each victor found that the widely scattered spoils called for a maximum of supervision.

The French were worried when they heard that American soldiers were fraternizing with the people of the German Rhineland. Many agents of France investigated this peril; and a British journalist was induced to write a series of articles which condemned it. The French were quietly agitating for an "autonomous" Rhineland. They even hinted that tiny Luxembourg should be annexed to France. On this imperialistic errand French agents and hired agitators invaded the frontier zones controlled either by the British or American armies, and a good deal of friction resulted.

One of these agents of France was a German renegade

named Buerckel. The selfsame Joseph Buerckel who has become an eminent Nazi, who is today Herr Hitler's foremost "trouble-shooter," who earned in various ways his appointment as Federal Commissioner of Austria, displacing the crafty but incompetent Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart.

Before we look at the evidence in Buerckel's case, it may be amusing to recall how this Nazi emissary gained Hitler's approval as German high commissioner during the Saar campaign. According to a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, who witnessed the Nazi exertions in recovering the Saar, Joseph Buerckel led all other agitators and "lashed opponents . . . called the vilest names and missed no abusive word he could think of." Buerckel was at pains to brand "every opponent of the Saar's return to Germany as a Judas in the pay of France."

Now Buerckel, after the 1918 Armistice, while the French Army still occupied the Rhineland, was an impoverished teacher in Neustadt on the Haardt. Buerckel thereupon visited Ludwigshafen in an occupied zone of the Palatinate and had a long interview with M. Joulin, a noted supervisor of French secret-police operations. Buerckel soon afterward returned to Neustadt, and it is known that the future master of Vienna and points East returned as a secret agent hired by the French.

His bargain with the enemy was typical, not exceptional, and it is cited here simply because the proofs are uncommonly clear. Eleven years after Buerckel enlisted with the celebrated *Sûreté-Générale* his native Neustadt was the scene of a sensational trial. Certain members of the then existing Bavarian People's Party had insisted that they be brought to trial on charges which had been repeatedly made against them by National Socialist agitators.

It was at that troubled time in Bavaria, 1930, the habit of the shock troops mobilized by Adolf Hitler to attempt to discredit their political adversaries—leading spirits of the People's Party—by charging them with having participated in the Bavarian separatist movement of 1923. Joseph Buerckel figured as a key witness in this Neustadt trial. And, according to Henri Barbusse who in 1934 contrived to publish in Paris the entire Neustadt court record, Buerckel was compelled to testify under oath that he had for many years operated as an agent of French secret service.

Hitler's future lieutenant, like Hitler himself, enjoyed an apprenticeship in police espionage. Buerckel's testimony, according to the undisputed record, only confirmed much preceding testimony to the same effect. Being cleverly cross-examined by a political opponent, in the presence of Neustadt neighbors who knew him well, Buerckel chose to take an arrogant line, boasting of his labors for the *Sûreté* and of financial gains thus derived.

Buerckel, by the way, never lost his eye for a sharp turn of financial advantage and has continually endeared himself to Hitler with ingenious strokes of extortion. One Austrian newspaper let slip the tidings that, "after long negotiations, the monks of Klosterneuburg decided to hand over all their estates to Herr Buerckel," then Reich commissioner for Austria, to "release themselves from worldly affairs that they may devote themselves to things of the spirit." The valuable worldly "affairs" from which they allegedly sought "release" had, of course, belonged to the good monks for several centuries. And again, it was Joseph Buerckel who fined the convent of the Sisters of Charity in Grätz so heavily for an alleged "infraction of the employees' insurance law" that the convent had to sell all its land to the state to pay the fine.

When Hermann Wilhelm Goering was a parachute salesman and Joachim Ribbentrop a champagne salesman—without a von to his name—each of those hungry adventurers made use of obscure yet calculable connections with operatives of an “enemy” secret service. The terrible German inflation was on; millions of people were starving. A loaf of bread cost a billion marks and a political schemer of the Nazi type cost no more, if the purchaser was ready to pay in a foreign currency. French agents were spending the kind of money that made its possessor a billionaire in a nation nearly suffocated with worthless paper marks.

The Goering activities—which presumably had to do with German aviation and German dodges to escape the air disarmament stipulation of the Versailles treaty—have ever since that time enjoyed a cloak of silence cut and draped by the French Secret Service. Its chiefs endeavor to suppress all exposures of past intrigues even when their release for publication might damage the reputation of a foreigner become hostile to France. Such silence and discretion is bureaucratic and habitual rather than moral.

That firebrand patriot of the French Chamber of Deputies, Henri de Kerillis, has repeatedly made the “Goering camp” in France his target. Writing in his paper *L’Epoque*, he has exposed the Goering-Ribbentrop link with the French Royalist-Fascist, Thierry Maulnier. It was Maulnier—who would captain a “fifth column” in France if any one did—who declared after the lamentable Munich capitulation of 1938 that a “French victory” would have been “disastrous,” since it probably would have meant the destruction of the Nazi and Italian Fascist régimes. Maulnier and others—whose names and records de Kerillis has said he sub-

mitted to the French secret police in August 1939 — are responsible for that widespread undercurrent of negotiated-peace propaganda which presents Goering as a genial gourmand and bluff Teutonic sportsman with whom the “better circles,” the “true patriots” and realists of France and Great Britain might easily come to terms.

This tendency of his foreign friends to set him up in opposition to Adolf Hitler has seemed to disturb Goering. He is known to have placed large sums of money and certain “documents” — those charts that tell where “the body is buried” — in safe-keeping outside the Reich, in Paris, Rome, Geneva and Stockholm. After the ludicrous failure of the Munich *putsch* in 1923, Goering went to Sweden as a political exile, remaining there several years and marrying a Swedish noblewoman, Countess Karin von Rosen. He has many more friends of influence in Sweden than elsewhere; however, it appears that, should Hitler grow to distrust him or the Nordic team ever fumble the ball, the big fellow with the pet lions and the hundred medal-encrusted uniforms is ready to run in any direction.

Ribbentrop’s connections with French secret service are much less difficult to trace, for they enabled him to make a cool fortune. Occupation of the Rhineland by French troops was “an act regarded by most Germans as the supreme humiliation of the defeated Reich,” but it provided the agile fellow who was then plain Joachim Ribbentrop with a golden harvest. French wines and champagnes entered the occupied Rhenish area duty-free. Ribbentrop had just the right connections, with French agents watching Germany or guarding the border or mingling with the people of the Rhineland, with corrupt German customs officers, and with that frontier-wise flock of smugglers who had served the French and

British espionage systems during the recent war. In Germany a "new class of war profiteers and grafters" demanded the best of French vintages. Ribbentrop, gaining nearly a monopoly by cheating his own government, had his wines smuggled in from the Rhineland and made enormous profits.

He was then posing as an "ardent Socialist," a supporter of Stresemann. He associated himself with that pacifist group which "denounced everything tainted by militarism." But the French Secret Service was not so naive that it would have helped a glib young German grow rich in return merely for his ardent anti-militarism. Ribbentrop was enabled by his profits to flourish in German high life; and there were innumerable Intelligence errands to assign to a shrewd get-rich-quick operator who had to cover up his duty-free champagne traffic.

V

OMINOUS INTERVENTIONS

The personal inclinations and public utterances of President Wilson in 1918-1919 were blocking the slippery path of all kinds of pseudo-patriotic gentlemen and schemers. Some of these were inclined to brood vindictively when the American leader refused to become their dupe. And the secret-service archives of that period must still bulge with accounts of the timely unmasking of a number of attempts upon the president's life.

One such attempt by alleged "anarchists" in America was brilliantly frustrated by operatives of the United States Secret Service, who had received a warning from a frightened Italian immigrant. A foreign agent was using local anarchists to foment his plot. They had fashioned an ingenious "motion picture camera" which would hurl a bomb twenty yards to strike the president's automobile. The assassin-operator was expected to secure an ordinary press permit to photograph the president as he drove through a small New England city. No publicity was allowed to leak out concerning this plot; and so far as the writer knows, the Secret Service neither claimed nor was rewarded with any adequate recognition of its quiet work in blocking the malevolent enterprise.

There are American officers connected with wartime secret service who allege that at least one of the plots against Woodrow Wilson was *not* frustrated. Major H. O. Yardley, in his entertaining autobiography *The American Black Chamber*, has stated that he himself deciphered an Entente telegram unfolding a plot to assassi-

nate Woodrow Wilson "either by administering a slow poison or by giving him the influenza in ice." Yardley has nothing to tell about measures taken to protect the president and seems to feel that the assassins succeeded, for he sets down in italics the reminder that "President Wilson's first sign of illness occurred while he was in Paris, and he was soon to die a lingering death."

The whole peace conference was an incredible brew of secret service : of espionage, wire-pulling intrigues, propagandic distortions and geographical duplicities. We shall not see its like again—until other politicians and statesmen sit down to remake the world in the image of their own national or imperial obsessions.

The new Socialist government of Germany was at best a feeble experiment. One small mistake in 1919 and the result would have been counter-revolution : a Bolshevik revolution leagued with Moscow, or a Junker-militarist revolution restoring the despotism of the reactionaries. Being aware of the Entente allies' fear of the spread of Bolshevism, reactionary German elements financed and manipulated radical agitations and uprisings. They hoped to unseat the novice republican authorities and compel the Entente to accept Prussianism as the lesser of the two counter-revolutionary evils.

There was, however, in the republican government one administrator who could measure the strength of the young republic's enemies and rally the forces strong enough to beat them. This minister was the celebrated Gustav Noske, a man who contrived to mingle a German's love of order with a reputation for liberalism, and a soldier's skill with an arch-reactionary's ruthlessness in dealing with public disturbances.

Noske even accomplished his hazardous work of state defense while virtually surrounded by secret agents of

the Entente allies. His chauffeur during the worst days of insurrection in Berlin is reputed to have been a talented German-American operative of the American Intelligence. Other agents and spies working for France, Great Britain and the United States were—if we may believe the reminiscences—introduced into the inner councils both of the reactionaries and the extreme radicals. One of them learned of the plans for a rehabilitated German Republican Army. Another joined the Spartacides; while still another turned up pretty miraculously as an influential member of a Workmen's and Soldiers' committee, gaining valuable intelligence that his chief quickly transmitted to the Socialist defense minister.

Some degree of timely and welcome support was thus given the new republic upon the recommendation and through the aggressive operations of secret-service men. Of peculiar significance—especially in the light of present-day events—was the information an agent acquired concerning the program for a “reformed” German Republican Army. This evidence disclosed that even “republican” military chiefs were preparing to reorganize the Kaiser's armies and retain a force of from 1,300,000 to 1,500,000 men. That single espionage report profoundly influenced the decisions of the Entente high command and weighed upon the deliberations of the peace conference. It caused one Intelligence officer, with prophetic distaste, to remark to a friend: “We shall only have to fight them again some day.”

With the conclusion of the several treaties of peace—which were distinguished from the start by satisfying the minimum aspirations and maximum animosities of nobody—the victors suspected and spied upon one another more vigorously than ever. Yet this was simply the Old

World game—which many Americans eagerly mastered—and the rival operatives, when occasionally caught at something obvious and clumsy, were lightly, almost playfully, exposed and punished. To prove, however, that they were now really intent upon peace, the Allies began fomenting civil war in Russia. This was done both rashly and explosively, by undercover means, and tentatively and ineffectually by undisguised essays at military intervention.

Now Russia, let us recall, was not only the land of hateful Bolshevism but also a land of incomparably valiant endeavors. Russia had suffered in the years 1914 through 1917 more than seven *million* killed or badly wounded while trying to perform as a faithful Ally and relieve the strain upon French or British armies. It was true, of course, that revolutionary extremists—encouraged and even subsidized by the German enemy—now dangerously afflicted Russia; yet even so, the Russian people did not deserve the companion agony of civil war. Great financial interests, however, intimidated by Bolshevism and able to intimidate Entente policy, became certain that what the former realm of the tsars especially needed was another bath of blood. And so, in provocative succession, the White commanders Kornilov, Yudenitch, Denikin, Wrangel, Kolchak, Petlura and Semenov were equipped expensively, supported inadequately and urged on to attack the improvised Red Army.

Typhus prevented General N. N. Yudenitch from marching into Petrograd—a strategical feat which, for propagandic purposes alone, would at that time have been worth any sacrifice. But the army of Yudenitch melted away and stranded him in an ambush of plague when hardly two days' march from the capital. Denikin did well and bravely for some time; but very soon there

were symptoms of Red sympathy and mutiny behind his forces, affecting the French fleet in the Black Sea. Admiral Kolchak, a courageous man marked for tragic betrayal, launched a strong offensive in far-off Siberia; but eventually even this vehicle of counter-revolution fell apart, and Kolchak lost his life through the blunder or design of the French General Janin.

All this while the subterranean conflict of the secret services grew in vicious fertility and abandon. It appeared on the maps and in the varied espionage reports that anybody could whip the Reds. But nobody ever did. Staff officers gravely pointed out that Leon Trotsky's name was really Liebe Braunstein; that he was a journalist, not a soldier; that he had been to America but never to West Point. Trotsky, although the chief architect of the Red Army and its most resolute commissar, had no larger acquaintance with the sciences taught at Sandhurst or Saint-Cyr.

The Bolsheviki, however, learned modern war by fighting the Whites and allied interventionists. It is ironic to note in passing that the Red Army could not have continued in the field for a month without the quantities of supplies and munitions which the Entente lavished upon the Whites and which the latter abandoned whenever they were forced to retreat.

Even in that dark hour for Russia, with the revolutionary government so unsure and ill-provided, its people were required to engage in a contest of empire. The British and French were strong, aggressive and victorious. The empires of Hohenzollern and of Habsburg lay shattered. An all-powerful Romanov dynasty survived only in the miniature of uncles and cousins nursing pomp and absolutism in exiled courts. Yet Russia, vast, illimitably rich and only self-conquered, could stagger through the

shambles of defeat and civil war and summon its primitive strength to defy the greatest empires of the earth.

We shall witness the ensuing chapters of that far-reaching rivalry. All that torments the peoples of Europe today is but another side of the many-sided game which was old and very craftily played in 1878, when the Congress of Berlin contrived to checkmate the tsar's ministers and cancel the Russian defeat of the Turks. That contest continues, the British Empire versus great Russia, with France sometimes a wary ally of both, with the Dardanelles and the Near East Russia's most elusive goal, with Poland and Turkey, Roumania, Italy, Spain, Japan, even Germany, pawns of varying weight. For a century the giants who sprawl across the globe have been trying each other's strength and cunning. India was once the prize coveted in St. Petersburg. And now the Kremlin is looking again in that direction. Russia changes the color of her flag and the lineage of her tsar, but not the traditional Russian foreign policy; whereas the foreign policy of England is forever the preservation of the British Empire.

When Entente intervention in the Russian civil war came to grief, there were those who wrote that intervention had been allowed to fail because a strong, well-established White régime might have quickened the old rivalry of empires, while a new and radical installation of Bolsheviki was expected to be weak, anti-imperialistic and riven by dissent. Joseph Stalin has been the answer to that Foreign Office stratagem.

VI

SIDNEY REILLY versus SOVIET RUSSIA

The triumphant conspiracy called Bolshevism had to weather a hundred storms, and the Bolsheviks were entitled to congratulate themselves when some measure of stability was attained. It had taken nerve and cunning to consolidate all the kingdoms of the tsars, to defeat both liberalism and Socialism, the Entente-backed "revolution" and the oratorical régime of Alexander Kerensky. It had called for steadfast courage to fend off White interventions. But the heaviest labor of all, the one bringing greatest respite, was the ultimate Bolshevik conquest of Sidney Reilly.

Since the secret-service war between Soviet Russia and Great Britain has never been officially admitted, it will probably never be officially explained. We may presume that the successful agitation of Russian Communism had begun to seep down into repressed and discontented areas of Britain's great Asian empire. Whereupon the directors of the British Secret Service, knowing that a sharp offensive was the surest form of defense, agreed that the best spot in which to start beating out the spreading sparks was right in the fireplace—Russia.

The former Romanov empire was then unbelievably strained and disturbed. The camp of the Social Revolutionary opposition sought to discredit the Bolshevik rulers by embroiling them with Germany. It was the same old Russia; only that Nihilists' target, the tsar, had gone. Would-be assassins were not hard to discover

among all the fanatics infected with Social Revolutionary doctrine, and soon they began to strike.

One of them, Blumkin, audaciously called at the German Embassy in Moscow and declared he had come to warn Count von Mirbach, the ambassador. Blumkin showed Chekist police credentials; and, since he seemed to bring word of an "Allied plot for the assassination of the ambassador" he was taken into Mirbach's presence. The German envoy asked him how the plotters planned to act; and Blumkin, drawing a revolver, said: "*Like this!*" He emptied his Browning, killing Mirbach, then leaped out of an open window, hurling a hand grenade behind him to cover his escape. In Kiev shortly afterward a Social Revolutionary student named Donskoi hired a cab and, passing General von Eichhorn, hurled a bomb which exploded and killed the German commander-in-chief in Russia. Besides these assassins, all sorts of sabotage operatives, provocateurs and spies, both domestic and foreign, swarmed over the vaguely defined preserves of the Soviet administration.

The Allies landed troops at Archangel. A Czech army, which had been promised support from Japanese divisions in Siberia, captured the city of Kazan. In a cellar at Ekaterinburg the last Romanov tsar and his wife, son and daughters were slaughtered. The Red Terror was now going strong, either provoked by — or countered by, according to the political point of view — a raging White Terror. An extraordinary British agent, Paul Dukes, had been serving in the Red Army — reporting much disaffection — and in the ranks of the powerful *Cheka*, where his Russian disguise was put to a severe test but never penetrated. This *Cheka* exploit earned Dukes a knighthood. And, encouraged by what one audacious operative had been able to accomplish, Britain now "invaded" the em-

pire of the Reds with an army of just one man, Captain Sidney George Reilly. It is of record that this British army almost captured Bolshevik Russia.

No more fascinating adventurer turns up in all the dim passages of secret-service history than this native of tsarist Russia who became a British agent. According to the memoirs of Mrs. Reilly, her husband was born in 1874, his father an Irish merchant sea captain, his mother a Russian. He was "educated in Petrograd on purely Russian lines" and first attracted attention when in 1900 he was appointed chief agent of the *Compagnie Est-Asiatique* at Port Arthur.

R. H. Bruce Lockhart, who knew Captain Reilly well, has given two rather different accounts of this secret-service officer. And Lockhart's descriptions are even more romantic than Mrs. Reilly's pardonably heroic portrayal of her husband. To Lockhart the captain was a man whose "courage and indifference to danger were superb," a man of "great energy and personal charm, very attractive to women and very ambitious." His parents, says Lockhart, came from Odessa. His real name was Rosenblum, the *nom de espionnage* "Reilly" being taken "from the second name of his first wife's father, an Irishman called Callahan."

When composing his popular autobiography *British Agent*, Bruce Lockhart reported his belief that Reilly had no drop of British blood in his veins, and expressed some wonderment that Reilly had ever become a British subject. Later, in writing his enthusiastic "blurb" for the dust-jacket of *Britain's Master Spy*, which contains the brief memoirs both of Captain and Mrs. Reilly, Lockhart found Reilly "combining the artistic temperament of the Jew with the devil-may-care daring of the Irishman." If Captain Reilly had one Irish parent, as Mrs.

Reilly and Bruce Lockhart, his friend and colleague in Russia, finally come to agree, it would appear that he had many drops of blood in his veins which, before the Irish war of liberation, were legally British. There is, moreover, some evidence relating to the commercial activities of Sidney Reilly in Russia before the outbreak of war in August, 1914, which suggests his early collaboration with the British Naval Intelligence department.

The origin, training and pre-war background of Reilly are important to any one concerned with the history of international secret service, for this officer was, in fact, that rarely identified ace of intrigue, a genuine master spy. Lockhart's further tributes seem wholly unexaggerated, in the light of Reilly's clandestine explorations of hostile countries. He had before 1918 repeatedly entered Germany—"usually by airplane via the front line"—in quest of military intelligence. And next assigned to Russia, he fought the Bolshevik rulers of that turbulent domain to a standstill. A man "who lived for danger"—according to Lockhart—"who, speaking seven languages with amazing facility, spoke none perfectly . . . who knew the extremes of poverty and wealth, a man a little megalomaniac in his outlook on life, collecting Napoleana as his hobby . . . amazingly young for his years. In short, a man who, taken all in all, deserves to be ranked with the bravest men of his time . . . an object of mystery and fascination to all who knew him."

A man, let us add, who may be compared even with such a giant of the past as Baron de Batz, the Gascon conspirator and Royalist agent who agitated Paris, helped to destroy the Jacobins and added his own terror to the Reign of Terror in order to discredit that which he most despised, the French Revolution.

We shall never know, unfortunately, just what Captain

Reilly would have done with — or to — great Russia if he had succeeded in overthrowing the Bolshevik revolution and capturing a vast fraction of the earth's surface in a spirit of pure business conservatism and in the name of King George V. Reilly hated Lenin, Trotsky and their kind as Jean de Batz had hated Robespierre, Marat and Saint-Just. And Reilly proposed to ruin the leading Bolsheviks with Olympian ridicule, taking them prisoner and marching them through the streets of Moscow without trousers or underwear. He alone seems to have seen that Russians might be induced to laugh Bolshevism out of the world, when by no other means could one fight it or scold it or shiver it into capitulation.

Now Reilly, in collaboration with a subtle colleague, Captain George A. Hill — “as brave and as bold as Reilly,” says Lockhart — actually began planning to arrest the magnates of the Kremlin. Reilly had been searching for the weak spot in Bolshevistic defense, and he had found it. Reigning over Russia but relying on few Russians, the Bolsheviks employed a Pretorian Guard of Lettish mercenaries, well-paid and well-provided regiments held in suburban readiness to march into Moscow and massacre the opposition. By way of a prelude to his pantsless procession, Reilly was arranging to bribe the Letts.

At this period the field forces of the Reds were not faring well, and foreign invasion was expected to prevail. It was Reilly who discovered that the Lettish troops were anxious to return to their homes. The Lettish officers believed that Entente intervention was bound to be victorious and they did not wish to be mistaken for Communists. Reilly and Hill were already in touch with one Colonel Friede, chief of the Bolshevik staff in Moscow. To lend a proper romantic flavor, the agents of the Brit-

ish Secret Service were ardently assisted in their work of espionage and political sabotage by certain young ladies of the Arts Theatre. One of these accomplices was Dagmara K., and another was Mademoiselle Friede who, being the sister of the anti-Communist chief of the Bolshevik staff, was enlisted to act as go-between.

Colonel Friede told his sister to warn Reilly that he had just learned there would be in eight days' time — August 28, 1918 — a meeting of the central committees of the Soviet in the Grand Theatre. Lettish troops were to guard the theatre; and their commander, Colonel Berzin, was already in Reilly's pay. The British officer had known that he must time his insurrectionary enterprise when both Lenin and Trotsky were in Moscow, for they, in his own phrase, "were Bolshevism." Now Lenin was to address the committees at the Grand Theatre, said Friede, and Trotsky also would speak, reporting upon the Bolshevik "position on the Kolchak front." Some forty thousand tsarist officers living in or near Moscow were ready to join the rising, as soon as Reilly's Lettish allies "turned their coats" outside the theatre on the 28th.

One girl's fatal blunder brought all this intricate and incredible structure of conspiracy down on its architect's head. Since every motor car in Russia had been confiscated by the Bolsheviks and *Cheka* visitors always came by automobile, Reilly had warned his confederates never to enter a building before which stood a motor car. But "poor Mademoiselle Friede had become so used to danger in the two months during which she had acted as my agent" that she neglected "a most simple and elementary precaution." Chekists had called upon Dagmara K., and she had managed to conceal from their search a mere two million roubles in one-thousand-rouble notes — Sidney

Reilly's own sinews of war which the dancer was holding. But as the *Cheka* searchers descended to enter their car they met Mademoiselle Friede climbing the stairs. And under her arm was the music portfolio she had used so nonchalantly in transmitting secret documents that her brother sold to Reilly. And "so had the most promising plot ever concocted against the Bolsheviks been broken down by the folly of Mademoiselle Friede."

The political police straightway opened the portfolio. Mademoiselle Friede was arrested. By some miracle Dagmara K. escaped. But the papers in the portfolio incriminated Colonels Friede and Berzin, who were arrested and tortured. Captain Sidney Reilly was at once proclaimed an outlaw. His various aliases — Relinsky, Constantine, Massino and the rest — were all made public. Not many of the plotters were to avoid the penalty of an ironic fiasco. Reilly has written that, when he parted from Hill — both being in disguise — he could tell that his brother officer never expected to see him again. But both Reilly and Hill were ultimately able to slip through the Bolshevik net. Lockhart wrote of Reilly that "after a series of hairbreadth escapes this remarkable man succeeded in making his way to Bergen." Whereupon, as is so often the case in secret-service operations, Reilly was not welcomed in London but instead afflicted with the suspicions of Foreign Office authorities. The very fact of his having been able to escape from Russia and his Chekist foes suggested to his superior officers that he had made some bargain with the Reds and was now performing as a double spy.

Lockhart says that he helped Reilly overcome this typical mistrust in government circles at home. And Reilly thereafter endeavored to overcome his own typical restlessness, which was an itch for the risks of combat,

high politics and the old subterranean arts. He visited the United States. He knew that the Bolsheviki were still spying upon him, when he wanted to be spying upon them.

For some years during the pre-1914 period of his international activities Sidney Reilly had adorned the shipping world, being associated with the firm of Mandrochovitch and Count Tchubersky in St. Petersburg, at No. 5 Place de Cathedral de Kazan, important Russian naval contractors who represented the great Hamburg shipbuilding firm of Bluhm and Voss. At the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Bluhm and Voss even acted as agents for the tsar's government in the repatriation of Russian prisoners of war held in Japan. Sidney Reilly had his quiet share in these negotiations and "enhanced his reputation in Russian official circles."

Thereafter he obtained large orders for the German naval contractors from the government of the tsar, engaged as it was in the restoration of the shattered Russian Navy. Reilly made a considerable fortune, but it was said of him at that time, "except for two or three very intimate friends, he never entertained at his own home. Hardly any one could boast of being his friend. Always a little sombre . . . Sidney Reilly was greatly admired at Petrograd, but . . . the mystery in which he shrouded his personal affairs made him the subject of innumerable stories and rumors."

In this same period, 1905-1913, the British Naval Intelligence no less than the Russian was keenly interested in all that went on within the great German shipyards of Bluhm and Voss. Reilly, although born in Russia and a resident of St. Petersburg, used an English passport. At the same time he held curiously aloof from the English colony of the capital. "Russians regarded him as an

Englishman who had become to all intents and purposes Russian." It may be he became a man of mystery because that tickled his vanity. Yet if Reilly was already a British secret-service agent, it would have been a necessary precaution. And we know that British Naval Intelligence—then industriously directed by Captain Hall, R.N., father of the more celebrated Sir Reginald Hall, Naval Intelligence chief after 1914—was missing no chance to investigate both the German and Russian navies.

Reilly was the kind of adventurer who would have spent years perfecting himself in the game he loved to play. Naturally and instinctively talented though he was, it would have taken even him some time to gain the polish, assurance and veteran experience of the master spy. He was forty-three when he entered upon his undercover career in the midst of hostilities; and that constellation of audacious gifts which he brought to military intelligence and espionage is not something suddenly, unexpectedly, discovered in an average business man's forty-fourth year.

This incurable secret agent was already a legend while still alive. All his plots and inventions, if authentically revealed, would have filled a volume as large as this one. Intrigue and megalomania were in his blood; and, although pronounced "extraordinarily attractive to women"—by an expert, Lockhart—it is safe to say that no woman ever held him as did the subtle fascinations of secret service.

VII

PATTERNS OF THE POLICE STATE

The secret police service of Red Russia seems to have pursued Sidney Reilly wherever he went. Bolshevik agents shadowed him all over the city of New York and elsewhere on his travels in America. And right here, perhaps, we come upon the first ominous symptom of secret-service change after 1918. A symptom indicative of the loose and cynical interpretation of sovereignty—disguised as “welfare of the state”—which our world was doomed to suffer, and to which every modern police state would descend!

Sedulously aping the fine-spun scruples of the Bolshevik Cheka, Japan, Italy, and lastly, Nazi Germany, took the whole world for their stage and dared to invade any land or any city, just as though a state of war existed and “enemy” espionage must be counteracted at the source. Captain Reilly fell victim in the end to the ingenuities of Soviet secret service. And his disaster was the product of aggressive counter-espionage in a police state. Reilly, in the eyes of his enemies, had never retired from his role of master spy, serving Great Britain in Russia and Germany; therefore those who contrived his deception and betrayal were—however remote from Soviet soil—warring as counter-spies and on the defensive.

It is worth our while to review this early example of the police state in deliberate, vindictive operation, not because the Bolshevik plotters were so inventive, but because their ruse was so old. Reilly was led to his doom

by a decoying device which the writer first uncovered in the police archives of the reign of Napoleon I. The First Empire under the political-police control of Joseph Fouché was very close to the pattern of a modern police state. Two of Fouché's chief subordinates, MM. Réal and Desmarest, appear to have invented organized counter-espionage—the art and craft of spying on spies. Desmarest, an unfrocked priest and during the Revolution a turbulent Jacobin, did more than school his operatives to keep watch upon the emperor's numerous clandestine foes. Desmarest decoyed them and trapped them too, fashioning the preposterous device of the "Secret Committee" which meant court martial and death to every hapless plotter bemused by its promises.

Monarchist conspirators of Napoleon's time, financed and egged on by the British authorities, proved only too eager to believe what Desmarest of the secret police desired them to believe. Through correspondents intimidated and controlled by him, rumors were spread outside the empire that Napoleon was increasingly unpopular, that the most influential marshals, generals, politicians—even Fouché—had secretly joined a "Committee" organized to overthrow the emperor and govern France in his stead. This fabrication so exactly fulfilled the fondest hopes of all French Royalist exiles, as well as their English sponsors, that dupe-emissaries were persuaded to go stealthily to Paris and establish direct contact with the "Committee" conspirators. Desmarest never failed to bag an emissary.

Sidney Reilly possibly never heard of Desmarest. But old subterfuges, like old jokes, can be successfully rejuvenated in succeeding generations. Reilly ought to have been warned by events, by the anxieties of his exiled Russian friends, by the *Cheka* trick already played

upon Boris Savinkov, former Social-Revolutionary terrorist. However, a bait was being dangled before Reilly again and again.

There was, for example, a certain "Mr. Warner" who visited London and displayed a convincing British passport, and who never stopped urging: "We want a man in Russia, Captain Reilly—a man who can command and get things done." White Russian partizans were renewed in spirit and ready to revolt; their plausible "emissaries"—*Cheka* agents all—implored the veteran plotter to come and take control. Reilly was assured his "fine organization" had "picked up the strands again." He was promised that anti-Bolsheviks "a million strong" would rise and cast down their tyrants as soon as he "crossed the frontier."

Late in September, 1925, Reilly crossed the frontier. He had ventured as far as Finland and from there had been persuaded that he might proceed safely and secretly to Moscow. He need only disguise himself and make use of a false passport—thus providing the Chekists with a legal excuse for condemning him to death. It now appears that Reilly, after a few days, was turned in by some provocateur whose secret-police employers had been waiting long and patiently for this happy outcome. There followed a period of detention and interrogation the length and severity of which are still in doubt; then he was executed without formal trial.

Mrs. Reilly soon afterward went to Finland and there bravely explored the jungle of counter-revolutionary duplicities which had fired her husband's imagination and drawn him to his doom. She discovered that many of the individuals with whom he had been associated were sincere and zealous anti-Bolsheviks. Calling their far-ranging conspirant organization the "Trust," they had

assured Reilly they were now so powerful in Moscow that, even if he should be detected, they could effect his liberation.

One would expect so extravagant a promise to alarm rather than convince an experienced secret-service operative. But Sidney Reilly had become a man possessed, and one fanatic is easily infected by others. He wanted to believe that the Soviet régime was abhorred and sinking into decay. He did not want to believe that the "Trust" had recruited clumsy amateurs of conspiracy, and that all around these ardent innocents circled the *Cheka* renegades and counter-spies, who were waiting for the breakdown of his own sane resolve to stay out of Russia.

Thus, having reached Finland in September, 1925, he had to push on, to see if in Moscow there really was a going concern, dedicated to his principles of ceaseless anti-Bolshevik plotting and fired with his own deep hatred of the rival zealots torturing Russia from the Kremlin.

The Soviet Union, first of the modern police states, had used political-police technique to rid itself of this implacable opponent. That very year, 1925 — by his lecturing and by other, unpublicized endeavors which weighed upon Wall Street and American financial opinion — Sidney Reilly had helped to prevent the Bolshevik authorities from raising badly needed loans in the United States; and after his arrest the ruling faction in Moscow was not reluctant to lay claim to his undoing. However, the truth would not serve. The truth almost never serves the circuitous purposes of men in control of an up-to-date police state. Wanting to admit having disposed of Captain Reilly, yet not caring to admit how it

was done, the *Cheka* intellects decided to invent a "show" ambush, in perhaps unconscious anticipation of the Russian "show trials" to come.

It was given out that Reilly and three "contrabandist" companions on September 28th, while trying to make their way out of Russia, had been shot at Allekul on the Finnish border. Now in all probability Reilly was not even arrested until the 28th; and his fate had overtaken him in Moscow. But the Soviet secret service, which had procured his enticement into the underground coils of the "Trust," was ready after the 28th with a brazen supporting subterfuge.

Peasants near Allekul were allowed to hear rifle fire on the night of September 28th-29th. Anti-Bolshevik investigators were able subsequently to confirm this elaboration of the *Cheka* ruse. One of them, Marie Schultz, a conspirator destined to be decoyed into Russia in much the same way that Reilly had been, wrote to Mrs. Reilly at the time :

A volley was fired near the frontier, four persons were taken, were painted and carried like corpses to the station, where our agents saw them.

Hundreds of similarly fatal episodes have dotted the frontiers of the police states since Reilly's last crossing. In the intrigue leading to his death we may observe that passionate concern for mystification which is so often the attribute of immature minds and which almost invariably distinguishes the simplest procedure of the police state today. Soviet Russia was not only the first police state to manifest itself as such after the great war, but also it managed to survive, as we shall see in a succeeding chapter, only because it *did* become a police state. And

thus the damage was done, the Bolsheviks having set the fashion and cut a pattern for every other ensuing dictatorship ruthlessly determined to survive.

The Russians themselves, inured to centuries of despotic restraint and police terror, were ideal inhabitants for a police state. Mass credulity is, of course, prerequisite; but once established, the well-conducted police state swallows an unending variety of ruses, prevarications and oppressive deceits, so that nothing can ever be taken for exactly what it is, and nobody will ever go to bed at night with the certainty of rest, coming dawn, nourishing breakfast, the next day's work, or even decent privacy.

We are living in an age of secret service, and the police state is its typical offspring. Lest we who are lucky enough not to be incarcerated in the political strait-jacket of a police state should feel smug about it, reference to the danger period of 1916-1920 will amend our conviction of liberal security. Today Russia, Italy, Japan and Germany are rigidly disciplined police states. But during the World War years Britain under the Defense of the Realm Act—the sternly implemented “Dora”—France in the grip of 1917 “defeatism,” and the United States suffering its war psychosis after the war had ended, were each of them precariously close to police-state repressions.

The British, for example, attempted to turn Ireland into a police-state appendix; but the recoil turned Ireland into a fugitive from empire. It had taken the Irish revolutionaries long centuries to learn how to fight the government of Great Britain. Once they got the right combination, however, together with financial aid from certain quarters in America, then swollen with war profits, the freeing of Ireland was never really in doubt.

The right combination was a secret-service war. It

was a guerilla conflict fought by Irish brigades as impetuous and daring as the victors at Fontenoy, but by brigades of Irish combatants in *civilian disguise*. Thus came about the second of the secret-service wars of the past twenty years, the first—the already noted combat between the British Secret Service and Soviet Russia—being more subtle and of longer duration.

Following the hard lesson of the Easter Rising, commanders of the Irish Republican contingents never again hazarded an open battle or the defending of prepared positions. It was all beneath the surface or in the dark, a struggle of shadowy resistance, sabotage, espionage and ambuscade. It was the power of the British police state challenged by an Irish underground of rebellion; and it was deadly and enormously effective.

The reader is commended to such a source book as *Ireland's Secret Service in England* by E. M. Brady. An Irish service of spies and sabotage operatives in England! What a long way they had come from the brave, blundering days of Robert Emmet or the Fenians. Michael Collins, ablest of the Irish leaders, was surrounded and beset by British spies, as every other great rebel of Ireland had been; but Collins was also *defended* by spies, and extended his brilliant Intelligence corps to the very gates of Dublin Castle, the British headquarters in Ireland. Eventually Collins had three of his best informants inside the Castle; and those audacious men, Inspectors Broy, Nelligan and MacNamara, contributed incalculably to the winning of the war. After serving Ireland and betraying the British authorities of the Castle at the risk of their lives, these police officers were each in turn suspected and dismissed. Michael Collins, however, had arranged from the beginning to cover them up so ingeniously that evidence enough—even for a court martial

in time of civil war—was never forthcoming. Not one of the three was condemned for his crimes of espionage and treason.

Collins originated a system of rebel counter-espionage, spreading it all over Ireland and to Manchester and London. Renegades and hired informers afflicted Collins' secret-service shock troops. His counter-spies ran down these traitors and double-dealers, who were then summarily executed. One Irish informer, Fouvargue alias Somers, helped to expose a police sergeant who was an Irish secret agent in London. Fouvargue was found slain on a London golf links, decorated with this sign: "Spies and Traitors Beware. I.R.A." To the family of another Irishman who had been caught betraying the cause of Ireland, Collins himself sent a gift of money, directing that the widow should not be told why her husband had been executed. Collins, romantic, restless and resolute, ordered that the culprit's child should be told that her father had died as a patriot, fighting for Irish freedom.

Behind the authority of Dublin Castle was ultimately marshalled all the ingenuity and influence of the far-famed British Secret Service. The Irish Republican Army was a plainclothes force of bombers, assassins and sabotage agents. Many Republican prisoners taken to the Castle were tortured to make them talk prior to their official execution. But torture never won a civil war. Collins obtained a list of more than sixty secret agents lodged by the British in or near Dublin. Several of the most obnoxious of these were visited suddenly and executed out of hand. This counter-spying counter-attack proved warning enough and all the other suspects fled the country, or sought refuge, bag and baggage, within the walls of Dublin Castle.

A resourceful British agent provocateur named Mur-

phy exposed Collins' sabotage squads in Manchester before they could start their arson campaign with a flurry of burning hotels. But other bold strokes of Irish sabotage in England brought the ancient Irish Question home and laid it on every English doorstep. By comparison with the many other rash and abortive endeavors to liberate Ireland, the strategy, counter-espionage and secret-service onset devised by Michael Collins and his staff now seem so masterly that their final triumph was inevitable.

The magic of Collins' personal daring, his novel resource in planning attacks on the English in England and his modern grasp of the power of combatant secret service, surrounded the Castle like an army of invisible besiegers. For the first time in Irish history the clink of British gold pieces did not tempt companies of Irishmen to betray their countrymen. The purchasing power of the Castle had been curbed by agencies of vigilance and terror. And in behalf of the frustrated British, let it be said that they showed no genuine capacity for the prolonged operation and development of a savage and formidable modern police state.

Turning to the political police records of the French, one finds ample capacity. The French, however, are unlikely to relish their confinement in a police state as long as they remain insulated by their fundamental hatred of dictatorship. Any one familiar with E. E. Cummings' *The Enormous Room* realizes that French bureaucratic negligence can inflict upon casual suspects a place of detention nearly as bad as any concentration camp of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia. But in 1916-1917 Verdun had to be held at a loss of half a million French lives; and defeatism was then being fomented by foreign propagandists and enemy subsidies. France verges upon the

methods of the modern police state only at a time of desperate emergency. The counter-espionage technique of *contrôle* originated by French secret-service specialists appears to apply — and apply harshly — the civil restraints of a police state; but in Chapter XXVII there will be found some further report upon the recent performances of French counter-spies, and we shall see how France labored ineffectually and in vain to save its democracy from the diseases of “defense” and disunion and from French Fascist intrigue.

The American reader has possibly looked with pity or contempt upon the overpowering police- and spy-worship in merry lands like Bolshevik Russia or Nazi Germany, Franco Spain, Fascist Italy or Napoleonic Nippon. And this same American may have shrugged at the more obvious police-state infections visited upon Great Britain or France or some other liberal country. Nothing like that — he tells himself — in our good old U. S. A. ! . . . Nothing like that — unless we turn back the record some twenty years. And we had better turn back the record. Before we resume this foreign inquiry, making the acquaintance of a genius of political espionage and a pioneer hero of Soviet Russian secret service, let us consider the American treatment of as weird an assortment of amateur menaces as ever were held incommunicado by imitation Chekists.

The great war had ended in 1918 without grave American sufferings or heavy material sacrifices. The United States had won and helped the Allies win. Somebody decided then that, because an archaic and corrupt system of government had gone crashing down in tsarist Russia, the pervasive rebels and serfs of America were plotting to rise and capture Washington. Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer was the Attorney General of these United States. And

in 1919 Mr. Palmer set about erasing from the pages of history the progressive and liberal renown of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Palmer saw it was the right year for a grand radical-baiting extravaganza; and he appointed a young night-school lawyer to serve as his Special Assistant Attorney General in charge of the "radical section" of the Division of Investigation.

John Edgar Hoover was the fortunate young lawyer; and, since he is still with the Department of Justice, we must credit his tenacity, tact and integrity, no matter how much others may have charged off already to his aging itch for applause, the spotlight and the newspaper headlines. The then unknown Hoover set to work under Palmer's patronage; and one of the most deplorable pages of American investigative and Federal-police history was straightway written — all in red ink. Red it was for the radical enemy, of course, and red for the deficit in American common sense and fair play!

Palmer's special agents and the police, who eagerly co-operated with the Federal men, "ruthlessly violated the civil rights of thousands of American citizens in this drive." The quotation is not hand-picked, from a Congressional oration or from the outraged *New Masses* or *Daily Worker*. It comes from that periodical delight of the discriminating, *The New Yorker*. "Homes were entered without search warrants and people under the meagrest sort of suspicion were jailed and held for days, in many cases without being told what charges they were being held on."

Could the United States, under any real pressure, become but another police state? Informed observers have feared so ever since the exploits of Palmer and his henchmen.

Louis F. Post was Assistant Secretary of Labor under

President Wilson, and in his book *The Deportation Delirium* he adds many details to this insupportable picture. There was, for example, one "Palmer raid" in Hartford, Connecticut, when over three hundred persons found in lodges, union halls and social clubs were arrested without warrants and held *more than two weeks* without being permitted to notify attorneys. Later it developed that most of them were average American citizens. Only ten in all were found subject to deportation, although it was easy to prove any alien guilty under the drastic wartime Sedition Act which Palmer and Hoover, a year after the war, were invoking.

Of more than six thousand suspects taken into this pre-Nazi American version of protective custody, but three hundred and fifty were proved guilty enough, even by Palmer and Hoover, to be deported. *Cheka* and *double-Cheka*, as the radio comedians might say.

VIII

FELIX DJERZHINSKY, GENIUS OF THE CHEKA

The secret and political police organization of the last Romanov tsars, the once dreaded *Ochrana*, will for long retain its place in the annals of espionage and repression—first, because it serves as a horrible example, cumbersome, corrupt and costly, and, second, because it helped to educate the revolutionaries who created and manipulated the great secret-police service of the Bolshevik régime. From the time of Ivan the Terrible the government of Russia had maintained its power by means of a more or less formidable police establishment. Absolute power makes a policeman supreme in the land; but in a land as large as the Russian empire, covered as it always was with a deep layer of indolent or morbid Muscovite temperament, the invincible power of the police agent and the police spy was diluted from reign to reign by inefficiency, stupidity, pompous leadership and habitual graft. The Red revolution as personified by a single Red revolutionist changed that in astonishing fashion. His name was Felix Djerzhinsky.

It has been set forth, with convincing documentation, that Lenin and his fellow conspirators climbed to the top without any political police design. They all had suffered at the pitiless if clumsy hands of the *Ochrana* and it was far from their original revolutionary aim to reincarnate the tsarist network of informers, sneaks and surveillants.

Strong exterior pressure mingled with internal combustion forced the leading Bolsheviks' hand. Foreign in-

terventionists and counter-revolutionists threatened from all sides. The anti-Bolshevik plots were not the imagined "incidents" so dear to despots looking for an excuse to terrorize, torture and liquidate their lukewarm followers or critics. As we have already seen, masterly operatives of foreign Intelligence forces swarmed around the Russian Revolution, searching for weak spots, looking for any chance to discredit the radical government and destroy it. Their activities brought into the field a fanatic service of Bolshevik counter-spies and police, the *Cheka*, or "Ch.K."—derived from a contraction of *cherezvicháika* meaning Commission Extraordinary.

There was but one extraordinary thing about this new instrument of power, that its chief, Djerzhinsky, could make vigilant police agents out of typical Russian revolutionaries and command them so skillfully that they saved the Revolution. Foreign plots and interferences provoked the Terror, which found its fitting expression in Felix Djerzhinsky's *Cheka*. The Bolshevik secret police began with a simple task. All that Lenin and Trotsky asked was an organization which would improve upon the faulty repressions of the *Ochrana*—and that was assured from the hour in which the development and control of the new espionage mechanism were confided to Djerzhinsky.

In him the Bolshevik leaders discovered a secret-service genius, an unquestionable master of his sordid yet vital revolutionary vocation. If a revolution is worth dying for, it is worth living to defend; and Djerzhinsky was both the public and secret defender of the Red revolution. No one need ever expect to learn the whole truth about this acute, uncommunicative and merciless man. He made too many people fear and hate him. And a goodly number of them have celebrated surviving him

by carving out his image as a demonic beast of prey. One who makes such imaginative enemies may expect to be portrayed as a monster even unto the third and fourth generation. White Russians today abound in the Soviet secret service; but so long as any White Russian remains, there will be exaggerated portraiture of the champion Chekist.

His Communist admirers, on the other hand, are far more numerous and even more articulate; and, being ordered to despise Leon Trotsky, creator of the Red Army which overwhelmed the Whites and their meddling allies, they turn eagerly to Djerzhinsky as an orthodox hero of the Revolution, now second only to Lenin on the frequently edited calendar of Soviet saints. But enough of Djerzhinsky's work is known, so that we may ignore the propagandic obituaries.

He had been a convinced radical, a plotter, a hunted fugitive. He was a born revolutionist. Some have said that he was a Pole. It is known that, as a young man, he was betrayed to the *Ochrana* by a police spy. He was consequently condemned to Siberian exile, and there he had years in which to reflect upon the evil usefulness of secret police. Having experienced tsarist police supervision, Djerzhinsky learned what to do—and, particularly, what not to do or permit others to do—should he, the revolutionary convict, ever be entrusted with the policing of the Revolution.

When his chance came, Djerzhinsky was ready for the key position of Soviet defense. A fanatic, secluded and incorruptible, he kept the entire organization of Bolshevik secret service and political police under his personal control, working himself to death within a few years' time. He was essentially the sort of political zealot one can admire—from a distance. Even Lenin is said to have

been afraid of him. He was reputed to have ordered the arrest of Lenin's secretary, Albrecht, and to have caused the young Communist to be put to death. But no evidence has ever been offered to show that Lenin himself resisted this summary verdict of the *Cheka* or considered his secretary guiltless.

Among the more startling legends is one concerning Djerzhinsky's "electric chair," which he had installed in Room 7 at the *Cheka* headquarters for purposes of slow torture and execution. This machine, according to the legend, Djerzhinsky first tested with the casual electrocution of its inventor, a Russian engineer. Another and more likely story sets forth the impatience of the Chekist chief during the interrogation of Dora Kaplan, the agent of Menshevik plotters who had fired upon and seriously wounded Lenin. Mongolian operatives of the Soviet secret police, interested in exploring all the old Asiatic methods of discouraging political assassination, were slicing off with leisurely sadism long, thin strips of the Kaplan woman's skin. Djerzhinsky's alleged lust for shrieking and anguished souls was not evident on this occasion, for he is said to have drawn his revolver and killed the prisoner with one shot to put an end to her suffering.

Whether violent and impatient, or cruel and fiendishly calculating, as his White "biographers" controversially put forth, Felix Djerzhinsky was also a tireless worker and skilled organizer. He proved himself a resourceful and resolute commander-in-chief, with enough driving force to overcome rival revolutionary cults and clandestine foreign invaders and also skill and cunning enough to erase in large degree the indolence, morbidity, extravagance and corruption of the old Russian order.

Many of his agents were shiftless dreamers. He made them fight for the Revolution. Many more were rascals, ex-convicts like himself but with a criminal rather than a political police record. The master Chekist made them fight for something they scarcely understood, a proletarian ideal. Circumstances compelled him to make use of tsarist renegades, turncoats and former operatives of the despised *Ochrana*; and with such scraps and leftovers he fashioned the *Cheka*. Beset by Social Revolutionary and White terrorism, he answered with a counter-terror, and he made *his* terror stick.

It is probably true that he ordered the *Cheka* agent Gusman to execute his own sister. The girl had come to Djerzhinsky with protestations of loyalty and affection, which he interpreted as proof of another Menshevik plot. He spared no one, least of all himself or his friends. He embraced Alexandrovitch, an old revolutionary comrade and fellow traveller of the underground in tsarist days, then sent him out to be shot for having used his authority as vice-president of the *Cheka* to help conspire against the new tsars of Bolshevism. Being arrested at Kiev during the turbulent days of the Ukrainian war, Djerzhinsky talked himself out of danger and evaded a firing squad by the power of his Communistic arguments. He had been alone and helpless, but soon afterward, having acquired a Red force to command, he reentered the city, turned upon his unwisely lenient judges, and had them arrested and put to death.

The revolutionary fire and integrity of Djerzhinsky were so helpful to the cause he served that it is only fair to quote New York *Times* descriptions of the man published on the occasion—July 20, 1936—of the Soviet Union's nationwide commemoration of his death ten years before. Harold Denny of the *Times* had found

people in Moscow who said that Djerzhinsky had been "a charming, mild-mannered man with kindly blue eyes . . . deeply and emotionally interested in the welfare of children and imbued with a saintly zeal for the revolution that could steel his will to ruthlessness when he believed ruthlessness was called for."

The same dispatch to the *Times* noted that Djerzhinsky had given "invaluable service as the first organizer of Soviet transportation and later of heavy industry." Here was a man of modern business and industrial capacity with "kindly blue eyes," yet one of the greatest spy-masters and directors of political police in all secret-service annals. He knew just how to frustrate simmering counter-revolution, for he had devoted most of his adult years to perfecting himself as a revolutionist. Mr. Denny hazarded the opinion that Djerzhinsky was "perhaps the supremely perfect type of revolutionary . . . equally ready to die for the revolution and to send others to die."

With Djerzhinsky's passing in 1926, the secret police of Soviet Russia experienced an immediate decline. He was succeeded by Vyacheslaff Menzhinsky, whose principal lieutenant was an aggressive Lettish agent, Genrikn G. Yagoda; and soon the old tsarist fungi of police bureaucracy was sprouting over the whole organization.

Before Felix Djerzhinsky worked himself to death in his fiftieth year his merciless instrument, the *Cheka*, had been moderated at least by a change of label, becoming the GPU. Those soon-to-be-notorious initials — pronounced "gay-pay-oo" — were a helpful abbreviation of "Obiedionnoje Gosudarstvennoje Politicheskoje Upravlenie," which, being translated, means Political State Police Department. The *Cheka* was reputed to have taken the lives of not less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons, thousands of whom cannot possibly have been

guilty of whatever "counter-revolutionary" offense gave an excuse for their savage extermination. Chance suspicion, denunciation, arrest, condemnation and machine-gun bullets were often an automatic progression in the harshest days of the *Cheka*. And so the GPU, as a new set of sheep's clothing, was welcomed in Soviet Russia, and among all Soviet sympathizers, as a concession of the Kremlin and a symbol of civilizing reform.

In terms of secret service management it proved more of a reversal than a reform. Operatives of the political police, with the same fast motor cars, black leather coats and air of omnipotence, still frightened and harried the innocent. But some of the guilty were overlooked and allowed to flourish; and, as we shall see, these incendiary foes of the Soviet Union invaded the Russian capital, even the Kremlin, and went about their secret-service chores with consummate daring and artistry.

IX

POLESCHUK-KONAR, THE SPY COMMISSAR

Menzhinsky, the new head of the GPU, was a sick man who soothed himself with French novels rather than with the melodramatic archives of his office. He lived longer, perhaps, than his subordinate Yagoda had calculated, yet his natural death was not unconscionably delayed. Whereupon Yagoda was elevated to the post which already he had whittled away ingeniously by arrogating to himself, one after another, the fearsome powers of his chief.

It would seem from a distance that Yagoda was vain, dissolute and absurdly ambitious. But then the truth may never be known about this half-pint Lettish Djerzhinsky, for he zealously lay claim to every Communist sin when it came his turn to "confess" at one of the most dramatic of Joseph Stalin's "show trials" held in Moscow.

Even histrionic justice cannot disguise, however, that Yagoda's administration of the secret police brought Russian counter-espionage down to a defensive level which any tsarist functionary would have recognized. The greatly increased activities of Japanese agents at this time were reflected in an extraordinary increase of secret-service expenditures authorized by the Mikado's government. Germany also scrutinized the Yagoda system and was encouraged to resume large-scale espionage operations. And so, many more spies made stealthy entrance into the U.S.S.R.; while the foreign agents, already there or arriving, contrived to enlist hundreds of dupes or subordinates.

There was even an accomplished Polish operative lodged within the Kremlin. And though his Bolshevik progress had made him conspicuous and his prolonged success as a spy had made him careless, he was not detected by his Kremlin neighbor, Yagoda. The Polish espionage agent was one Poleschuk; and his masterly exploit in secret service takes us back to April 1920. That month really marked the beginning of his daring impersonation. We must recall that the Entente allies had urged Marshal Pilsudski to invade the Ukraine. The Polish dictator had succeeded at first, capturing Kiev; but then the Red Army rallied and counter-attacked. The Poles were swiftly hurled backed to the gates of Warsaw. A French staff mission, hastily dispatched from Paris, assisted in saving the Polish capital; and the Russian invaders were outflanked and eventually driven off.

In this momentous see-saw campaign a certain Red soldier, Feodor M. Konar, was discovered by the Poles among their prisoners. For some undisclosed reason the Polish secret service decided that he was one who could be made use of; and so young Konar's papers were taken and — as a prisoner of war — he was rigorously questioned. Then, as a dangerous Bolshevik, he was shot. Poleschuk, who seems to have been a trusted operative of the newly founded Polish service, was one of Konar's interrogators; he carefully memorized all the personal information obtained, pocketed the prisoner's papers; and, when Konar was riddled by a firing squad, Poleschuk turned himself into Konar. The war ending, the Poles offered Russian prisoners for exchange. One of these was, of course, the new "Feodor M. Konar" — Poleschuk-Konar, a spy.

Restored to orthodox circles in Communist Russia, the young "war veteran, Konar" began to prosper. He was

energetic, able and ardent—a Bolshevik enthusiast. He developed a talent for stepping “exactly on the center of the Party ‘line,’” no mean feat for an alien agent, and useful insurance for any one resolved to weather successive party “purges” and Kremlin cyclones.

Konar rose in rank and gained authority. He cultivated the right friends and developed useful connections in the Communist International. The chaos and disorganization then prevailing in the Soviet Union helped the spy, screened his imposture and enabled him to penetrate the innermost ranks of Bolshevik control. Years went by; and this perfectly entrenched agent of espionage kept on learning all he could, generally transmitting his reports to whatever Polish officer was stationed in Moscow as military attaché.

Konar presently gained the pivotal post of Vice Commissar of Agriculture for the entire U.S.S.R. From his office in the Soviet capital he reached out to guide or exploit more than a thousand sub-agents. Some of them hated Bolshevism and were his willing tools; but many more were quite unaware that they served Poland, then the principal adversary of Red Russia. Konar must have been swamped with information from such varied sources; yet his own condensed reports, when they made their way to Warsaw, must have given his superiors an astonishingly accurate picture of Soviet conditions.

In his fortunate role of Vice Commissar of Agriculture—in a vast country faced with self-inflicted famine—the Polish spy was allowed to attend confidential meetings of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, supreme authority in the Soviet Union. He even delivered reports—duplicates of which soon arrived in Warsaw—to the celebrated Politburo of ten, which included Stalin and Klementy Voroshilov, war commissar.

Konar lived with his "brother," also a very energetic Communist, but really no blood relation. This man was likewise an agent of Polish espionage, and one who invented excuses to travel all over the Union. Their conspiracy involved a good deal more than the cunning acquisition and transmission of Russian secrets. Before 1914 that sort of operation would have sufficed; and Konar would have been recognized and rewarded as a bold and masterly espion. But here again we uncover proof of the radical changes in secret-service technique in the decades since 1914-1918. The Polish ace known as Konar was expected to branch out, conduct a campaign of sabotage. He had to strike at the most vital point of the Soviet socialization program.

Agricultural sabotage on a grand scale diminished the food supplies of Russia at a critical time. Sabotage in rural areas drove the peasants to ruin. Konar was behind much of this dire intrigue, provoking the peasants' hostility by a deliberate mismanagement or destruction of the grain collections. A single secret-service operative was thus enabled by circumstances and his own guile to inflict upon Russia, ancient enemy of the Poles, as much damage as a Polish army of invasion might have done.

It would even appear that he was happy in his work. His personality and natural talents combined to safeguard his mission and advance him in Communist esteem. By 1931 he had married a fascinating Russian girl, a motion-picture actress. As a Bolshevik he was in every way successful, but for more than ten years he had been an enemy of Bolshevism and a spy.

From this triumphant impersonation of the Communist Konar we come to the inevitably tragic ending of an intrepid patriot, Poleschuk. Because he was happy and had scaled the political heights in Soviet Russia, the

secret agent's Polish connections were increasingly a burden and a peril. He was caught within the old, ironic stockade of a brilliant imposture. To discard it might be suicidal; to continue it much longer was a prospect of unbearable torment. Whereupon the spy notified his chief in Warsaw that he felt, after so many years of strain and hazardous employment, he had faithfully discharged his obligations to his native land and its bulwark of secret service. He wished to break all ties and terminate his exploits as a super-spy and saboteur.

The Poles would not hear of it. Konar, the vice commissar, was so highly placed in the Russian system that Poland's general staff could not get along without him, or so he was informed. And then — after the fashion of European secret service — he, who had risked his life in Russia for thirteen years, was notified that, if he tried to desert the Polish service and abandon his mission, his identity would be revealed to the Soviet secret police.

Since the spy was presently "detected" by the same Russian counter-espionage department — which had overlooked him through all those years — it remains the opinion of this writer that Poleschuk-Konar was betrayed. Incompetence and callousness were prevailing characteristics at secret-service headquarters in Warsaw; and once this valuable agent's dissatisfaction had been registered, he and his further reports would inspire nothing but mistrust. European secret-service officers differ in some ways, but they are nearly uniform in finding it next to impossible not to betray a mistrusted spy.

Another version of Poleschuk-Konar's downfall is that his impersonation having met with no suspicion for thirteen years, he came to attend a parliamentary meeting in Moscow where, among delegates from all parts of the Union, he was seen by a Ukrainian Communist who

had known intimately the real Konar. It is alleged that this observant fellow from the Ukraine said to himself: "But this is not Konar. I knew young Konar well. He cannot have changed so much as all that." And straightway he hurried with his disbelief to a friend in the bureau of political police.

Then the GPU, belatedly alert in the affair, began to keep close watch upon the Vice Commissar of Agriculture. He was seen delivering something to Major Kovalovsky, the Polish military attaché. And on being arrested he was persuaded to confess his protracted undercover campaign. Poleschuk-Konar was placed on trial, his case being deemed so grave that the entire presiding council of the GPU participated in the judgment. The evidence was utterly damaging and "for the first time in the history of the GPU, a verdict was delivered without the court's retiring for consultation." And still another exception was made—in that the death sentence was carried out immediately, with no granting of the usual period of forty-eight hours' grace for a possible reprieve or pardon by the President of the U.S.S.R. Poleschuk-Konar was shot.

Acting upon his confession, the GPU authorities subsequently imposed death sentences upon thirty-five other high officials in the various Soviet agricultural commissariats. Poleschuk's experiments in the new technique of agricultural sabotage recoiled upon these subordinates and ruined them. All of them must have been guilty of negligence; possibly some few of them were genuine spies.

Espionage and sabotage were for many years a plague upon Red Russia; and this is stated in spite of the fantastic and implausible admissions of sabotage, spying and foreign secret-service subsidies which beclouded every

Stalinist "show trial" and all those "Old Bolshevik" confessions. Poleschuk-Konar was dispatched in March 1933. His amazing adventure has carried us far from the time of the *Cheka* and the Terror, but his exposure was only a beginning for the GPU counter-espionage workers.

On December 1, 1934, Serge Kirov, the fourth most important Bolshevik leader in the Union, was assassinated by a malcontent named Leonid Nikolaiev. In the fortnight following Kirov's death one hundred and three persons were executed by the GPU. All of them had been in custody before the assassination ; and the official communiqué on their swift secret trials and death sentences announced that the majority of them were foreign agents who had made their way illegally into the Soviet Union from Poland, Finland and Latvia, with the intention of assassinating Russian leaders.

There were, however, some Soviet citizens among the hundred and three condemned, including a specified "small group of Komsomols" that had been held in prison since 1932. This group was charged with having plotted the assassination of the supreme chief, Joseph Stalin. The executions attending the confession of the Polish secret-service operative, Poleschuk-Konar, seemed to alter the course of the Stalinist ship of state. And the executions which were mere reprisals after the killing of Serge Kirov showed the world, and warned a great number of trembling Russians, what sort of change was setting in. Something prescribed for his people by a despot on the defensive—Joseph Stalin's new terror "for the preservation of the state," a terror without the *Cheka* or that greatest of all Chekists, Djerzhinsky, but none the less a horrible reanimation of the old terror's suspicion, denunciation and massacre.

X

THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE

The British have a proud tradition of "muddling through" their wars, of "losing every battle but the last one." And in recent times both the enemies and well-wishers of the British Empire watched in some bewilderment while the government of Mr. Neville Chamberlain tried to muddle its way through a peace.

That perilous period of realism, non-intervention and polite experiment, of frantic rearmament and tepid appeasement finally came to its appointed end; and the end was war, as so many had predicted. If its consequences cannot be mitigated, if the faltering peace and the war it made inevitable have a permanently disastrous effect upon the British Empire and the whole modern structure of Europe, that surpassing failure of Conservative government will have been accomplished in spite of — there are some who say, *in defiance of* — the resource and vigilance of the British Secret Service.

During the fits of blindness and diplomatic fluctuations which attended the civil war in Spain, and on through the months which led ingloriously to Munich, it was often difficult to discern whose interests within the empire Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues believed they were representing. But the British Secret Service — differing from politicians, country-house cabals, and the nobility discovered in ownership of newspaper chains — remained exclusively and steadfastly pro-British. The

history of British policy during the four-year period, 1935-1939, may one day be described as a gradually, almost reluctantly, ascending curve denoting the increasing credence which Mr. Chamberlain's government has given to its own Intelligence services.

The British Secret Service also has an old tradition and has attained down the centuries an intermittent record of utility and watchfulness. It was strong, adroit and well financed in the great years of a Cromwell, Pitt, or Wellington, and nearly non-existent in closed seasons of predictable tranquillity. The secret service of the British Empire is really secret; and yet no other institution of its kind in existence has enjoyed so much favorable publicity. Many commentators—who may have been propagandists, but can hardly be called observers—have grown lyrical in passages revealing its work and its faith. An immaculate personnel cannot be named but can be imagined, a veritable gentlemen's club of well-groomed sportsmen, all paragons of disinterested duplicity. Such nonsense helps the fiction writer, and possibly serves other purposes in baffling hostile foreigners.

Now the British service is one of the most openly and generously subsidized Intelligence systems extant. The gentry who are its more valuable agents can afford to span the world in their travels. And they invariably come up with some "native"—white or black—who knows his Kipling and is eager to be hired for the unavoidable "dirty work" of espionage, sabotage, or quiet assassination. The British Secret Service does what its operatives consider must be done, and buys—generally as the highest bidder—whatever has to be bought. Its errands are not, as has been represented, merely models of fact finding and swift communication. It has matched rival secret services at any game they initiated, and brought off its

many coups with the nice aplomb of cricket, grouse shooting and the playing fields of Eton.

Since the British Conservative Party is supposed in times of peace to dread the unsettling impact of clever men, we may understand how timidly Mr. Chamberlain's government approached its own brilliant Secret Service. Masterly leaders like Vansittart and Hankey were ostentatiously promoted up and out of the Secret Service, the very service whose operatives have been so tireless, and oftentimes almost alone, in their resolve that neither English politics, London "City" speculation, nor foreign adventurers should utterly wreck the Empire.

Glance back through the topsy-turvy *Alice in Wonderland* years when Mr. Neville Chamberlain or some spokesman for his cabinet, on any given parliamentary day, could prove to be completely misinformed about everything. British sponsors of astigmatism as a permanent foreign policy were not disconcerted by that queer breed of "pirate" submarine in the Mediterranean. Such pirates could only be descended from the Barbary corsairs of the time of Kheyr-ed-din and had therefore been at sea, without a home port, for nearly four centuries. Pirate submarines were sinking British shipping; but the British public was asked to overlook it. Had not the Italians—who had merely designed, built and manned the Fascist pirates—just consented to "discuss" this incredible Mediterranean visitation? And the same brand of "intelligence" tried to correct other concerns of the British public. It was solemnly asserted that no Nazi shock troops or military technicians were propping up feeble, fierce Francisco Franco. New divisions of Italian "volunteers" seen openly landing in Rebel Spain were really embarking for home out of respect for the tenets of non-intervention.

It was to the Right Honorable Winston Churchill — much too clever and far-seeing for the cabinet of that time — that foreign observers pointed as one Briton more accurately informed than any member of the government. But Winston Churchill had long been identified as an unofficial parliamentary mouthpiece of “the British Intelligence.”

Churchill's father-in-law, Sir H. M. Hozier, had been one of the principal modern “founders,” or rather, re-animaters of the British Secret Service. Thanks to the energy and vision of men like Hozier, the British service had been plunged into the war convulsions of 1914 with certain key men and skilled operatives available and with a blueprint for a subterranean framework which eventually reached out to every point of imperial defense. Moreover, the secret service of those war years, and beyond, to 1920, was run at a profit; something then quite new, so far as this writer has been able to discover in all the complex annals of government secret service.

Brigadier-General G. K. Cockerill, who had been Director of Special Intelligence at the British War Office, is our authority for the profitable management which he and his colleagues effected in that department. And now that Britain is again at war, the same old system must be operating as a subtle defensive-offensive mechanism. Cockerill, with pardonable pride, enumerated these accomplishments: detection of hostile spies and prevention of leakage of naval and military intelligence — penetration of plots of incendiarism and prevention of sabotage attacks upon war-sustaining industries — keeping watch upon cargoes and shipping of a world-wide merchant marine and putting a check upon news of shipping departures from British ports.

Agents of counter-espionage, said Cockerill, contrib-

uted in large degree to the successful working of the Allies' naval blockade. In almost every case of contraband, secret-service men furnished the evidence used in the prize court — the realized values of prize cargoes, excluding ships, being more than £30,000,000. They contrived to stop "enemy remittances" to the value of another £70,000,000. Secret-service activities "completely destroyed all overseas communications of the enemy so far as they were vulnerable." Operating with a rather whimsical thrift one sub-department of this vast and prospering Intelligence system closed many channels of German propaganda, but allowed others to remain open for the purpose of distributing British propaganda in enemy covers, the postage on which had been paid in Berlin. In addition, secret agents detected and stopped the extensive German speculation in raw materials, a vital and calculable saving to the British Empire of not less than £100,000,000.

There we have impressive proof of superior planning and efficiency, akin to that of the German military machine when it went smashing through little Belgium and on to fight the whole fifty-one months of war in a rich industrial area of France. If General Cockerill and his numerous bureaus and sub-departments saved Britain not less than £200,000,000, or nearly a billion dollars, in the years 1915-1920, it seems probable that the modern British Secret Service in our present era of all-powerful economic and commercial factors, can do as much, or more — paying its own way, realizing a handsome profit and smiting the feeble economy of the Nazi Reich with a variety of telling blows.

During the great undercover contest with Germany, whose fruitful outcome General Cockerill reported, the key organization of the complex Intelligence establish-

ment was the Secret Service department, commanded by a gifted naval officer, Captain Mansfield Cumming. This discreet, kindly and devoted executive "about sixty . . . short in stature, with a certain stiffness of movement . . . due to an artificial leg" came out of the World War with neither rank nor title appropriate to his monumental achievement. His Majesty's heavily freighted honors' lists seemed to pass Cumming by; but that may have resulted from his own professional self-effacement. He was completely the master and devotee of government secret service. And he had earned, at least, the respect and admiration of colleagues and subordinates — many of whom he had sent repeatedly into gravest danger — so that only the rigid interdiction of the British Government has left Mansfield Cumming virtually unknown to this day. Years after the war ended, and before the rise of Hitler foreshadowed a new war, the novelist Compton Mackenzie was convicted under the Official Secrets Act, fined one hundred pounds and required to pay court costs of a like amount; and Mackenzie's sole offense was publishing the name of Captain Mansfield Cumming and briefly describing his own war-time contact with this extraordinary chief of the Secret Service.

In his devious work Cumming was surrounded by a remarkable corps of associates, each an expert in some branch of secret-service or Intelligence work. Sir Alfred Ewing, a genius in the field of codes and cryptography, made a great war reputation in professional circles. Captain Hitchens, ace of the cipher bureau at British G.H.Q., was hardly second to Ewing; though neither of them owned more penetrative skill than Captain Georges Painvin, most brilliant code expert of the French General Staff. Among Cumming's colleagues there was one, Sir Reginald Hall, chief of British Naval Intelligence, who

has since seemed to acquire most of the public admiration and laurels which might have been showered upon Cumming and his agents. Assisting Hall were such able men as Collins, Herschel and Sykes. In the British Army branches were Gleichen, Cox, Charteris, Macdonough, Browning, Cameron and Cooke.

Even after the rack and strain of the long war, some of these officers were still young enough to continue in the service. They trained the men who are in command now that another great struggle tests England and the empire. Great Britain, in this war, marshals the incalculable strength of a continuously mobilized and operating secret service. In 1917 his superiors were saying that young Captain Hitchens was "worth four divisions" to the British Army. Painvin, in turn, was cited by his superiors and his allies alike for having "broken" one German field cipher — the so-called ADFGVX cipher — in March, 1918, which cryptographic feat had an obvious bearing on the result of the war.

It cannot be said that, with the end of hostilities, Cumming's organization was demobilized. Its expenditures were greatly reduced, and gradually a change became perceptible. This change was principally registered in the personality of a new type of leader, a public man, a poet and playwright, Sir Robert Vansittart. He accompanied the British delegation to the 1921 Washington Disarmament Conference — that hopeful affair long considered the one shining achievement of the Harding Administration, but now held responsible for the condition both of the British and American navies, burdened as they are with too many old and nearly obsolete capital ships in the period, 1939-1942, when each meets a serious challenge. Vansittart came to Washington to see what was going on behind the scenes and, perhaps, make a few

adroit moves of his own. He was then known as a talented permanent official of the British Foreign Office, and soon afterward he became Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

In that key position he was also managing director of the Intelligence and secret-service departments of the empire. It was not the sort of appointment that is ever publicly acknowledged; but the special vocation and authority of Sir Robert Vansittart were understood in all well-informed quarters. He reached the height of his career — and government influence — during the Italian conquest of Ethiopia (1935-1936) when a threat to the British Empire developed in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Vansittart was undoubtedly the man who kept Anthony Eden informed as to Italian plans and German preparations. With or without Captain Eden's debonair "front," Sir Robert remained the surgeon-in-chief, the diagnostician and master apothecary of the British Foreign Office.

While under Vansittart's direction the Secret Service expanded virtually to a war footing. Its cost, the budget-conceded cost, rose from a sum equivalent to \$800,000 a year to the equivalent of \$2,000,000 a year; and that was probably no more than half of the actual empire expenditures in this field, for Britain now had four obvious opponents to deal with — Italy, Germany, Japan and Russia.

Vansittart was one of those influential Englishmen who had the will and the force of character to compel the government to rearm against an inevitable war emergency, to rearm even while another camp of Britons was doing its pro-Fascist best to strengthen and entrench securely the unmistakable adversaries of the British Empire. Supporting Vansittart's position, and, no doubt,

supported like Vansittart by inside information, was the noted Sir Maurice Hankey, who from the period of the World War had held posts of the greatest responsibility connected with imperial defense and the Secret Service. But then what happened to Vansittart and to Hankey?

Both of them had to be "kicked upstairs" — that is, promoted out of the governing path of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. And when any path of politics is as circuitous and hesitating as was Chamberlain's in 1936–1938, the victims have to be moved far to get entirely out of range of it. Sir Maurice Hankey was therefore provided a lucrative directorship with the company controlling the Suez Canal. While Sir Robert Vansittart, without leaving the government, was given certain ribbons and honors and an advisory position of such novelty and eminence no one need strain to hear his words of warning.

Before continuing to follow the mistaken policies of London in these years and the wealth of intrigue they promoted, we must set forth on a devious tour of the Continent, and even venture into Asia. We have to begin by examining the mechanism of governmental interferences and espionage which put the lives and happiness of the people of France on so unsettled a foundation. In a later chapter, however, we shall find Sir Robert Vansittart's warnings, and the costly operations of the British Secret Service, completely justified by the events. Only while "appeasement" was the program and conviction of Downing Street were men like Sir Robert, and sources of special intelligence such as his, bound to suffer eclipse; for the British Empire was being governed by mentalities resolved to try getting along without accurate information — without Intelligence of any kind.

XI

FRANCE FORGES AN IRON RING

The world had been given an iron-bound portrait of the Prussian, or pre-Nazi, conception of *just* terms of peace in that Bucharest treaty inflicted upon helpless Roumanians, and in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk which German generals forced upon helpless Russians. Both those predecessors of the widely berated document signed at Versailles were militaristic masterpieces of ruthless and calculated severity. If it had been written into the Versailles treaty that all Germans for a generation had to memorize the terms dictated to beaten Roumanians and Russians, the inflammatory legend of Entente harshness might have been tempered a little by a simple process of comparison. Looking back through two decades, however, it is now fairly easy to prove that no other peace-making deliberations ever produced less peace or more secret service. The Treaty of Versailles drove too much "patriotism" underground, a place where it was sure to mingle with unreasoning grudges, fomented hatreds and falsified historic fact. There also it became wedded to conspiracy, assassination and terror.

Prussian-minded Germans and Hungarians were especially embittered by the penalties of war-guilt and defeat visited upon them. What is far more ironic — particularly in the light of September's events in 1939 — the Poles, whose very national existence the Treaty of Versailles had ordained, were bitter about its terms. The Roumanians had fought manfully in spite of wretched equipment and an officer caste addicted to rouge and

corsets. Roumania never won a battle, yet its area and population were nearly doubled as a result of the victory of the Allies, and even then Roumanians complained that their "legitimate national aspirations" had not been recognized.

A great deal of this resentment focussed upon the Czechs, who were called "betrayers" by the other dispersed fragments of the shattered Habsburg empire. Even the Slovaks, just freed from their ancient yoke by Czech fighting and agitations, began agitating against Czech domination. And the Hungarians would have carried their envy of the already nearly stabilized Masaryk government at Prague to the point of open warfare, but for the untimely theft of their remaining military equipment by an irruption of better armed Roumanians.

In such years of reluctant and impoverished "peace," the formation of terrorist bands was a common expression of patriotism. In Hungary there was a crew of terrorists known as "Lieutenant Hejjas' group," who continually bombed, looted and massacred those of their neighbors whose apparent prosperity made them easier to identify as "enemies." One wintry night in 1920 these nationalist barbarians used a red light to stop a train near Kecskemet, robbed all the passengers and kidnapped seventy-two of them who, they said, were Jews. Those unfortunates were marched away to a nearby forest and slaughtered. And no arrests followed this appalling patriotic outburst.

The Hungarians had, of course, suffered both Red and White Terrors, the brief Bolshevik régime headed by Bela Kun provoking horrible White reprisals. From Poland terrorist gangs led by such militarist rascals as Captain Louis Kovacs and Lieutenant Frank Peczar repeatedly raided the Czech frontier to embarrass the new

government at Prague. These terrorists were known as "wood choppers," because ostensibly they were employed in wooded districts close to the boundary lines between Poland and Czechoslovakia, or Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In Ruthenia, where an absurd revolutionary movement was kept simmering, crimes of violence were of daily occurrence.

Lieutenant Peczar, when finally taken into custody by agents of the Czech counter-espionage, readily revealed the inner workings of a plot which had been designed to take the life of Thomas G. Masaryk, first president of the Czechoslovakian Republic. The terrorist alleged that he and four others, former officers of the Austro-Hungarian Army, had been equipped with various assassin's implements, including bombs, and given their instructions by Major Aranyossy, then a chief of the Hungarian counter-espionage bureau. Every desperate act, be it noted, that followed in the wake of the World War was identified as counter-espionage. Spying and terrorism alike seem to have been draped in that defensive cloak.

President Masaryk was to have been killed with bombs after the derailment of his special train. However, the Czech counter-spies had gained some timely warning of the plot and induced the chief executive to make his journey by a different route and by motor car.

Many another European leader of liberalism in these immediate post-war years was less effectually safeguarded. Terrorist organizations were soon flourishing in Germany; and in turn Kurt Eisner, an extreme radical, Matthias Erzberger, a Roman Catholic Centrist leader, and Walther Rathenau, a cultivated liberal, were assassinated. Erzberger was Vice-Chancellor of the German Republic and one of those who had signed the Armis-

tice granted by the victorious Allies. The killers were hostile to any able German who did not share their own ultra-reactionary and anti-Semitic views.

Most of the assassinations were the work of an order called the "Fehme," whose ruling spirit was the notorious plotter, Captain Hermann Ehrhardt. His agents, Schulze and Tillesen, after killing Erzberger, found refuge in Hungary. The conspirant elements within the defeated states were ready enough to make common cause against the Entente victors, against all moderate or liberal politicians, and particularly against the Treaty States — Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia and Roumania. When the Kapp putsch failed so ingloriously in 1923, Adolf Hitler's name emerged. But there was a good deal of premature laughing at the caricature of a revolutionary leader which this "we-must-conquer-or-die" fugitive had chosen to delineate. Captain Ehrhardt himself was held liable after the abortive uprising for damages to an amount the equivalent of \$2,100,000 — but the captain managed to break jail.

In fleeing he left his co-plotter and fiancée, the Princess Margaret of Hohenlohe-Oehringen, to face alone the charge of high treason. The princess saved herself by solemnly testifying that Ehrhardt had hypnotized her. A presidential amnesty of 1927 permitted her and the hypnotic escapist to marry; whereupon Ehrhardt borrowed enough money from her to launch his new terroristic dream — the Viking League, which guaranteed to massacre all Jews and moderates and restore Kaiser Wilhelm to his throne by force of arms.

However, the Nazi movement was now marching ahead. Circumventing the terms of the Versailles treaty, German officers and technicians were practising their arts and crafts in Soviet Russia. Germany and Russia

were the two most powerful pariahs in the world. Ostracism, suspicion and espionage had driven them together ; and a Russo-German alliance was nearly in existence when Hitler's rise and his fanatic anti-Communism seemed forever to sunder the outcasts.

Placing blame where it belongs, we need hardly look elsewhere than to Paris. French foreign policies, a curious blend of extreme narrowness and excessive reach and scope, may here be called to account. Government conspiracy and the disturbing energies of French secret service in the years 1919-1931 helped to make Hitler and Nazism inevitable and a Russo-German understanding possible. They helped to build and simultaneously to destroy, for they opposed Pan-Germanic aspirations with a new barrier of Central European states and at the same time dislocated by innumerable interferences all stability, confidence and unity in Central Europe.

Even those blind and blameworthy Britons of the pro-Hitler, pro-Nazi camp were provided as an excuse for their appalling partizanship the seeming need for a "stronger Germany" to help counteract on the Continent the grasping power and penetration of France.

A cynic asked at the peak of this period of French Continental intrigue : "Has the French language no verb meaning 'to overreach oneself' ?" We know already how a spy of the opportunist caliber of Joseph Buerckel was hired by the French. Any adventurer or renegade, particularly if willing to "sell out Germany," could hope for employment in the espionage system of France. Captain Ehrhardt is known to have accepted French pay. Any number of his conspirator clan became tips of the tentacles spread out by the Sûreté octopus. That celebrated "heroine" of Germany's military secret service in the war of 1914-1918, Fräulein Doktor Elsbeth Schrag-

müller — the relentless *Mademoiselle le Docteur* to her French and Belgian adversaries — has complained that she was sedulously shadowed and spied upon through a post-war decade by German agents hired by the French Secret Service and freely operating in her native city of Munich.

Surveillance of a former enemy who has retired to her own home was something of a novelty. And yet *Fräulein Doktor Schragmüller* — said to have been a singularly intelligent and cultivated German woman — would hardly be one to blame the French for their dread of Teutonic aggressions. Countless times in history, four times between Valmy (1792) and the first Marne (1914), France had been ruthlessly invaded from across the Rhine frontier. The regulations inflicted at Versailles seemed to emasculate German militarism. Not for two generations at least would another steel torrent pour down into Champagne and Picardy. Old Clemenceau, who could remember Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour as clearly as the Marne or Verdun, wished to take no chances; but some were imposed upon him. It was, for example, impossible to create a buffer state in the Rhineland. The French looked at the treaty and then across at Germany and were not reassured.

As a result France began forging an Iron Ring around the new German Republic, even as other statecraft was then popularizing the idea of a *cordon sanitaire* to encircle Russia and insulate the rest of the world against Bolshevism. Now purely from the point of view of secret-service manipulations — which is, necessarily, our point of view in these annals — the French proved to be talented ringmasters. The Netherlands and Denmark, Switzerland and Italy were never precisely identified with the Iron Ring. Finland and the Baltic states, Estonia,

Latvia and Lithuania, were uncomfortably perched on the rim of Russia, and were therefore not inflexible castings in an anti-German cordon. But Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania saw political, financial or defensive advantages in subordinating themselves to the foreign policy of Paris. The Iron Ring had many guns and many bayonets, and Germany appeared prostrate.

Dissensions only developed when this metallic device came to seem like a ring in the nose of a number of bull-headed nationalists. Belgium presently began to yearn for a wholly fictitious isolation. The stronger Treaty States saw that France meant to lead them in everything. And a bit too thriftily, the French had sold their allies a lot of nearly obsolete war materials. The Czechs suffered little of this, for they had their own great armament works of Skoda. Poland and in larger degree Roumania were loaded up with guns and munitions from the surplus existing at the time of the 1918 Armistice. Frenchmen, bent on turning a profit, even sold in Central Europe some of the surplus war materials which the United States had already bought and paid for, but which seemed too costly to ship to America when the A.E.F. sailed home.

Small evidences of not unnatural thrift stir up long-lived animosities. Poland, as we know, was still suffering in September, 1939, from inadequate or obsolete military equipment. The French had pushed the "statecraft" of mutual assistance and dread of a rearmed Reich too far. And an even more corroding influence, eating away at the Iron Ring, was the excessive secret-service maneuvers and interferences of the French.

Although Colonels Wallner, de Cointet, Courtois and Zopf, and Commandant Ladoux, had made great pro-

fessional reputations as war-time chiefs of various branches of the French Secret Service, General Dupont was the officer who came out of the World War in 1918 as the outstanding architect and director of French espionage and Intelligence systems. And Dupont's reward was an ingenious one. The French government contrived to get him appointed head of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control; which meant that Dupont personally and with ample authority supervised the establishment of French secret-service channels throughout Germany.

Who could argue that military espionage was not then a necessary means of "inter-allied control"? Germany had been beaten and forced to consent to a treaty calling for disarmament in nearly all categories. The Germans, having agreed under duress, were humanly intent upon trickery. Every true German felt in duty bound to help deceive the conqueror; and all kinds of war-making materials were being hidden or shipped out of the Fatherland instead of being destroyed. Dupont's agents were authorized to run to earth the numberless violations of the treaty in the first two years after the treaty had been signed. But Dupont's agents were primarily French spies, and they reported to Dupont before becoming *inter-allied* agents of control.

Having achieved so much, the genius of Dupont inspired him to attempt still more. He moved on to Warsaw and at the Hotel Polonia settled down luxuriously as head of the French Military Mission. And now his job was not espionage, but organization. Advising the Polish ally, he was able to give the lately organized Polish Secret Service a precise Parisian flavor. So far so good — for French Intelligence, 1919-1931. General Dupont's uniform coat was now ablaze with decorations, signifying

admiration, hope, or gratitude. He proceeded to Bucharest and did what he could to twist and mold Roumanian indolence and corruption into a working semblance of French artistry and zeal. The Roumanian Secret Service acquired a surprising polish, which greatly improved the counter-spying technique of King Carol's realm — as Carol himself was to learn when he made his first detour into amorous exile.

Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia were not to be denied Dupont's attention; and their secret and Intelligence services were likewise given a high professional finish and setting. The notable skill of General Dupont as an organizer, spy-master and intriguer, backed up by the gold of the Bank of France, surrounded Germany with the Iron Ring in all its more subtle forms. Treaties served to advertise the dependence of the Treaty States — upon France and French foreign policy even more than upon the League of Nations. But the agents and the money spread abroad by Dupont "controlled" Germany, sought to prevent German rearmament, and also put a brake upon any wavering loyalty among the new partners of Paris.

After a proletarian uprising largely fomented by Russian Bolshevik agents, the Hungarian Soviet Republic had been proclaimed on March 19, 1919. What Socialists had begun, Communists more recklessly continued; with the result that Hungary was invaded by Czech and Roumanian troops, and the Red revolution ended in sanguinary disaster. Austria was Socialistic and intent upon political reforms. And so both Hungary and Austria brought upon themselves the full course of massage, scalp treatments and other Dupont prescriptions. It is not difficult today to understand and respect this French commander's infernally patriotic diligence. But at the

time a shrewd chief of Austrian secret service observed: "France will some day wish she had only to defend a frontier on the Rhine — not on the Danube, the Vistula and the Dniester."

Dupont's ring-of-spies system provoked much tension and individual hardship. France was reputed to have hired one special agent in every company of the Czechoslovakian Army. That meant a Czech or Slovak soldier drawing a secret stipend regularly to report upon the loyalty — to French interests — of his company officers and comrades. The many suicides of young Czech soldiers in 1924-1926 have even been attributed to the Dupont espionage system.

Other fruits of Dupont's industrious spy-plantings were gathered at Stresa, in 1935, for a French secret-service report — a veritable dossier of national scope — was offered to the conference. The French had this clandestine means of proving that Germany was no longer a weak or crippled state, that she had rearmed and was still rearming. The sensational report listed 320 pages of deliberate violations of the Versailles treaty.

Perhaps each page had cost some spy or secret agent arrest and imprisonment, possibly death — though the publicized program of decapitations had not yet descended upon the alleged traitors and spies within the Reich. But at the Stresa conference, we must note, a great Power for the first time in modern history felt free to admit its reliance upon its espionage operatives. France even documented their secret-service work in keeping watch upon a supposedly friendly neighboring Power. Stresa not only made history but also added this footnote to the annals of up-to-date, and ever-changing, secret service.

XII

SPAIN GETS A FORETASTE OF FASCISM

There is no record that the zealous General Dupont ever visited Spain in any official capacity. And if he had, his reception would have been polite but lacking all warmth. From 1915 through 1919 Dupont had many of his officers and agents on duty in Alfonso's kingdom, where they did what they could to put a brake on German plotting and frequently curbed or embarrassed the most influential Spaniards.

Throughout the great war the masses of the Spanish people were openly pro-Entente. While the classes of privilege — privilege in Spain meaning something hewn from rock and aged by centuries of abuse — were even more openly pro-German. It was, to be sure, one privilege in which all Spaniards shared, the right to ignore the purely theoretical neutrality of the Spanish monarchist government and to take sides in a general European war. But what lends another fine touch of irony to these annals was the resulting bland or blind acceptance by France and Great Britain of the obvious Spanish hostility. The British and French paid small attention to the masses of their Spanish sympathizers while remaining quite cheerful about the privileged-class and military-caste antagonism.

After 1919 France and Britain might have been expected to show more good will toward the liberal elements in Spain who had proved their friends. Instead at every turn in the post-war history of Spain, London and Paris — mainly *financial* London and Paris — were

to be found associating affectionately with the very groups who had conspired against the Allies' cause through four years of war and who would, and will, on occasion vindictively oppose any democratic form of government no matter where it may be found.

The Spanish monarchists, antique in spirit, conceited in manner and socially or politically corrupt, bothered little about secret service operations, 1915-1918, but moved deliberately and arrogantly to the assistance of the Austro-German belligerents. Spain, being "neutral" and in a key position geographically, became an invaluable German base—as, indeed, it may become in the present European conflict whenever Franco decides he had better pay one of his tailors. French operatives, about 1916, were ordered to deprive the Spanish monarchists of the profits and pleasures of their plotting. And that kind of undercover interference gravely irritated King Alfonso and his hungry favorites.

Alfonso, whose consort was English but whose tastes were expensive, was called "the Commission King" by his enemies, who alleged that his favorite financiers were obliged to grant him a percentage of their own habitual "rake off." Since the king's sympathies went to Berlin and Vienna, their commissions were remitted to him. One shrewd French military attaché trapped the Spanish monarch with a nicely contrived "indiscretion" concerning the French strength around Verdun. This information was false, and designed by a secret-service chief in Paris to test Alfonso's intelligence connections. It did; for within three hours the French intercepted a code message bound for German O.H.L. from Captain von Kalle, the Kaiser's naval attaché at Madrid; and this message reported exactly what the French officer had confided to Alfonso, the pretended indiscretion heard ex-

clusively by the king. Alfonso is said to have been shaken momentarily from his polo-playing aplomb when this peculiar coincidence was brought to his attention by the French Ambassador. The French attaché, who had done his job so well, was ostentatiously "recalled," but transferred to a better post.

Angel Galarza, former General Procurator of Spain, writing in the French weekly *Vendredi*, has stated that the army leaders of Spain were nearly all pro-German — "fiercely pro-German" — and that Juan March was the secret agent who kept the German submarine commanders "in touch with Allied shipping operations in the Mediterranean." While Calvo Sotelo, according to Galarza, was the leader of a Germanophile group of plotters recruited among the fashionable youth of Madrid. In a later chapter we shall, of course, meet March and Sotelo again. Juan March, the spy, smuggler, war profiteer and usurer who became a millionaire, grew up to be the financial backer of the Spanish Fascist revolt. Sotelo was to have become the head of a revolutionary government of Spanish Fascists, and his assassination in July, 1936 — which shall hereafter be identified as a stroke of international secret service — signalled the uprising led by the Fascist generals some days before most of the military conspirators were ready to act.

The secret-intelligence, or naval-intelligence, system operated by Juan March was dangerously effective in 1916 and 1917. Passengers on a Valencia-Barcelona express train once saw the signals being transmitted from the shore to a U-boat, and then they saw the U-boat enter Spanish territorial waters and sink a Spanish vessel bound for Marseilles with a cargo of war materials made in Spain. Other passengers on that coastline railroad saw a ghastly proof of March's efficiency as a spy and the

manner in which this eventual patron of Spanish Fascism was winning fame and fortune—that is, as their train sped along they saw the bodies of Spanish sailors washing ashore. German U-boats were finding many victims in coastal waters and members of the crews of ships “sunk without a trace” were returning to their native land with the tide.

Closely leagued with the March spy system was that notorious chief of German sabotage, Baron Koenig, the former stable boy, whose armed gangs raided Spanish factories at work upon Entente war orders. Both employers and workers were savagely beaten by these secret-service raiders. Factories were set on fire, or valuable machinery was damaged beyond repair. There were many points along the Catalan coast where German submarines put in to refuel. Koenig and Juan March joined forces in furthering the submarine campaign, even though, in that quarter of the Mediterranean, the marine losses were almost entirely Spanish.

Koenig did just about as he pleased. The Spanish authorities seldom interfered, and, when occasionally they did, the sabotage chief went over their heads and appealed to Madrid. Government sentiment there was something to rely upon, with two other arch-plotters, von Kalle and the German military attaché, Major von Kron, pulling all the strings and the purse-strings. Those Spanish monarchist officials not dependably pro-German were prudently hired. And in passing we must observe the dancer and notorious courtesan, Mata Hari, involved in Teutonic espionage and working in Spain with or for the equally notorious German attachés. When Von Kalle or Kron tired of her costly and no longer very effectual intriguing, she was packed off to France on an alleged mission bringing her 30,000 pesetas. This mission—the

malign sort of mission whose victims in the first World War came to be known as "fool spies" — was bound to promote Mata Hari's removal from the Germans' payroll. They wanted to be rid of her and so they warned the French of her coming. How? By transmitting "instructions" in regard to the 30,000 pesetas — that never would be paid — in a secret-service code which they knew code experts in France long ago had broken. A discarded code, but still a good "fool spy" code!

Mata Hari's two employers and admirers, the German attachés in Madrid, could be certain that now French counter-espionage operatives were waiting and ready for her — and Vincennes, too, and its squad of twelve riflemen.

Officers and operatives as ruthless as these — Baron Koenig included — gave their accomplices, the Spanish reactionaries, a secret-service lesson which lasted down through 1939. But in 1919, after its highly profitable war-holiday, Spain simply declined into graver mass discontent. The sweeping Entente victory had been a vicarious triumph for all of Alfonso's enemies, and other plain people and workers, who had never wanted Germany to win. The monarchist camp was alarmed; and the liberal doctrines of Woodrow Wilson were denied circulation. Something more had to be done, it was seen — the army might be used because the officer caste could be won to any form of reaction. And the Church and the secret police were already in the vanguard of repressive influences.

Fascism had not yet emerged in Italy, but in some of the Spanish-speaking Latin American republics there were striking examples of dictatorship and the pre-Fascist model of oppressive police state. King Alfonso XIII did not yet realize that thirteen was an unlucky

number. Whenever Ruban, his racehorse, ran in Spain it came in first, though in Belgian races it was no better than fifth or sixth. Alfonso was urged to safeguard the monarchy no matter what popular hardships attended its survival. He therefore called on Primo de Rivera to rule his kingdom personally, without benefit of Cortes or constitution. It was almost the first symptom of the anti-democratic theories of government which would sweep over a world just made safe for democracy.

Alfonso gave his dictator "front" the army and an astringent political-police service to use in convincing his millions of subjects that now all would be well with Spain. Baron Koenig, the Teutonic ace, had vanished after the 1918 Armistice in a fiery cloud of his own remembered crimes. The murder gangs and sabotage gangs that he had driven in double harness were now unemployed and slipping back into the underworld whence they had been drafted for the work of the German Secret Service. However, the new monarchist dictatorship had evidently admired Koenig's practices and it decided not to waste Koenig's killers. General Martinez Anido—years later a luminary of the Franco-Fascist régime—became Minister of the Interior under Primo de Rivera, and it was he who developed a special corps, his notorious *pistoleros*, by re-employing Baron Koenig's sabotage and homicide squads.

Dissatisfaction with the Madrid rule, the Catalan separatist dream and Anarchism, labor agitations and other radicalism were concentrated in Barcelona, and so Martinez Anido concentrated upon Barcelona. The people added up the proofs of his sadism, looked at his face and the thick rolls of fat circumnavigating his tight tunic collar, and nicknamed him "the Epileptic Pig," with sub-titles which are unprintable. And yet that scarcely

seems to have given them the last word. Anido commanded his dashing *pistoleros*, who were ready for any sort of ambush and would even shoot it out with rebellious workingmen if the latter were armed with sticks and clubs. Catalonia experienced more than five hundred murders while Anido controlled both the police and the secret police; and what this general's secret police agents accomplished, his obedient gendarmes remained unable to detect. Every one of the murders attributed to Anido's *pistoleros* drifted off into the archives as an "unsolved" crime.

Other quarters of the Spanish kingdom felt the bloody impact of this monarchist terror. The death toll in the labor unions was enormous; and Anido's gunmen and police also distinguished themselves for their liberal application of the old *ley de fugo* — the Spanish custom of shooting inconvenient political prisoners and announcing that they had perished while attempting to escape. Martínez Anido was personally charged with the murder of Señor Layret, a famous labor attorney and public defender.

The secret service department of the dictatorship was under the command of Emilio Mola, and we may read his own proud annals of this period of intensive repression in Spain, *Memorias de mi paso por la direccion general de seguridad* (Madrid: 1933). Mola made effective use of police spies and of some military spies, but seems to have had small appreciation of the virtues of counter-espionage. Perhaps he did not even suspect there were hostile spies in Spain. But in his famous *Alfonso XIII Unmasked*, the republican advocate, Vicente Blasco y Ibañez, proved that the Riffian chieftain, Abd-el-Krim, invaded the Spanish monarchy with a small

but excellent secret service. The spies serving General Mola appear to have learned nothing of this threat. And yet Mola, when taking his place years later in the front rank of the Rebel Fascist faction, could bring with him most of his former agents, a numerous and merciless crew that perceptibly influenced the progress of the Spanish civil war.

Abd-el-Krim's spies sent him an account of a speech by the Jesuit Father Torres. It was so venomous and reactionary that even the Papal See shrank from it; while the alert Riffian leader had it translated into Arabic and used it cunningly to foment the outbreak of hostilities in Morocco in 1921, that black page of Spanish history known as the Riffian War.

It is ludicrous to recall that the very men, the so-called soldiers, who handled this dreadful business remained so sure of their capacity and their right to command that they were eager to revolt in July 1936, eager to drench Spain in blood and heroically provide for the massacre of millions of Spaniards, men, women and children, soldiers and civilians alike, just to re-impose their capabilities upon the tormented Spanish state. The monarchist dictatorship mobilized 120,000 men to rebuke and annihilate Abd-el-Krim and his tribesmen. The Riffian forces never exceeded 10,000 — yet with guaranteed odds of twelve to one the Spanish generals could not win, and had to leave it to a veteran French expedition to settle European accounts with the warriors of the Riff.

Abd-el-Krim's thoroughly efficient if impromptu secret service in this struggle made the Spanish "punitive" columns seem like troops of blind and armless vagrants. The Riffian leader, with less than his total force of ten

thousand, surprised the Spanish at Anual, Morocco, in 1921 and massacred 11,000 of Alfonso's soldiers. The king referred to his suffering troops as "poultry," the hen being an ancient symbol of cowardice in Spain. But the Spanish high command was so constitutionally inept, its Intelligence, espionage and reconnaissance so feeble, that modern military experts never could find the right word to apply to Alfonso's generals. And as for the Spanish soldiers' behavior in those incredible Riffian engagements, we need turn but a page or two of history — and there is the unbeatable Loyalist valor in defense of Madrid.

In the monarchist Fascism and police-state repressions of this period of dictatorship an enlightened republicanism was born. Spain got rid of Alfonso, tried forming a republic, and the result was an internecine struggle which will drag its conspiracy, espionage, betrayal, slaughter and international intrigues through two later chapters. The monarchy at war with Abd-el-Krim had an air force commanded by the brilliant General Kindelán, a useful pro-German in the time of Koenig and Kalle and Kron. General Kindelán had three planes which would fly. The Spanish army which could not conquer the Riff numbered only 120,000 soldiers, but the army was weighted with 21,000 officers. King Alfonso used generals in all sorts of civilian jobs because he had no less than 700 generals, active and retired, to weigh down both the military budget and any military operations undertaken afield.

These generals, in a reputable work on the science of war, could only be presented as horrible examples. But we are obliged to meet most of them again in our annals of present-day secret service because, as conspirators, they have run up a high average on the fever chart of European intrigue. Having formerly helped out with the

German plotting against the Allies, they were able to enlist vital assistance in the crucial years of 1936-1939. And so, when we arrive at those years, there we shall discover the militaristic arch-conspirators of Spain, laboriously destroying the republic and asking all their old jobs back again.

XIII

POLAND FACING THREE WAYS

Of all the Treaty States carved at the captains' table at Versailles, Poland had seemed from the first the most insecure, the hardest to defend, the most afraid. The new Polish government feared the Germans, despised the Czechs and hated and dreaded the Russian Bolsheviks. Poland, a patriot fabrication of uncertain social texture, was made up of parts chipped away from Russia, Hohenzollern Prussia and the shattered Habsburg empire. Therefore, almost from the hour of its birth Poland became a battleground of secret service, both a goal and quicksand for spy and counter-spy.

Before either German or Czech Intelligence operatives could really get down to work, the Poles found themselves beset by crafty Communists. This plague, to be fair about it, was more or less self-inflicted. As we have seen in the case of the secret agent Poleschuk masquerading as the Bolshevik Konar, the Poles had been induced to "conquer" the Ukraine and had thereafter barely succeeded in saving their own capital from the Bolshevik counter-thrust. Whereupon "peace" was ratified, and the opposing secret services took over the war.

For years this struggle never abated. Conditions were so acute, it almost seemed at times as if the Russians had captured Warsaw. Bolshevik agents, many of whom were under the direct command of a bold spy-master named Nazarowicz, became a ponderable part of the city's population. A Polish general staff officer remarked

in 1927 that he was convinced he "should start investigating to determine how many of every three Polish officers" he saw together "were bogus." That same year a special conference of staff officers in Warsaw — including a noted emissary of the French *État-Major* — was interrupted by this bewildering episode :

One of the Polish officers, a colonel, discovered on arriving that he had failed to bring with him a certain portfolio containing secret ordnance reports. He apologized to his colleagues, picked up the telephone, called his home and told his wife that he was sending a junior officer to fetch the portfolio. The conference was thus delayed ; the assembled officers sat smoking and chatting informally. The colonel's telephone rang. It was a call from his wife, who complained of a sudden congestion of lieutenants. One of them had come around very promptly and she had handed him the portfolio. But now, here was another lieutenant, and he also said he came from Colonel R—— and requested the same portfolio.

"But I did not send two lieutenants !" the colonel shouted. "There must be something wrong. I hope to God you gave those reports to the officer I sent for them."

The colonel suspended the staff conference and dashed for his home in a motor car. There he found his wife and the troubled subaltern he had ordered to bring him the portfolio. But the portfolio was gone and with it the Polish military documents. An unknown "lieutenant" had called, dealt very politely with the colonel's wife and hurried away with the prize.

On reporting his loss, the colonel could only recommend that the staff conference be abandoned. "Since the portfolio must have been stolen by some Russian

spy," he said, "Moscow now knows all about the matters we had intended to discuss. We must change our plans for they are now valueless."

That misadventure with the portfolio provoked a swift counter-espionage investigation. And thus it was learned that every telephone line of the Ministry of War had been tapped by foreign agents. Presumably they were Russians, or men employed by Russia, who had at their disposal confederates clad in uniforms of Polish officers or soldiers, ready to play any part when the chance came. But even such a discovery did not inspire the Poles to take adequate precautions and develop a really effective anti-espionage defensive.

Some months after the exposure of the tapped telephone lines, the government in Warsaw had a new encounter with the most daring sort of alien secret service. Plans had been made ready for a "mine barrage" to protect the Polish port of Gdynia on the Baltic. It was decided to submit the plans to a French naval expert before incorporating them in the general — and secret — framework of mobilization. A request forwarded to Paris brought the cordial reply that a naval captain would be sent to Warsaw within a fortnight. Six days later an officer appeared, arriving by the Paris express, speaking faultless French, and offering credentials to show that he was Captain M——, a noted technician with wide experience in the development of mine fields.

The visitor stopped at the Hotel Bristol, and next morning presented himself to the proper officials. He was gratefully received, provided a private room at the ministry in which to work and then handed all the Polish specifications which, at first glance, he said would call for about two weeks' thorough study.

That afternoon he sent a messenger to his hotel for a

dispatch case which, he explained, held some very special technical data needed in his studies. This case was brought to him. When the work of the day was finished the Frenchman received many invitations. He accepted one of these, but said that he first must drive to his hotel. He was last seen entering a taxi with his dispatch case and its technical resources. He waved to his hospitable new friends of the Polish staff. And then he vanished.

Telegraphic inquiry brought word from Paris to the astonished Poles that the real expert on mine fields was still there and packing for his proposed journey to Warsaw. The industrious Captain M — whom the Polish officials had welcomed was thus exposed as the cleverest sort of impostor, a secret-service agent of histrionic genius who had been able to play a French naval officer in every gesture, tone and aspect. Left to himself in his private room at the ministry, he had, of course, produced a fine camera from the double-locked dispatch case the messenger had brought him and had photographed every one of the charts, plans and proposals entrusted to him. A subsequent investigation brought out the fact that he had left his taxi before arriving at the Bristol and had entered a motor car which stood waiting to receive him. As a result of his exploit, the visit of the genuine French expert was cancelled. Plans of the Gdynia mine barrage were already known to Russia or Germany, the only Powers against whom such defensive measures need be taken.

Riddled thus with espionage, and also gravely afflicted with treachery in its officer corps, Poland seems to have earned the contempt of its two powerful neighbors. That Germany and Russia would one day combine to partition the treaty-manufactured Polish state was at this time foreseen only by a rare few who could discern the

deep revolutionary similarities of Nazism and Bolshevism and who were not deceived by a merely superficial hostility. Yet the downfall of Poland was predicted by its virtually ineradicable weaknesses of counter-espionage; and, no doubt, the 1939 disaster of Poland was predicted by the two great neighbors' contempt.

In the case of a young German agent named Eduard Plitt we find Nazi secret service registering in its own fashion profound contempt for the vigilance of the Poles. Plitt likewise gave the world of intrigue a unique demonstration of the paranoic ardors of patriotic espionage. He despised the Poles and spied upon them. After several successful years, a minor mistake betrayed him to the over-worked counter-spying department of Warsaw. Plitt was tried and condemned to death; for the Poles were mistaking ruthless severity for a form of efficiency, as the Russian and other European secret services had often done. However, clemency was extended to Eduard Plitt, largely out of consideration for his wife and small children.

Now even this mercy of his enemies and the strength of their prison walls could not extinguish Plitt's burning resolve to outwit and betray them. Having ten years' imprisonment ahead of him, the spy got right down to work and contrived to resume his spying. This convinced his keepers that nothing but death would divorce him from his chosen profession. Plitt attempted to smuggle out of prison a message written minutely in cipher. The message was intercepted and it proved that he was trying to transmit to Berlin not only intelligence he had been unable to send just prior to his arrest but also information of military importance he had somehow picked up since being imprisoned. Whereupon the Polish government, with pardonable exasperation, tried Plitt again

and condemned him again. And this time they hanged him.

The GPU master of espionage, Nazarowicz, was still attacking Polish integrity with every sinister means at his disposal. The attractive Mademoiselle Tiodozja Majewska, who danced nightly in the smartest cabaret of Warsaw, had been added to the "staff" of the Russian espionage chief in Poland. The dancer was by way of becoming the toast of the capital; and her brother, Peter Majewski, was at the same time employed as a Polish secret-service agent. He was even working as a double spy, ostensibly hired by Russia for espionage detrimental to his own country. This agent had been the first to note his sister's recklessness; the pretty dancer held a key position in a widespread intrigue. But Peter Majewski feared to take action. He knew he could not denounce any of the other conspirators without also betraying his sister.

Secrets precious to the Polish General Staff were being furtively sold across the frontier. Through the nightclub star, Majewska, even the names and addresses of spies serving Poland in the Soviet Union were being peddled to the GPU. Mysterious "detections," summary executions were resulting in Russia. The chief of the Polish counter-espionage department was learning his job in a hard school. Russian, German, Czech and other spies were increasing in boldness; and, since he had to break a circuit of treason close to the core of Poland's vital defenses, his only moves were those of excessive prudence and subtlety. He felt that he ought neither to write nor telephone—nor put any trust in—his army colleagues. A man alone, cut off from reality, this counter-espionage chief seemed encompassed by invisible antagonists.

What he wanted most was a new, reliable subordi-

nate — a patriotic operative clever and intrepid enough to master almost overnight the exacting and hazardous game of spying on spies. He found his operative in a fascinating woman, daughter of a veteran Polish soldier. Madame Kalman Littke was a potential recruit whose familiarity with army affairs lent her special advantages. Being passionately devoted to the interests of Poland, intelligent, resourceful, even willing to compromise herself, she set to work as soon as she had been persuaded of her patriotic opportunity.

If — Madame Littke asked herself — espionage agents employed by Poland were being systematically betrayed to the Soviet GPU, who were the persons permitted the most liberty of action in handling confidential matters at the Ministry of War? Starting at zero, playing no favorites, imitating her new chief by “mistrusting everybody in Warsaw,” she made a careful check of all officers and clerks assigned to duty with the Polish General Staff. Thus she compiled a supposititious “suspect” list; and, high up on it according to their respective opportunities, she placed the names Jan Bakowski and Wladyslaw Borakowski.

Bakowski, a retired army captain, was serving in the staff headquarters as a trusted civilian clerk. Borakowski was a major of the reserve with a distinguished record and several decorations. He was, in addition, a popular social figure and an influential member of Marshal Pilsudski's own party. Even an amateur of secret service could see that getting evidence enough to brand such men as traitors would be nothing short of a work of art. Yet the difficulties of her mission had not been concealed from Madame Littke by her chief. She had enlisted as a “Mata Hari” of anti-espionage, and she was therefore ready for any risks, any hardship or notoriety. She was

prepared to exploit her own charms and her sex in a campaign she probably described to herself as "saving Poland."

In the autumn of 1931 it would have been unthinkable to inform this fascinating young patriot that there was nothing she could do which would sustain or "save" the Polish state for more than another eight years. It was bad enough and ominous, too, that Poland should suffer both from defective counter-espionage and a relentless plague of spies. But in Warsaw also was something which masqueraded as the Polish "government" — debilitated, repressive and politically obsolete. Old Pilsudski, the dictator, had a redoubtable will, but in four years' time he would be dead. And then the uninspiring "cabal of colonels" destined to succeed to his power would outdistance all the espions and traitors by leading a brave people down to defeat.

Madame Littke was brave. She knew that the foes she had sworn to unmask faced the capital penalty, and would kill her if they could before submitting to exposure and arrest. Only persons very well connected and ostensibly trustworthy could have struck Poland these heavy blows below the belt. Madame Littke worked day and night, acquainting herself with the habits and mode of life of the various individuals on her suspect list. Thus she discovered that both Bakowski and Borakowski spent large sums of money which neither man was known to have earned or inherited.

She found that both were on curiously intimate terms with Tiodozja Majewska, the dazzling cabaret entertainer. Another step, and Madame Littke had arrived at the mystery of the dancer's brother. Peter Majewski she now identified as a Soviet accomplice. She hastened to denounce him to her chief. But no — Majewski was

performing as a double spy. He was tricking the Russians. Madame Littke heard in confidence of Majewski's value to the Polish Secret Service.

Thereafter she set herself the task of cultivating him. She went out of her way to interest him and oblige him. Peter, she could see, was a badly worried young man. He told her that he was tiring of his role of duplicity. If the Russians suspected him they would waste no time about having him murdered. Madame Littke decided, however, that Peter Majewski was not afraid for himself but for his sister.

It was counter-spy against double spy, an amateur against a professional ; but it was mainly a clever woman against a man who wanted to find a confidante. Madame Littke at length extorted one significant admission from him : his sister made frequent journeys to Danzig. Before each journey she had long secret conferences with Bakowski and Borakowski. Madame Littke could not penetrate the next conference, but she could shadow the cabaret star to Danzig.

Even in this pre-Hitlerian — and pre-1939 — period of Continental rivalries, German Secret Service operatives were frequently encouraged to collaborate with agents of Bolshevik Russia. It was all right as long as the common enemy, or victim, was pro-Entente Poland. And so the behavior in Danzig of the uninhibited Tiodozja Majewska finally broke the case. She was seen to be closely in touch with agents both of Russia and Germany. She herself was no mere siren but a shifty, well-masked go-between employed by the Soviet spy-master, Nazarowicz. Bakowski and Borakowski were the principal informants, purveyors of documentary intelligence and traitors ; but more than forty other persons were found to be involved in the major conspiracy.

Peter Majewski had been used by his sister to camouflage her important part of the espionage intrigue. He had become virtually her tool, for he had resisted the idea of betraying her as an enemy of Poland. And Madame Littke who had also used Majewski saw to it that he escaped punishment.

XIV

BALKAN SPIES AND POLITICAL PLOTTERS

The web of treachery and hostile espionage into which Madame Littke had penetrated proved to have many odd complications. It was the mystery of one of these which suggested that she must visit Budapest. But on arriving, as she thought, unheralded in the Hungarian capital she was immediately stopped by military operatives and invited to come to secret-service headquarters. There she learned she was to be detained as a Polish spy.

While incarcerated she received instructions, very subtly transmitted to her from Warsaw. She was advised to confess nothing and patiently await developments. Madame Littke was fully aware that no government cares openly to help a spy who has blundered or run into bad luck. Now until this moment the Littke luck had been proverbial ; and she did not blunder.

Magyar officers questioned her ; and it would seem that she disobeyed orders and candidly admitted a good deal. After explaining her recent counter-spying activities, she asked : "What do you expect me to do ? It is true, I serve Poland, but not as a spy. I came here strictly on a mission of counter-espionage."

This led to a curious decision. She could be prosecuted, but she would be spared — if she would promise to investigate an espionage case for the Hungarian government.

And what, she asked, was the nature of this case ? A

similar affair of presumed betrayal in the offices of the general staff !

To whom was the Hungarian traitor selling his intelligence wares ? Not to Soviet Russia and Germany, so it seemed, but to agents of the Little Entente, Hungary's imminent adversaries, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

Once again Warsaw was queried through the secret channels at Madame Littke's disposal. She was under technical arrest and could be held indefinitely by the Hungarians on some pretext or other ; therefore her superior in Poland recommended that she use her own judgment. She did, agreeing to try to unmask the traitor of Budapest. A few nights later in a smart café she was casually introduced to a staff officer, Captain Ruttkay. Madame Littke was represented to him as a Polish dancer "in search of a friend." Ruttkay, the suspected officer, became that "friend" ; and the Polish secret agent in turn became a commuting counter-spy. Since Warsaw still wanted her for the twists and turns of the Bakowski-Borakowski-Majewska exposé, she had to journey by plane back and forth between the two Central European capitals.

This extraordinary situation continued for more than a year. Captain Ruttkay was the traitor, no mistake about that ; but he provided his secret-service "sweet-heart" with little tangible evidence to pass on to her Budapest superiors. In Warsaw the dancer Majewska was pursuing her career of espionage and betrayal, while winding around her lovely throat an impalpable noose that she may have mistaken for another costly rope of pearls. Madame Littke was still in communication with Peter Majewski, who proved himself as attached to her as was Ruttkay the Hungarian. The sordid business

might almost seem to have *opéra bouffe* overtones, save that the lives of sundry "officers and gentlemen" who had their price were hanging in the balance.

No nation can long survive the odium and cancer of treason. Traitors who voluntarily explore the science of foul play must be disposed of according to its precepts. And this vital process of detection requires that the counter-spies shall be peculiarly cynical about "treason" in their own private relations. Madame Littke had captivated Peter Majewski in order to destroy his sister. She encouraged Gabriel Ruttkay to make love to her in order to gather the kind of evidence demanded by a military court in deciding the guilt of an officer with powerful family connections and, hitherto, the highest professional standing.

It was on a Friday the 13th, the month May, the year 1932, that Madame Littke telephoned Budapest police headquarters. "Captain Ruttkay," she reported, "has shot himself."

Hungarian detectives, visiting the apartment which the "Polish dancer" and Ruttkay had occupied, discovered two other bullets imbedded in the wall. The "dancer" Littke was found to own a revolver; whereupon she was arrested and taken to police headquarters, charged with having murdered her lover. But almost immediately she was released. In spite of the efforts of Ruttkay's relatives, he was publicly declared to have shot himself.

On that morning of May 13th the staff captain had been summoned to appear before an army council. He had come all unsuspecting and faced his superior officers, only to recoil aghast when he heard the criminal charges they lodged against him. How had they been informed with such bewildering accuracy? They knew every venal detail of his guilt. They did not ask him to defend him-

self but rather to defend the honor of the army and of Hungary. He was given twenty-four hours to choose between self-destruction or an arrest that meant court martial, public disgrace and death! The assembled senior officers urged as a swift expiation — suicide.

Captain Ruttkay had returned to the apartment and waited, revolver in hand. He meant first to dispatch the woman whom he had trusted and who, he now realized, had been a government agent reporting upon his every action for many months past. The Polish woman finally walked in; Ruttkay fired twice. But he was no better marksman than patriot. Both bullets went wild. Madame Littke had thrown herself down, and Ruttkay, evidently thinking he had shot her, now turned his gun fatally upon himself. Madame Littke thus escaped his revenge.

Leaving the very next day by plane from Budapest, she flew north to wind up her great case in Warsaw. Borakowski and Bakowski had already been condemned and were executed on May 15, 1932. Others in the net were dealt out varying degrees of prison punishment. The dancer spy, while admittedly a principal offender, at the last minute gained through intrigue a commutation of the death penalty.

She was serving her eighth year of a life sentence when Germany and Russia, for whom she had worked and plotted, got together and partitioned Poland. Perhaps in October, 1939, Tiodozja Majewska was set free; although secret-service chiefs cultivate short memories and could find small use for a cabaret artiste already aged by years of imprisonment.

Beauty and sex appeal when enlisted in international secret service very frequently follow the Majewska route to extinction. At about this same period Roumania was

afflicted with a similar case of espionage and betrayal of trust, which ruined more than a score of officers, state officials and business men. It sent a bewitching brunette, Cilly Ausslaender, to prison for a length of time which must still be dragging out its lifelong penalty.

This Roumanian intrigue developed a kind of contest between France and Bolshevik Russia. On one side was the defensive secret service of Roumania, whose leaders were disciples of the ubiquitous General Dupont and patterned their counter-espionage technique after a tested French model. While on the other side was the Soviet military intelligence, whose agents in pursuit of Roumanian Army secrets were as ruthless and determined as Chekists hunting counter-revolutionaries.

Cilly Ausslaender had only one method of operation as a professional spy—the Majewska and Littke charm method. When the Russians decided to go after a variety of Roumanian information, they withdrew the accomplished Ausslaender from an agreeable mission in Berlin and sent her to Bucharest. She opened an expensive villa at Filipescu and, having invented a romantic explanation of her income, began to entertain lavishly. At the height of her usefulness to the spy-masters of Moscow, this woman had more than a hundred persons involved in her conspiracy. Government officials, military officers, even members of the secret service as well as representatives of the smart set of Bucharest—all drank Cilly's wines and basked in her allure.

There was one, a tall, good-looking officer of the Bucharest garrison, Major Varzaru, who became both her dupe and a clumsy decoy for others. Presently the Ausslaender expense account and fashionable acquaintance caught the interest of Georg Jonescu, youthful head of

the *Securanza* or Roumanian secret police. After an investigation of Cilly's various intimates Jonescu decided to concentrate upon two of them, Major Varzaru and an engineer named Solomon, who seemed to be affecting a peculiarly self-important manner and was never seen in public without a large dispatch case.

Jonescu's agents kept watch upon that dispatch case for more than a week. And then Solomon separated from it one afternoon just long enough to enter a shop and make a few purchases. In his motor car he had left a big police dog to guard the case. One of Jonescu's men had an inspiration. He had noticed a kitten dozing in a nearby doorway. Now he picked it up and dropped it into Solomon's automobile. The police dog forgot everything to go after the arch-backed, spitting intruder. Then another police agent darted over to the car and made off with Solomon's dispatch case. It was found to be stuffed with incriminating papers.

Jonescu neither delayed nor asked his superiors' permission, but struck at once, making many arrests and allowing only one or two of the suspects to escape across the frontier. Major Varzaru was cashiered and publicly disgraced as a seller of his country's military secrets. And the dramatic ceremony of his being proclaimed a traitor inevitably inspired the European press to describe him as a Roumanian "Dreyfus" — all the headline writers ignoring the one pertinent fact, that Captain Dreyfus was *innocent* and had been framed by corrupt or prejudiced counter-espionage officers, while Varzaru confessed his guilt after being detected by really adroit counter-spying.

Poland also had its "Dreyfus," another victim of Madame Littke and her chief. This traitor was a Major Piotr Demkowski; he had been selling information to

agents of Soviet Russia, and the evidence against him was considered so damaging that his execution followed within a few hours of the rising of the court.

Besides Major Varzaru in the Roumanian net were a number of others who suffered disgrace, heavy fines and terms of imprisonment. Cilly Ausslaender would have been executed for such devastating espionage. However, there was subterranean pressure from Moscow which, in alliance with her own marketable fascinations, produced an indeterminate sentence. Confined in a military prison, this woman operative was neither downhearted nor subdued. She soon began communicating with other prisoners, even though her recently exposed confederates were locked in widely separated cells. It is well known that the rigors of Roumanian incarceration can be avoided by wealthy or influential convicts. Week-end absences were once not at all uncommon. And Cilly had a ravishing body and a wealth of experience in bargaining with men.

When last heard of this imprisoned Soviet spy had dabbled in so many outside enterprises and given her less susceptible captors so much concern that she was serving a second and extended sentence. From her cell she had even managed — said the gossip — to corrupt the Roumanian secret police.

The Roumanians, an engaging people, seem to have refined and developed "the bribe," until it became not only an art and a national indoor sport but also their second or third largest industry. In March, 1933, the secret police raided the office of a certain Seletzki, Bucharest representative of the Skoda works, the famous Czechoslovakian munitions making concern. M. Eugène Schneider, French munitions magnate, was at that time a substantial holder of Skoda shares. The invasion of

Seletzki's confidential files dragged to light a far more noisome politico-military sensation in Roumania than the affair of the Ausslaender espionage, for it was seen that Seletzki and other secret agents employed by the Skoda works had fomented a "Russian war" scare in 1930 and that Seletzki had smoothed the path of the resulting arms contracts with a huge outlay of bribes.

Here was an instance where the secret-service organization of a munitions company was found in conflict with government secret service. Many good people, and even a few well-informed government officials, were amazed to learn that a private corporation would hire its own corps of spies, counter-spies, agitators, bribe-spreaders and propagandists. The Seletzki-Skoda propaganda had alleged that Russia was preparing to attack Roumania with a view of recovering the tsarist province of Bessarabia, which the Entente victors had denied the Bolsheviki and conferred upon their beaten Roumanian ally. Fearing this Soviet attack, certain Roumanian officials had concluded secret contracts with the Skoda firm without troubling to consult the technical experts of the Roumanian Ministry of War. When the contracts came to be carried out, difficulties straightway developed, but these the representatives of Skoda had sought to dispel with a judicious distribution of bribes. It was alleged that the Skoda bounties had climbed to the staggering total of four billion lei.

A certain Roumanian Colonel Popescu had made himself rich by agreeing to arms contracts at twenty-five per cent more than Yugoslavia was paying Skoda for the same materials. The hard-pressed *Seuranza* and *Jonescu*, its chief, became interested in Seletzki when it was uncovered that he had spent 5,000,000 lei to avoid paying taxes of 25,000,000 lei. The secret-police raid

upon his office turned up munitions of another sort — the kind of bombs that ignites a national conscience even in a country like Roumania, the kind that politicians love to hurl at cornered parliamentary opponents.

There followed a parliamentary investigation, with accusations of espionage and “enemy” agitation. The crafty engineering of the Russo-Bessarabian “war scare” was dissected. For fifteen years the main body of the Roumanian Army at peace-time strength had been held in readiness along the Dneister, facing Russia. Roumanian sentries had been kept busy trying to shoot an endless succession of Bolshevik agents and emissaries who sought to swim or row across the river with propaganda designed to stir up rebellion among the Bessarabian peasantry.

It had not been difficult for Seletzki and his crew to convince some Roumanians, even the unbribed, that Soviet Russia threatened to drive across the Dneister. At the parliamentary hearings Roumanian ordnance experts proved that the artificial emergency had enabled Skoda to charge the Bucharest buyers much higher rates than those consistently granted other Balkan customers. Colonel Popescu read the public temper aright and committed suicide before he could be brought to justice. Jonescu’s operatives had thrown their net around Seletzki with so much skill that even the “inside” influence he had amassed could not save him; and one day he stood up in court to hear himself denounced for corrupt practices and sentenced to five years’ imprisonment at hard labor.

The parliamentary findings struck at Juliu Maniu, former premier and leader of the National Peasant Party, in whose administration the Seletzki intrigues had begun. Men who had served in the Maniu Cabinet

were involved, also one of the former premier's nephews. Grenades loaded by Skoda and Seletzki were really bursting in Bucharest. Maniu himself was a target to delight the eye of certain Roumanians, for he had repeatedly attacked King Carol's favorite, the celebrated Magda Lupescu. In one famous public address Maniu charged that Madame Lupescu was a "foreign agent" — presumably meaning a French agent — and that she had already "overturned twelve governments" of Roumania by her political meddling and intrigues. "Madame Lupescu," he shouted, "is responsible for almost every evil in the country."

Thousands of other Roumanians of varying political faith were eager to believe this calumny. And so the files of the Skoda agent, Seletzki, were found to contain "evidence" singularly damaging to Maniu — Lupescu's most eminent critic — and to his chief advisers in the liberal National Peasant Party. As for Magda Lupescu's being an "agent" of France, the charge was already stale propaganda, and yet probably not without foundation. When King Carol and his red-headed home-wrecker left the Roumanian throne to the boy, Michael, and a regency, they settled down in a suburb of Paris. The French police guarded the ex-king punctiliously — as they do all ex-kings — and the French Foreign Ministry and Secret Service are known to have attempted to "obligate" Madame Lupescu.

This is a venerable French technique with royal favorites of sufficiently striking personality to indicate that they will continue to be favored — and prove to be grateful. In the case of Magda Lupescu her fascinations were unailing, but her gratitude proved a boomerang. After extensive undercover negotiation, Carol went back to his throne and the beguiling partner of his exile went

with him, just as the French gamblers had anticipated; but an intense anti-Semitic campaign arose in Roumania against Madame Lupescu, who is partly of Jewish ancestry. Her French preferences were exploited by virulent Roumanian anti-Semites, and the anti-Semitic impulses of nearly all Roumanians were exploited by the adversaries of France in Bucharest.

Magda Lupescu's survival in a country like Roumania had been practically a feat of counter-espionage and secret service. It was said that she had a small but effective counter-spying corps of her own. Roumania in these years, 1932-1934, suffered not only dynastic strains and anti-Semitic turbulence but also a vicious campaign of terrorism. And this was a project of international secret service, since the Nazi German government and Nazi agents and money sent from Berlin helped to organize and foment it.

The Roumanian Fascist, Zelea Corneliu Codreanu, and his Iron Guard were induced to begin a series of assassinations. A chief of police was slain in Jassy and there were no reprisals; whereupon, on December 29, 1933, Iron Guardists who had been chosen by lot assassinated Ion Duca, the Roumanian premier. Large sections of the Roumanian public were shocked by this outrage. Fifty-three members of the Iron Guard were put on trial, fifty were acquitted, the remaining three receiving light sentences. Much evidence was suppressed, the terrorists seeming to enjoy an incredible immunity. It has been said that for a time, following what his Guardists called the "Duca execution," Codreanu — despite his anti-Semitic extremism — sought and found refuge in the home of Magda Lupescu's sister.

Such a stratagem might be possible in the Balkans, where few eccentricities of intrigue are impossible. The

Bulgarian Government for years has wrestled with the Macedonian "question," which means it has had to answer to I.M.R.O., the Interior Macedonian Revolutionary Order, and its ruling committee—the mountain rebel, Ivan Mihailoff, and his comrades, Razvigoroff and Karadjoff. When *Imro* raiders seize the independent mayor of a Bulgar village and several of his council and hold them as hostages, Bulgarian secret agents gather in a number of the *Imro* comitadjis and hold them as hostages. With a double set of hostages a compromise can be arranged.

Imro leaders are bitterly opposed to Yugoslavia, which has been a principal reason why Bulgaria allows *Imro* to flourish. Yugoslavia, a country also much swollen with the dividends of 1919 Entente treaty-making, suffered an espionage conspiracy led by Colonel Mesitch. But its foreign secret-service interventionists only occasionally and in small numbers venture to cross a Yugoslav frontier. The secret police of Yugoslavia have been savagely repressive. *Imro* guerillas have captured Yugoslav secret agents and found ways of persuading them to confess. There was one, a certain Ivan Petroff, from whom was pried the assertion that he had been hired by Captain Skeitch of the Yugoslav Military Intelligence to assassinate certain anti-Belgrade Bulgars. But far more troublesome, and exerting real influence upon modern European history, has been the terrorist society of the rebellious Croats known as *Utashi*.

This order also cherishes the excuse of patriotism and its crimes, if infrequent, are far more elaborate and hard-hitting than those which have made life endurable for members of the *Imro*. Doctor Ante Pavelic, the shrewd and remorseless chieftain of *Utashi*, knew that he would be welcome to establish himself in Hungary, the Hungarian authorities and secret service nourishing an old

grievance against everything Serbian. And Pavelic at his frontier "listening post" of Janka Puszta established something else : an academy for the training of terrorists, with clandestine customers in Rome and other capitals freely solicited. . . .

Terrorism thus came to the estate of a subsidized governmental operation.

Formerly the by-product of Nihilism and the pastime of Anarchists, terrorism has spread through the conspirant back-alleys of post-war and post-Versailles Europe with the rapidity of malicious gossip. If government secret service calls for terrorism, then governments must hire or train their own terrorist-agents, those new projectiles of combatant secret service and industrial or political sabotage.

In a coming chapter the sinister figure of Doctor Pavelic will reappear in our narrative—and appear as the well-financed henchman of Benito Mussolini, as an ally of Fascist secret agents. There we shall see in the plottings of *Utashi* and its Italian branch-school a deadly thrust at the French. Which thrust will be driven home by the slaying, in France, of that Francophile bulwark in the Balkans, King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

XV

O.V.R.A., SECRET DEFENDER OF FASCISM

Benito Mussolini as the Italian premier won his first foreign acclaim when he began reorganizing the police and reducing the ancient prerogatives of the underworld. Here was a really strong man, doing the thing that made his strength admired. Cleaning up the Sicilian and Calabrian criminal societies was a job that had gone begging for several centuries. Mussolini had achieved this wonder by discovering and ably supporting another Italian, the police prefect, Cesare Mori, whose prompt and intrepid labors were successful in dispersing the *Mafia* and *Camorra*, the bandit leagues entrenched all over Italy but especially in the south.

The Fascist dictator announced that he would have resolute and honest police, but “no *Cheka*.” Like the other modern dictators he had come to power with an imposing “criminal” record of his own. The dictator-type inevitably accumulates a police record, begun while he is merely leading a gang of dangerous malcontents and completed as his power-drive gains momentum and brings him into prominence as a man of destiny and chief of the extremist opposition. Having had this early and perhaps painful experience of police espionage and surveillance, the arrived dictator knows how to protect himself and create a régime that will survive. He denounces the brutal and foolish repressions of other lands, then decides to share his newly founded despotism with an elaborate and well-financed establishment of political

police and throws around himself an armor belt of its spies.

Mussolini demonstrated this process of despotic evolution. He said that he would never darken sunny Italy with a Bolshevik *Cheka*; and not long afterward he authorized a political secret service — the *Opera volontaria repressione anti-Fascista*, or O.V.R.A., which was not a *Cheka* largely because in the pushing ranks of his followers the Fascist dictator could find no one the equal of Felix Djerzhinsky. As its title indicates, this force of special police was not concerned with general crime, but with a single crime, that of opposition to Mussolini and his Fascist doctrines. Ovra was, in fact, so little alarmed about criminal practices generally that it began enlisting in its secret service many of the rogues and killers whom gallant Cesare Mori had uprooted in southern Italy.

It is now an established fact that leading operators of the notorious — and liquidated — bandit leagues found the Ovra a refuge from the *Mafia* and *Camorra*. Fascism, which made the railroads run on time, could renovate criminals in the twinkling of an eye. Virtual parent of the repressive Ovra is said to have been Cesare Rossi, who was Mussolini's lieutenant, and chief of the powerful "Press Bureau." Rossi had been hearing about Djerzhinsky and had worked up a profound admiration for the fanatical Chekist. Djerzhinsky and his savage saviors of Bolshevism were just then cementing the disturbed Russia of the Soviets into a vast Eurasian union having the color of blood and the solid, lasting properties of concrete. Cesare Rossi advised Mussolini to order the formation of an Italian Fascist "Ceca"; the old *Questura* of Rome was as out of date as democracy. Italians needed the discipline of a secret police, something to hit them hard and often, something from which

there could be no public appeal and which would be as dynamic as the Duce himself.

Very soon the Ovra had been founded and was flourishing; and Italian liberties were shrinking right on the wearer. The Ovra, although its financial resources were at this time still confined within a budget that pretended to balance, enlisted an immense number of agents and spies, including in its shock troops eager to be shocked every "reliable" or purchasable concierge and janitor in Italy. Mussolini who was just beginning to gather his garland of major offices had named himself Ovra commander-in-chief. Rossi and the Fascist zealot, Dumini, were his immediate secret-police subordinates. A dry little chap named Arturo Bocchini was somewhere in the ranks, but not yet elevated to compete with Heinrich Himmler and the ghost of Felix Djerzhinsky for the badge of Number One political-police monarch of this century.

Now the average Italian is a good-natured citizen; and most rank and file Italians subsided pretty tamely as the ideas and idealists of Fascist tyranny swept over them. Therefore the Ovra never had such an armed and subsidized opposition of professional conspirators to repulse as those elements which sharpened the wits — and the teeth — of Djerzhinsky's *Cheka*. The operatives of the Ovra endeavored, as a consequence, to adopt "milder" methods of police supervision than the barbarous Bolsheviks had initiated. In the candid phrase of Georges Agabekov, formerly a Chekist, his Bolshevik colleagues when condemning an opponent were wont to "paste him to the wall" with revolvers or a machine-gun. Whereas Ovra agents preferred to charge their victim with a dreadful overdose of castor oil.

Italians and others arrested and held on suspicion of

anti-Fascist tendencies were compelled to swallow quickly a pint of this medicine. Such a dose would be fatal if the arrested person was not hurried to a hospital. Sometimes, when a bit annoyed by recalcitrant cases, the Oвра inquisitors became too preoccupied to remember about the hospital treatment; whereat the suspect died in agony. But the Oвра chiefs always wished it to be known that such a vindictive outcome was sheer "negligence." The Oвра persisted in thus being milder than the *Cheka*, which never troubled to rationalize its savage performances as other than the deliberate and expedient annihilation of counter-revolutionaries.

Besides their introduction of castor oil into the crowded arsenal of political-police technique, the Italian Fascists were inspired to develop a new sort of "blunt instrument" for use in interrogating "enemies" of the dictatorial régime. With this instrument the Oвра paladins scored many a triumph of the "third degree" in the "back rooms" of police stations. It was a weapon designed both for intimidation and prolonged incapacitation. With one sharp, well-aimed stroke it could break the jaw of a suspected anti-Fascist, thus laying him up for a painful period, yet without permanently disfiguring him, fracturing his skull, or otherwise endangering his life. Because the Oвра has seemed less eager to kill — and seemed especially disinclined to mow down groups of alleged "state enemies" — the Oвра technique of repression does appear considerably milder than that of the Bolshevik *Cheka*, or GPU, or their ultimate imitator, the Nazi German Gestapo.

The Oвра, apart from the inquisitorial pleasantries just cited, functions like any other widespread, surveillant service, with an added seasoning of despotic power and

interpretation of Fascist laws in terms of its own convenience. Francisco Fausto Nitti, the nephew of a former Italian premier, has written that he was taken into custody, given no chance to defend himself, and only on the day of his trial and conviction acquainted with the specific charge lodged against him by Ovra operatives. Nitti was thereupon transported to the Fascists' island penal colony of Lipari—for the peculiarly moderate "offense" of having called to pay his respects to Signora Matteotti. This lady was the widow of the popular Italian Socialist deputy whose recent murder by De Bono's gang of Fascist ruffians was stirring the widest resentment in Italy and the civilized world. Francisco Nitti had been no intimate friend of Matteotti, and certainly he was no anti-Fascist conspirator at that time. He was a cultivated Italian, jealous of his country's honor, who felt he should sympathize publicly with any victim of a political party that had besmirched it.

Nitti, because of this sensitive patriotism, was treated as a criminal and sent as a convict into exile. Later he and his friends contrived a sensational escape from Lipari. He was thus instrumental in bringing to democratic and anti-Fascist communities their first knowledge of the kind of sadists' circus that is the regimen suffered by Italians exiled to the islands after being denounced by Ovra spies.

Very few of those unfortunates, however, have had friends clever or courageous enough to devise their escape. One of the World War heroes of Italy, General Luigi Cappello, who commanded the Italian Second Army, remains at the island penal colony, now a man past eighty and undoubtedly doomed to die as a convict exile. Cappello had played a "great part in the estab-

lishment of the Fascist régime. He had joined in the march on Rome and had once been chief of the Fascist militia."

But General Cappello, like Francisco Nitti and countless others, had been revolted by the "official murder" of the young idealist, Matteotti; and as a war hero and celebrity the general had not troubled to hide his disgust. His open break with the Italian dictator came when Mussolini exuded the doctrine that no member of the Fascist Party could also be a Freemason. Cappello had been Deputy Grand Master of the *Grande Oriente d'Italia*, the "cover organization" of Italian Freemasonry, and he made an immediate choice, resigning from the party to remain a Freemason.

Not many months thereafter Ovla agents called on General Cappello and carried him off to their headquarters. He never again returned to his home, or met any of his friends, or was permitted to appear publicly in his own defense. Doctor Zaniboni, formerly a leftist deputy of the Italian parliament, was at this time held by the secret police, who accused him of having plotted the assassination of Mussolini. Zaniboni was somehow induced to incriminate Cappello, perhaps by being assured of escaping capital punishment. The doctor was condemned to thirty years' penal servitude; and so was General Cappello, though the war hero maintained his complete ignorance of the plot. But what of that? On some pretext or other, the Ovla was certain to bring discredit upon an army veteran bold enough to admit he esteemed Freemasonry above Fascism.

In the past fifteen years hundreds of liberal and highly educated Italians have drawn crucifying prison sentences for the crime of disagreeing with the dictator. Doctor Antonio M. Pesenti, professor of finance at the Univer-

sity of Sassari, published abroad an anonymous series of clever and inquiring articles which criticized the Duce's régime. To any student of finance the failings of Fascism were brazenly apparent; but so, it seems, was the origin of the articles to foreign agents of Mussolini's secret police. Doctor Pesenti's candor cost him twenty-four years' imprisonment.

Doctor Michele Giua, World War veteran, professor at the Institute of Technology and at the Military Academy of Turin, refused to take the Fascist teachers' oath and resigned his position. His eldest son, a student, was charged by the O vra with anti-Fascist propaganda and arrested. But through the connivance of friends the youth managed to escape. He fled to Paris, where the anti-Fascist colony had powerful roots. Doctor Giua and his wife persisted in corresponding with their exiled son, the father even daring to visit France to see him. Both parents were arrested and imprisoned, Doctor Giua receiving a sentence of fifteen years at hard labor.

The misfortune of the Giuas was quickly spread by vigilant agents of the O vra. Doctor Augusto Monti, fifty-five years of age, a veteran with a distinguished army record, was a poet, novelist and professor of Latin and Italian at the Liceo D'Azeglio in Turin. When both Doctor and Signora Giua were in prison, Professor Monti took to school and occasionally to a motion-picture theatre the two younger Giua children; which act was given official Fascist interpretation as an "expression of solidarity with the political ideas of the children's criminal father."

Monti was arrested. "Then you sympathized with Michele Giua, their father?" said one of his accusers.

"Yes, and I am proud of it!" Monti replied. "I am only ashamed that in a country which boasts of being

civilized a person can be accused of having been merciful to two children, left alone and uncared for in their home. . . . Yes, I took them to school and to the cinema. I only regret that my finances did not allow me to take them into my own house where I could have cared for them better."

Doctor Monti was thereupon, like his friend, Doctor Giua, removed from the incriminating vicinity of the younger Giua children. Monti's prison sentence, however, is another nice example of the Ovra moderation of *Cheka* severities. The subversive Monti was sent away to the islands for only five years.

Any impartial investigator can readily accumulate a bulging file of these Italian-Fascist police cases. And it is worthwhile noting that young Giua, the eldest son, who as a student was perhaps the only one guilty of anti-Fascist agitations, managed to make his escape to France. "Criminals" such as his parents, or Doctors Monti and Pesenti, were smartly detected and as easily condemned. Thousands of the most enlightened Italians have suffered these automatically condemning police denunciations. Millions of others timidly avoid giving the smallest offense and stoop beneath the iron heel of Ovra surveillants and oppressors. Sometimes as many as a hundred "opposition criminals" are snared in a single day; but then, nearly any Italian who forgets to cheer wildly for Fascism — and the paramount Fascists — can be proved an "opposition criminal."

However, the investigator can fill another and even larger file with evidences of Ovra negligence. For every learned man packed off to island desolation, ten anti-Fascist agents or foreign spies penetrate Italy at will. Mussolini reigns uncomfortably atop a veritable sieve. We need only to observe the steadily rising Ovra ex-

penditures to find official confirmation of this national vulnerability.

Arturo Bocchini, plump, elderly and uninterested in personal acclaim — a rare Fascist — finally emerged and took command of the secret police. And, as in the case of Felix Djerzhinsky, abhorrence of the objectives or the methods must not blind us, in such annals as these, to the individual mastery of a secret-service executive. Bocchini is never obliged to attest his vigor and physical value to the régime by leaping over the bayonets of Fascist militia or bounding through totalitarian hoops of fire. Unobtrusive yet always close to the Italian ring-master, little Bocchini has been called in Rome the “man with a million eyes and a million ears.”

That would mean 500,000 Ovra operatives; and if Italian finances cannot afford that many, Bocchini certainly must feel the lack of them. It is his job to take care of Mussolini and all members of his family. There have been many attempts on the Duce's life. Bocchini interrupts these plots and also keeps an eye upon public opinion, for the dictator's popularity must never be permitted to tarnish.

Bocchini, when not otherwise employed, safeguards all the leading Fascists. Some of his best agents are kept busy watching members of the Italian royal family and their eminent relatives and friends, who might invade Italy as menacing representatives of a parliamentary form of government. Bocchini, it is believed, has had to be personally responsible for the loyal conduct and degree of popularity of such figures as Badoglio, Graziani, Gayda, Balbo, even Ciano. Rather a large order for a small man, in spite of his multitudinous reserves of espionage, surveillance and intimidation. Perhaps too large an order, since Ovra divisions are also responsible

for counter-espionage in Italy and, as we shall see, there are large pastures of room for improvement in Italian counter-espionage.

Arturo Bocchini remains steadfastly at his post, however, and Benito Mussolini trusts him above all others. Bocchini is primarily that official who, in order to help Fascism endure and Mussolini live longer, has to make life nearly unendurable for a great number of reputable, intelligent Italians.

XVI

ITALIAN SECRETS ON THE WING

Exceptionally uneasy and rigid police regulations at home produce a dangerous laxity in citizens or officials of a dictator-state when they go abroad. And this tendency to find release and breathe deeply is something readily exploited by foreign espionage agents. Long before the Rome-Berlin Axis was measured and surveyed, the principal secret services of Europe were busily engaged in ferreting out the latest facts of Fascist armament. The military espionage bureaus of France and Yugoslavia were chiefly absorbed in this pursuit; but Russia, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Greece, Czechoslovakia and Roumania were also attracted to the technical progress and naval or military program of Benito Mussolini's realm.

Some espionage missions penetrated Italy, while other secret-service officers dealt with intermediaries who slipped across the Fascist frontiers. Moreover, the Italian embassy or legation in every capital on the Continent was "covered" by alien operatives. And the Italian embassy in Berlin, in the Spring of 1929, yielded a genuine prize — nothing less than the new code book of the Fascist Foreign Ministry.

An embassy attaché named Garbeccio was personally responsible for the code book and kept it carefully locked away from prying visitors. Garbeccio had a secretary — a trusted, middle-aged Italian woman — who put in long hours for insignificant pay, with small prospect of any advancement beyond her exalted station of embassy

drudge. She was hard-working and seemed utterly faithful; yet foreign agents were keeping watch upon her together with all other employees of the embassy. A pair of Yugoslavian agents somehow discovered that she was weary of her post and quietly opened negotiations.

A few weeks of cautious bargaining, and the woman secretary consented to produce the latest of the code books supplied to the embassy from Rome. She said she would wait until Saturday of that week in May, since the new code book would not have to be consulted in the course of a normal week-end. And then, suddenly, she was fired with inspiration. The agents of Yugoslavia had agreed to pay her a substantial sum. But the government at Belgrade was comparatively poor. A wealthier country ought to double the Yugoslav price.

She asked herself what government would rejoice in a copy of the new code of the Fascist Foreign Office. Then she boldly rang up the French embassy and asked for a secretary there whose name she happened to know. He was glad to arrange a quiet meeting—listened to her proposal, and at once agreed cheerfully to pay her twice as much as the Yugoslavs had promised.

On the following Saturday afternoon the woman obtained possession of the code book, wrapped it up, carried it from the Italian embassy and met the Frenchman by appointment. He made a photographic copy of the new code and paid the woman her price. Again she wrapped up the borrowed book and carried it off to exhibit to the agents from Belgrade who had initiated her little flutter in treason. They also made a copy, quite unaware that they were no longer her primary customer.

The woman secretary went to the Italian embassy very early the following Monday morning, expecting to

restore the code book to its place in Garbeccio's safe. But there sat Garbeccio at his desk—a haggard Garbeccio, who looked as if he had been working all through the night. To her consternation she saw a pile of telegrams in front of her superior and knew that he had missed the code book.

However, he said nothing to her about it. The woman felt sure she must be suspected; but Garbeccio did not question her and never accused her—not that Monday morning or on any day afterward. The fact was, he had discovered the theft early Sunday evening and had straightway reported it to his chief, the ambassador. Both diplomats, in dread of the wrath of Mussolini, had thereupon decided that they had better keep the loss to themselves. It would be rash to notify Rome, and fruitless to call in the secret police of then republican Berlin.

Garbeccio's secretary allowed "foreign spies" to bear the blame; she never dared to return the code book, and, after a few days of frantic uncertainty, she burned it. The money she had been paid was securely hidden away. And having waited for the passage of what she considered a decent covering interval, she casually resigned her position at the embassy and the next day disappeared.

The ambassador and Garbeccio had to get along as best they could without any code book. Garbeccio had used many codes in his diplomatic career, and now by giving most of his time to it he managed to puzzle out the secret communications. But the embassy in Berlin became notorious in Rome for its glacial speed in handling code messages. Meanwhile, from May until September, 1929, the French and Yugoslavian governments decoded every cable or telegram of the Italian Foreign Ministry that fell into their hands, and the Italians remained blandly unaware of it.

Then, late in September, the blow descended suddenly. A diplomatic agent sent on a mission to Berlin chanced to uncover the secret of the stolen code book. He reported at once to Mussolini, who acted with even greater displeasure and velocity than the ambassador and Garbeccio had anticipated. The actual thief was not at that time identified; but the entire embassy staff, down to the least important footman, was ordered back to Italy and there dismissed. Several of the suspects, or scapegoats, were punished with the oblivion of Lipari island exile.

The French and the Yugoslavs no longer possessed the current Italian code, but they still had their official curiosity. However, the incident of Garbeccio's missing code book had resulted in a general tightening up of Fascist counter-espionage. There were a number of sensational espionage arrests in Italy during the next four years; and it seems worth our while to examine two of these cases which were the most significant.

Italian counter-espionage operatives in the first week of September, 1932, took into custody a French couple, Professor Charles M. Eydoux, director of a polytechnic school in Paris, and his private secretary, Mademoiselle Georgette Bonnefond. Each was charged with procuring information of a military character. Eydoux proved to be a distinguished member of the engineering profession of France. He was an expert in hydraulics and also a major-general of the French army reserve. He had already made several journeys into Italy, but when arrested in the Italian Alps he claimed that he was on vacation.

It had become obvious to the counter-spies who were shadowing him that he was unduly interested in the new Italian defense works along the Yugoslavian frontier.

And at his subsequent trial — on February 4, 1933, before a special military tribunal “for defense of the State,” presided over by Lieutenant-General Antonio T. Casanova — the accused Frenchman did not attempt to deny the charge of espionage. Professor Eydoux sat throughout the trial in the prisoners’ cage, heavily guarded by *carabinieri*; while Mademoiselle Bonnefond was permitted to occupy a chair outside the cage.

Eydoux insisted that he had received no aid from his secretary. But he did admit that, prior to his arrest, he had posted certain “notes” from Laibach to an address in Paris, and that he had expected to enlarge verbally upon these notes when he returned and visited the Intelligence department of the Ministry of War. He refused to name any French Intelligence officers with whom he had co-operated, denied having employed invisible inks or other devices, and vigorously objected to the public prosecutor’s insinuation that he had been paid for his secret services. “Absolutely no! I am a gentleman,” said the professor, adhering to the rigid if romantic code of Western European spy trials.

His gallant attempts to exonerate Mademoiselle Bonnefond were of slight avail. The prosecution brought out that she had formerly served as a secretary at Saint-Cyr, the famous military academy of France, and was not unfamiliar with army matters or the technical side of national defense. It also developed at the trial that Eydoux was the father of her child, then living in Paris. Mademoiselle Bonnefond testified in a “cool, unemotional” voice, saying that she had not known the object of Professor Eydoux’s visit to Italy, had herself taken but one photograph, and that not of a military subject. Italian army experts stated that the information obtained by Eydoux was partly of a secret character, that his ob-

servations "could not have been made by an ordinary tourist" inasmuch as they covered technical details of the Italian defenses along the frontier of Yugoslavia.

The court sentenced Eydoux to five years' imprisonment, although the prosecutor had demanded a fifteen-year sentence, the minimum penalty for espionage at that time. Mademoiselle Bonnefond as the professor's accomplice was sentenced to three years and four months in prison. But through the intervention of a recent amnesty decree, each of the sentences was immediately reduced by three years, leaving Eydoux with nineteen months to serve, while his secretary was considered to have served her term during the five months she had been held awaiting trial.

Charles Eydoux had been convicted of espionage, on his own confession. The trial was widely publicized; and some French newspapers professed to discern in this an Italian attempt to embarrass M. Henri de Jouvenel, who had just taken up his post as ambassador to Rome. The new French ambassador had been received "with ostentatious coldness by Premier Mussolini and the Italian press," and the case of Eydoux and Mademoiselle Bonnefond seemed only to aggravate an unpleasant situation. French secret-service officers, if permitted, might have disclosed a graver aggravation, seriously influencing Franco-Italian underground relations, which had afflicted them just a month and a day before the trial of Charles Eydoux.

In Rome, on January 3, 1933, about seven o'clock in the evening the quays along the Tiber known as the Lungo Tevere Tebaldi and Lungo Tevere Sangallo were almost deserted. Only a few people were hurrying home from work. Street lamps burned dimly. Along the quay a man and woman promenaded up and down. Occa-

sionally they stopped to rest on one of the benches arranged at intervals between the trees which border the famous river at this spot. The two were spies, and they had been serving France and, indirectly, the allies of France for a term of years.

The man was Ugo Traviglia, a trusted attaché of the Italian Ministry of Marine, and the woman, his clever accomplice, Camilla Agliardi — Italians both, betraying the secrets of Italy. On the night of January 3rd they were keeping a tryst in order to exchange the documents he had most recently filched from the Ministry of Marine, located just the other side of the Tiber. Traviglia and his confederate always met thus in the open, to safeguard their transactions from even a casual eavesdropper.

There they sat on the bench like any ordinary couple. Traviglia passed to Camilla Agliardi a small, flat packet of papers. But when they rose and started to walk away in opposite directions, secret-service agents sprang out from various places of observation and concealment. The pair were arrested and hurried off to a counter-espionage headquarters, where separately each confessed.

Traviglia, a naval warrant officer, admitted that for ten years past he had been selling the secrets of the Italian Navy.

"To France and Yugoslavia?" he was asked.

"I believe—to France. And no doubt to the other also."

"You have been paid in francs?"

"No, sir, in lire."

"And the woman arrested with you, she has all the while been your accomplice?"

Traviglia hesitated to incriminate Camilla Agliardi, but presently he was induced to tell the whole truth. As a trusted subordinate attached to the Ministry of

Marine it had been among his duties to carry correspondence from one office to another. He had kept a small camera hidden in a cloak room, and, when bearing documents from one department to another, he had paused there long enough to photograph any paper which struck him as important and marketable. He was also under orders to destroy thoroughly all the waste paper of the ministry offices to which he had access. Even waste paper must not be left to fall into the hands of foreign spies reporting to governments interested in the naval plans of Italy. But Traviglia instead had saved every scrap of paper that related to ships, ports, or fortifications.

Now Italian officers and counter-spying operatives had for months been aware of some such menacing "leak." Yet, while knowing it existed and how much it threatened Italy, they had failed to uncover any trace of the spy. Until one day in December, 1932, the travelling confederate of Traviglia, beautiful Camilla Agliardi, was careless enough to attract the attention of another Italian tourist. This man was a Fascist secret agent, and no doubt an active spy, serving Italy — in Marseille.

His coded inquiries sped swiftly to Rome. It turned out that the secret police had a brief record of Camilla Agliardi. She was the fascinating director of an art gallery in the northern town of Imperia. She travelled a great deal — hence the file at Ovra headquarters — but her repeated journeys seemed to explain themselves in her professional practice of buying and selling pictures.

"We had better see why she so regularly visits Marseille," the Italian counter-espionage officers agreed.

Camilla was therefore shadowed across the frontier and onward, by a devious route, to Rome. There she met Ugo Traviglia in their usual way of appointment; and

then and there the counter-spies gathered them in. The apparent charms of Camilla ought to have carried her far without any peacetime resort to naval espionage. She was reputedly the mistress of a lawyer of Imperia, Signor Amodeo ; and this middle-aged man was also arrested, but luckily could prove to the satisfaction of the Fascist authorities that he had never communicated with Traviglia nor ever participated in Camilla's treasonable transactions. He was released, and was even used further to incriminate Camilla, for he showed that his moderate income from the law had never been sufficient to satisfy her luxurious tastes.

She confessed that she had always been the manager and go-between, Traviglia simply the well-located thief. He relied on her cunning and had accepted whatever sums in payment she turned over to him. Secret material which he passed to her she had carried into France adroitly hidden away in back of a picture. At some city or town, more often Marseille, she came into contact with a French secret-service operative and collected her compensation as a spy. These payments, she insisted, she had always scrupulously divided with Traviglia.

Whenever Camilla visited France, her accomplice was wholly at her mercy. She could have denounced him while herself clear of the Fascist net. But Traviglia, stationed in Rome, never held any such countering advantage over Camilla ; and so we may assume that he had to trust her and accept her distribution of their spoils.

The payments varied according to the degree of secrecy, novelty and strategic importance of the information delivered ; and, taking into account the risks of each and the outcome of their espionage, both were habitually underpaid. Their spying had enabled the French and

Yugoslavs for years past to learn virtually everything they desired to know about Italian naval strength and the secret preparations of Mussolini's government.

Ugo Traviglia at the last was stricken and remorseful, begging only the slight clemency that he be allowed to stand facing the squad of riflemen. But even this request was not granted. Camilla Agliardi is said to have remained obdurate and proud and never to have lost her nerve; and the romantic appeal which serves the women sometimes but never the men of secret-service employment finally contrived to mitigate her offense. She also had been sentenced to be shot in the back as a traitor, but she did not go with Traviglia to stand before a marine firing squad at Fort Braschi near Rome. In the final hour Camilla's penalty was commuted to life imprisonment.

XVII

WHO LET THEM KILL THE KING?

One might ask, what was the gain from Traviglia's work as a spy, or from his disgrace and execution? The plans he photographed were soon out of date, the intelligence he borrowed was soon too familiar everywhere to be vital either to France or Italy.

Yet the Fascist authorities and officers of counter-espionage in Rome considered themselves sorely afflicted by the Agliardi-Traviglia treachery, or even by the affair of Professor Eydoux or of the French and Yugoslavian operatives who had bargained with Garbeccio's secretary. Each of these spy-intrigues, however, had stayed within the bounds of old-fashioned secret service—the professional offensive of espionage, of bribery, of pieced-together fragments stolen from war-ministry wastebaskets, of cunningly concealed reports and furtive trips and betrayals.

The secret service of Fascism, Traviglia's victims told themselves, should be more dynamic, because Fascism was so very dynamic. Italy in retaliation might spy upon Paris and Belgrade. Italian agents had, in fact, been spying on those allies and potential adversaries of the Fascist state for some years past. And yet as a form of retaliation was mere espionage worthy of the new Italy and the Duce's dynamism? It was nearly obsolescent, like the rights of the individual or man's love of personal liberty.

Terrorism would be better. Acts of terrorism would come as a surprise in this period of alleged peace. And

so agents of the Italian Secret Service began developing their already established contacts with the terrorists of the rebel *Utashi* and cultivated its principal architects, Doctor Ante Pavelic, sinister Croatian "patriot," and his chief lieutenant, Eugene Kvaternik. Rome could afford to subsidize and encourage this discontented band. Its sole aim was admittedly to strike hard and often at the Yugoslavian régime, and that also was dynamic.

King Alexander I was the Yugoslav dictator and target of the *Utashi* brotherhood. Rumor had it that Alexander's sight was failing and that he must visit France to submit to the treatment of a famous specialist. Such a visit by the royal ally and large shareholder in the Iron Ring would have to be a state visit. And then would come the moment for Doctor Pavelic—whatever the doctor prescribed would be indirectly supplied through a Fascist "pharmacy." Pavelic and Kvaternik headed a corps of careerist killers who could scarcely do better than cut down Alexander on the soil of his Versailles confederate, France.

Now there was a certain Bulgarian terrorist of Macedonian birth whose name was Vladimir Georgieff Chernozemski and whose favorite alias in plots of assassination was Peter Kalemén. To his friends of the turbulent *Imro* and *Utashi* he was Vlada the Chauffeur, a handy man with thirty-one murders already notched on his record. Most of these killings had been incidental to Balkan politics; and the assassin had been privately rewarded for seventeen of them, while attending to fourteen free of charge, for pleasure. Vlada the Chauffeur was extremely dynamic.

In the summer of 1934 — with Alexander's journey to France known to be scheduled for October — Vlada and the main body of the *Utashi* terrorists under Pavelic and

Kvaternik were in training at Borgotaro in Italy. A foreign secret agent who contrived to visit this camp and to come away without being detected — and liquidated — has since described the place as a thoroughly organized and disciplined academy of homicide and sabotage, supported and partially directed by Fascist operatives. In Hungary, at Janka Puszta within sight of the Yugoslavian frontier, there was another *Utashi* training camp for terrorists, conducted by Pavelic's lieutenant, Gustav Perchetz, alias Horvath. Several of the Croatian rebels' instructors at Janka Puszta are said to have been former officers of the Hungarian Army.

Trained, equipped and subsidized, the plotters of Borgotaro were likewise plentifully supplied with information. They seem to have known every detail of Alexander's sea voyage, arrival at Marseille and reception by the French. And not since the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo, June 28, 1914 — the incident of Serbian provocation which was developed into a world war — have the preparations of murderous plotters so far excelled the precautions taken to safeguard a royal visitor.

That the plot succeeded and the strong man of Yugoslavia was eliminated from European power politics cannot be listed here among the masterstrokes of modern secret service. What really engages us is its seeming inevitability and the several mysteries now associated with the tragedy. Alexander was not a timid king — he had fought through the great war with the badly outnumbered, always hard-pressed and eventually exiled Serbian Army — but he was highly sensitive to the threat of assassination. It was known that for weeks at a time he would sleep in a different room of his palace each night, fearing a bomb or infernal machine. His spies

watched Pavelic and the other malcontents and told the king a good deal about Janka Puszta and *Utashi*. It would appear that Italian connivance and Borgotaro escaped the attention of Yugoslavian counter-espionage.

When Alexander rode through the streets of Belgrade there were hundreds of police agents scattered about his capital, often five or six hours ahead of time. The dictator-king employed and commanded a private espionage corps as well as a political police contingent said to number fifteen thousand men. Yet this really endangered and closely guarded monarch entrusted himself to French hospitality and the reputed vigilance of the French secret police and military secret service. And Alexander was slain by Vlada the Chauffeur — Vlada's acknowledged thirty-second victim — as he rode with an inadequate escort along the principal street of Marseille. The celebrated Louis Barthou, Foreign Minister of France, who sat beside the Yugoslav ruler was fatally — and, it appears, accidentally — wounded by the assassin's fire. A noted French general also accompanying King Alexander suffered a grievous wound and was not expected to live. Of this soldier — General Alphonse Georges — old Marshal Philippe Pétain observed: "If he dies, the loss to the French Army will be irreparable." France had already lost her great Balkan partizan and reliable friend, and in Louis Barthou had lost one of her few outstanding statesmen. While the value of General Georges — who eventually recovered from his wound — was later recognized in his serving as Chief of Staff, in France a post second only to that of General Weygand, who, as the Allies' generalissimo, was commander-in-chief of all French armies in the field. And yet, despite these blows struck at France by the terrorists and their secret-service backers, it will be seen that certain Frenchmen

did as much as any plotter of Rome, Borgotaro, or Janka Puszta to assist the murderous conspiracy.

This is the abiding mystery of King Alexander's death. Besides the Croatian and Macedonian terrorists, who hated the Yugoslav monarch, the governments of Italy and Hungary considered him their enemy and can be fairly accused of wanting his firm hand removed from the throttle in Belgrade. But how could any of these "interested" parties, or all of them together, induce responsible French officials to consent to—and even expedite—the king's assassination? There seems to be no doubt but that Alexander's own secret service had warned him of enemy terrorists making their way into France. In *Nova Europa*, a leading Yugoslavian journal, the famous sculptor, Ivan Mestrovich, who was the king's friend, has published his recollections of their last conversation, in which Alexander discussed very frankly the likelihood of his being slain by a revolutionary agent. And some three weeks before he left for Marseille, his government—hardly without his knowledge and approval—asked that the French authorities permit it to send forty Yugoslav counter-espionage operatives to remain in France during the king's visit and protect him from his alien enemies.

For reasons never made public this reasonable request was not granted. King Alexander had also expressed to Prince George of England his fear of being assassinated; whereupon the prince appealed to Scotland Yard, which approached Paris through diplomatic channels, suggesting that ten detectives from the Yard, men familiar with Continental terrorists, go to France for the duration of the king's visit. Again the same French authorities declined outside support—or were bureaucrats calling it interference? This, as a story telegraphed from Belgrade, was published by the *Daily Mail* of London on

October 20, 1934, just eleven days after the assassination. It was not then denied, either by Prince George or Scotland Yard, and the story — signed by a noted correspondent, Ward Price — has never since then been denied.

Somebody of great power behind the scenes in France was more than reconciled to Alexander's murder. Why? The celebrated *Sûreté Nationale* was the agency vetoing both the Belgrade and London offers of additional counter-espionage and surveillance. And once the king had been assassinated the *Sûreté Nationale* became furiously active in safeguarding its own reputation. Blame for the impotent protection of Alexander, Louis Barthou and General Georges was disingenuously loaded upon the police of Marseille. But the Marseille detective force immediately rejected the role of scapegoat.

On October 12 and 13, 1934, French newspapers published an official statement issued by the municipal government of Marseille :

Since rumors are being circulated in Paris that the municipality of Marseille was opposed to certain measures being taken for the protection of His Majesty King Alexander, especially as regards the use of the army for the service of order, the municipality feels obliged to state that it was not consulted regarding the organization of the reception of the King ; that all instructions to maintain order were issued by representatives of the *Sûreté Nationale* of Paris ; and finally, that the Mayor of Marseille was not invited to take part in the parade.

On the same date the prefecture of the Department of Bouches-du-Rhône also issued its official statement :

The *Sûreté Nationale* alone had all the responsibility for the organization of order and protection ; the Marseille police were only the agents for the execution of that organization ;

and the Marseille authorities had urged that the King's automobile be surrounded with special agents on motor cycles, but the officials of the *Sûreté Nationale* had rejected their recommendation.

The French Government had removed "for neglect of his duties" the Prefect of Police, M. Jouhannaud. And this provoked the municipal council of Marseille on November 1st to adopt a resolution protesting against "the campaign of calumny carried on against the city on the subject of responsibility for the assassination of October 9th." At the same public session the council voted ex-Prefect Jouhannaud the Grand Medal of the City of Marseille.

Investigators of the Parisian newspaper *Jour* developed a more concrete accusation on November 6, 1934, alleging that Prefect Jouhannaud and his staff, deeply conscious of their responsibility, had organized a special detail of fourteen agents on motorcycles and planned to throw this police guard as a screen around the royal automobile on its progress through the streets of Marseille. All was in readiness, King Alexander was coming ashore from the Yugoslav destroyer *Dubrovnik*, when M. Sisteron — chief of that bureau of the *Sûreté Nationale* which is charged with the protection of distinguished visitors — decided that the motorcycle detail should not be used to surround the king.

Sisteron only answered this newspaper charge with the beautiful evasiveness of the born bureaucrat: "Being conscious of my duties as a state official and respectful of my chiefs, I have kept silent. I cannot but continue my silence until a definite decision is taken in regard to me."

Newsreel films taken at the very instant the assassin struck have preserved proof of the reckless inadequacy

of the Sûreté precautions. These films were not permitted to be shown anywhere in Yugoslavia, and they remain under that ban to this day, for authorities who survived Alexander — and who were almost as pro-French as he — were convinced the evidence of somebody's deliberate negligence in Marseille would inflame the Yugoslav public and provoke dangerous anti-French demonstrations. But the films are known to have served another purpose — they have been used in Germany by Heinrich Himmler to warn and improve the methods and vigilance of Adolf Hitler's élite bodyguard.

Louis Adamic, certainly no hearty admirer of the Yugoslavian dictator-king while he lived, has been scrupulously fair to Alexander since his tragic death. Adamic has stated that Italy and Hungary "had a chance of benefiting from Alexander's death ; for whatever may be said against him, he was a good soldier and the center of the great Yugoslav military machine, with which both of them might eventually have to contend in connection with their aspirations for territories now a part of Yugoslavia." Adamic mentions two Yugoslavian theories of the monarch's betrayal. One group believed their king had been killed at the "instigation of the pro-Soviet political groups in France, which hated Alexander for his obstinate refusal to recognize Russia and cooperate with France in its pro-Soviet policy, which was directed against Hitler." The second group insisted that "freedom of action was bought" for Vlada the Chauffeur by the "great international munitions interests."

Now this second is a far from incredible explanation, for the ruthlessness and impact of the munitions-trust conspirators have been amply demonstrated in French politics since October of 1934. King Alexander, says Adamic, had come to France in the interest of peace, for

one of the "chief purposes of his trip was to have France force or induce Mussolini to cease his wild imperialist propaganda against Yugoslavia. If successful, Alexander might have greatly lessened the fear of imminent war and, thereby, the orders for munitions . . . not a few people in Yugoslavia believe this."

The Yugoslavs at this period — before Alexander's death, which seemed to usher in the Italian Fascist adventure in Ethiopia — were not without their own brand of bellicose propaganda. One staff colonel in Belgrade, for example, said complacently: "It is true, we Yugoslavs have not all the arms and new mechanized equipment with which the Italians have been provided. But after the first battle we would have theirs."

It has never seemed likely that the French Government callously encouraged resort to such an assassination. In Louis Barthou France lost one of her greatest men; and the acknowledged military skill of General Georges — who was so nearly Vlada's thirty-fourth victim — has already been cited. French counter-espionage, of course, set feverishly to work upon the web of interlocking mysteries when it was too late to save two valuable lives. Vlada, it was learned, had a number of accomplices — one of them was to have hurled a bomb, thereby creating enough "distraction" to cover the prime killer's escape. And two more *Utashi* Borgotaro men were to lie in wait for the king at Versailles, in case some slip-up stayed the expert hand of Vlada the Chauffeur.

Vlada had been riddled by the bullets of the king's too distant bodyguards; and the terrorist's body had been "put away in great haste . . . in the presence only of two Marseille detectives and a gravedigger." French counter-spies soon took into custody three terrorist accomplices, Zvonimer Poposil, Mio Kraj and Ivan Raitch. Their

trial in Aix-en-Provence was a turbulent affair; the accused were given life sentences. And that seeming leniency is said to have injured France in many Yugoslavian quarters, where an explicit French law was disregarded and it was felt respect for Alexander, the "royal friend of France," demanded nothing less than death penalties.

As a curious point of counter-espionage technique, it is worth noting here that the *Utashi* terrorists caught were mainly rounded up because of one mistake they made — they tipped with too conspicuous liberality. To the French or Latin detective mind — just as to the minds of waiters, barmen and innkeepers — excessive tipping means one of two things: wealthy American, or a European in a hurry and eager to ingratiate himself with those with whom he has to come in contact. A trail of generosity led the French operatives to Poposil, Kraj and Raitch; and that trail of tips, by the way, suggests the backing of munitions interests, since the Italian Secret Service — though a crushing burden upon the taxpayers of Italy — is not noted for extravagance or the spendthrift habits of its agents and tools.

However, in this period of suspicion, investigations and arrests, Mussolini was not afraid to show his hand. At the insistence of the French authorities, the Fascist police took Doctor Pavelic and Kvaternik into custody. But at the same time Italy was offering asylum to many endangered Croatian rebels. Later Mussolini imprisoned these "guests" and even sent a few of them to one of the Lipari group of penal islands. Ante Pavelic was sentenced to death "*in absentia*" by the French. The Italian government refused to extradite him. Obviously Pavelic "knew too much," and, though it was claimed he was suffering detention in Italy, the French Secret Service was not deceived. Doctor Pavelic, terrorist, spy,

plotter and Fascist collaborator, was observed to be in every respect a free man.

Neither the governments of France nor Yugoslavia in 1934 or at any date since then have seemed willing to "bear down" on the great mystery behind the Alexander-Barthou assassinations. The French in the Stavisky scandal and many another shady public affair have become hardened to the processes of secret-service suppression. And even Yugoslavia has not appeared anxious to embarrass eminent or deeply involved gentlemen of Paris or Rome or Budapest.

On June 30, 1934, a little more than three months before the Yugoslavian monarch's assassination, Herren Hitler, Himmler and their special murder squads had darkened Germany and electrified Europe with the "blood purge" or *Blitzkrieg* of Nazi retribution. Scores of Hitler's friends and followers and hundreds of others, including many innocent bystanders, had been slaughtered to make stable the wavering doctrines of Nazism. And on July 25, 1934, Austrian Nazi conspirators assassinated Engelbert Dollfuss.

Political murder was on the march, a suitable escort for Fascism or Hitlerism. The investigators sent out from Paris and Belgrade left the Alexander "mystery" just about where they found it. In November 1934, it was not thought desirable to advertise the nearly identical secret-service innovations of Rome and Berlin.

XVIII

HIMMLER, THE NAZI DJERZHINSKY

In the five years before 1900 when France was brought to the brink of civil war by the passionate division and virulent prejudices of its people, a valiant champion of an innocent man wrote in his newspaper, *L'Aurore* : "No better lesson than the Dreyfus affair will ever be shown the people ; they have to make the effort to distinguish between liars and truthful men. They have to read, question, compare, verify, think. . . . Presently illumination will come. It will be understood that a country without justice is a mere enclosure of animals designed for the butcher."

For seven years the civilized world has been waiting for justice to reappear in the German Fatherland. The valiant journalist was Georges Clemenceau, then sharpening his claws as the "Tiger" of France and, through the most critical years, 1898 and 1899, writing almost daily upon a theme that would have appeared platitudinous in any other circumstances : every French citizen's right to justice ! Now old Clemenceau was in his tigerish way, by means of the treaty terms and penalties fixed at Versailles, a parent of present-day Germany which remains inflexibly "an enclosure of animals designed for the butcher." Justice in Nazi Germany has been far removed from the custody of the courts. Justice has in many respects disappeared entirely, and its infirm residue continues in the keeping of the political and secret police — the *Geheime Staats Polizei*.

The ever widening influences and increasing numbers

of this force of spies, sadists and surveillants make every wise and honest German as cautious as a criminal. Stop any average looking passerby in the streets of New York, London or Paris and ask him, "How many people do you know personally who live in constant dread of the secret police?" The New Yorker and the Londoner will recognize a harmless joker when they see one, and will probably reply, "What secret police?" While the Parisian, although he is well aware of the control exercised by the Nazi Gestapo today, all over "unoccupied" as well as occupied France—and though he may remember the dodges, suppressions and peculiar maneuvers of French police and secret services in the years of political strain, decline and disunion, 1934-1940—will be temperamentally disposed to pretend that your query is a piece of baffling nonsense.

But go with the same question if you dare and put it to any German, or any Austrian, Czech, Slovak, or Pole. And if you can extort an answer or catch a stranger's anxious undertone, the only truthful reply could be, "Everybody I know lives in constant dread of the Gestapo." This universal fear in Germany is a tribute to the police power, for fear is precisely the sort of emotion the Gestapo has been ordered to kindle. The most conventional historic impression of imperial Rome combines marching legions, enduring roads and public buildings and a turbulent populace distracted with "bread and circuses." A like impression of Nazi Germany lingering in centuries to come may include some fine road building and seems certain to add preposterous racial dogma, a surfeit of laws, the Gestapo to enforce them, the concentration camps of the secret police and their absolute power called "protective custody." The Gestapo is, in short, the most perfect expression of Ger-

man National Socialism, and the most perfect expression of the Nazi Gestapo is its chief, Heinrich Himmler.

Remorseless, fanatic, a Chekist to the marrow, this German political policeman is a veritable Nazi Djerzhinsky. It has become fashionable since the thunderclap of August 23, 1939, to detect the revolutionary resemblances of Nazism and Bolshevism, or of Hitlerism and Stalinism. But Himmler's Chekist character was apparent in 1934; and the writer first compared him to Felix Djerzhinsky five years ago. It is obvious that the founders of the Gestapo were thinking of the horribly feared and efficient Bolshevik police service, and not of the Fascist Ovra — that earlier *Cheka* impersonation — or any other public strait-jacket known to politically policed mankind. And what is more, the Gestapo surpassed the *Cheka* from its beginning in this curious and unique particular: the Hitler-Goering-Himmler secret-police mechanism was in practicing existence before Hitler took command of German destinies as Reichschancellor. Heinrich Himmler, right arm of Hitler and overlord of the German police system, was learning to be an accomplished police spy when the men for whom he spied and to whom he reported had no legitimate authority but only their clandestine and criminal intentions to warrant the employment of a spy.

Adolf Hitler had been a German citizen for just a year when he became, as Number One Nazi, the acknowledged master of Germany. That was a revolutionary leap, bearing somewhat the same resemblance to Bolshevism as Himmler and his Gestapo bear to Djerzhinsky and the *Cheka*. And in such revolutionary circumstances there had to be a terror-machine grinding away at every form of resistance or counter-revolution. There was also bound to emerge a man like Himmler — a young man in

his early thirties, who with humorless and persistent strain and push would come to have complete control over the conduct and theoretical welfare of nearly seventy-five million of his fellow Germans.

Himmler had distinguished himself as an informer and implacable Jew-hater in the early days when Nazi pressure was just beginning to torment Munich and Bavaria. A renegade Roman Catholic, an insipid farm boy with little liking for physical labor, Himmler was the son of an obscure Catholic school teacher in Munich. Albert Grzesinski, former Prussian Minister of the Interior, writing in the October 1939 *Cosmopolitan* — in collaboration with Charles E. Hewitt, Jr. — has described Himmler thus: "He looks less like the bad man of Germany and the ogre of Europe than like Caspar Milquetoast. His hair is thin and of indeterminate color. His eyes behind unrimmed pince-nez are small and lackluster. His mouth is weak, his chin receding. It was his commonplace exterior that first led his colleagues to entrust him with lethal powers, and it still serves him in good stead. . . Greedy of only one thing, power, he has a national reputation for incorruptibility. This has rocketed him up faster than any other factor, for few other powerful Nazi figures have failed to rush the trough of graft. The Himmler terror reigns as definitely inside the corruption-ridden Nazi party as among 'enemies of the Reich.'"

Himmler volunteered for military service in 1917, "but managed never to get to the front-line trenches." He took part in the preposterous Ludendorff-Hitler putsch of 1923, but contrived to turn up "in the detachment which surrendered 'honorably' and was not even held for trial. . . Himmler got a degree in Agriculture at Munich University, next an education in human slaughter with

the *Freikorps Reichskriegsflagge*, which gained fame by its 'private executions' of Leftist leaders. . . His first big job was that of private secretary to Gregor Strasser, then Hitler's deputy-Führer. Strasser had rescued Himmler from a job in a fertilizer factory. . . Ernst Roehm had been a buddy, too, in the early Storm Troop days. Roehm and Himmler surrendered side by side" the night of the inglorious beer-cellar uprising. That was more than a decade before Himmler, serving Hitler, would coldly order out his agents to kill Strasser and Roehm.

When vindictive Hans Frank climbed to the post of Minister of Justice, the head of his espionage staff, stealing about on errands of racial intimidation, was young Heinrich Himmler. Although anemic himself, he was a bloodhound on the scent of a Semitic "taint" in other Germans; and he spent a rabid and soul-satisfying apprenticeship, helping the equally rabid Hans Frank hurl the power of his office at Jewish attorneys and judges.

These labors gained Himmler the admiration of Hitler. Frank, Gregor Strasser and other eminent Nazis recommended the promising young fanatic; whereupon Hitler appointed him to reorganize his personal bodyguard. By the "end of the year, that bodyguard . . . was 100,000 strong." With Hitler thus made invincible, Himmler was selected to serve as the first Nazi police president of Munich. And then and there the doom of Deutschland was sealed, for Himmler soon was reaching out for more and more authority, making himself one of the great and sinister figures of "new" Germany.

Hitler had learned the trade of police espionage in Bavaria and, since he is the sort of man who acquires a profound conviction about almost anything, it is safe to assume that he had his own cherished standards of secret-service excellence. Perhaps Himmler impressed the

Nazi mastermind as something akin to what he himself would have turned out to be, had he devoted his genius exclusively to the work of the political police. It is known that Hitler encouraged Himmler and sent him forth into the greater arena of imperial conquest.

There he met Hermann Wilhelm Goering, an aviator with both feet solidly on the ground, and a Nazi much skilled in combing the nooks and crannies of Germany for new hand-holds of power. Goering saw that the political police surpassed the army in holding a revolutionary régime upright in the saddle. Goering, who already reigned over Prussia like a consolidated House of Hohenzollern, had his favorite and confidant, Rolf Diehls, installed as chief of the Prussian Gestapo. And in the person of Diehls the big man began reaching out to take command over all the police in prostrate Germany.

Here was another ambiguous "party" crisis, cloaked in phrases about assuming an even heavier burden of responsibility. Adolf Hitler has never seemed afraid of Goering; whereas in recent times several well-informed and reasonably impartial commentators have declared him afraid of Himmler. But in this contest with Goering for absolute mastery of the state-police mechanism, Hitler and Himmler were a unit, and Himmler the complete subordinate, soothing, single-minded, superbly loyal. Hitler used Himmler and Goering was checked. Diehls pushed no farther; while Himmler was promoted chief of the relentless *Schutzstaffel* and of the secret police of all German states outside of Prussia.

As the years marched on, Goering also climbed in rank, to colonel-general and then to field-marshal. He had attained the military eminence of a Blücher, a Moltke, or a Hindenburg. It calls for many and varied

abilities to earn such a rank without winning a battle; and it has been noticed that Goering became a field-marshal without ever winning a battle with Himmler of the Gestapo, the man now solely responsible for the internal "security" of the state, for the stability of Nazism and for Hitler's safekeeping.

In other times, or in obsolete democracies, the director of police was famed for detecting the guilty. But in the mentally mechanized police state the master of spies is more likely to be respected for the number of guiltless men he has brought to ruin. Or he may be feared on account of the large number of untried and unconvicted individuals he has been permitted to punish for offenses he suspects somebody is committing.

When evidence is superseded by espionage and suspicion, and when guilt is the blunder of being caught — or even being born — the path of the agent of political police becomes smooth indeed. Give Heinrich Himmler, the Nazi Djerzhinsky, the detective resources of Scotland Yard or J. Edgar Hoover's department of G-men — but compel him to abide by the British or American rules of evidence — and he might still be able to cope with an underworld of real criminals and a Chicago-pattern crime wave. There is nothing, however, in his record or his practices which suggests that he could succeed with other methods or in other circumstances than those afforded him by the full measure of Nazi despotism.

He is said to boast that he has "read every book extant" dealing either with the Bolshevik *Cheka* and GPU or the *Ochrana* of the tsars, and that his German police organization "incorporates all their best points." It likewise incorporates a huge body of Nazi Germans. In the Spring of 1933 there were 138,470 police in Germany,

according to the estimate of Grzesinski who had just then yielded command of them to the new Hitlerian régime. Himmler now controls about 675,000 police, or one for every 130 people in the ever violently expanding Third Reich. The force of political police, numbering 760 in 1933, had grown to some 25,000 operatives and spies by April of 1940. And of these agents, be it known, more than 9500 are on duty abroad—at least 4000 of them having found secret berths and locations in North, Central and South America. It appears, then, that even in lands which have thus far escaped Hitler's bombing planes and "protective" obliteration, Himmler has means of prosecuting the "police work" made necessary by "foreign hospitality to refugees" and of otherwise enforcing respect for Nazi laws and aspirations.

Without laws to enforce, the finest police system on earth would naturally be helpless. The more laws, rules, rationing regulations, racial interdictions and codes of civic self-denial a government inflicts, the greater and surer the activities of its police. And in consequence a thoroughly mediocre crew of police agents and spies can display genius under an ideological and political despotism. Herr Himmler's ubiquitous Gestapo has been given so many laws and petty regulations to enforce that nearly every German not enlisted as a police spy is unavoidably some sort of lawbreaker. Think what a hold that violator-complex of the German people today gives an operative of the Djerzhinsky clan. The French Secret Service as early as 1937 — during the civil war in Spain — was able to intercept a general-staff circular in which the leaders of the German Army complained that excessive police supervision had begun to impair the morale of the populace. Himmler and his methods were accused, in substance, of having worked up such a sweat of sur-

veillance and intimidation that the average German youth might suffer loss of martial spirit.

German military men would be certain to disapprove of a Himmler, just as in Bismarck's day they felt shamed by, and displayed open hostility toward, Wilhelm Stieber. Himmler is no espionage innovator and preeminent spy-master of the Stieber mold; yet in a few years he has contrived to focus upon himself even more hatred and distrust—including Nazi hatred and Nazi distrust—than ever bounced off the rhinoceros hide of Stieber, that infinitely cunning and aggressive Prussian whom Prince Bismarck called his "king of sleuth-hounds." Many Germans despise Himmler because he is the Gestapo and on account of his sadistic regulations, especially those which he, as chief of the allegedly élite *Schutzstaffel*, devises for the control of the Nazi concentration camps. But his fellow Nazis abhor, not his cruelty to the weak, but his power and his destruction of the strong; they cannot forget their murdered comrades.

Himmler was Adolf Hitler's personal thunderbolt that day late in June when the German tumbrels rolled. The inner convulsions of the Nazi party which led to the "blood purge" of June 30, 1934 are scarcely a part of this record. Their secret-service aspects were few. Captain Roehm, who had maintained himself in the delicate position of "Hitler's best friend," who was a Reichsminister and the Nazi chief of staff, headed a radical faction. Roehm and his storm-troop followers plotted nothing less than to gain control of the army, and, through the army, of the German state. "Why don't you want me as an officer?" the notorious Roehm is said to have asked General Werner von Fritsch. Now the two men were alike in only two ways: each was Teutonic, each destined to be the victim of Himmler and the Gestapo. Fritsch,

small, correct and aloof, already a German officer for more than thirty years, fixed Ernst Roehm with his hard, cold stare and replied, as he turned on his heel: "Because . . . you are not a soldier!" Roehm was not even an adroit conspirator. He and his followers "resented Hitler's refusal to destroy at once the capitalistic system in Germany." To the turbulent Roehm faction "Hitler had betrayed the men who brought him to power."

Hitler feared an open break between the right and the left groups which would force a showdown and perhaps destroy National Socialism. The Reichswehr commanders refused to submit to Roehm and his Brown Shirts. Both Hitler and the aged Hindenburg lent support to the army leaders. Moreover, Himmler's spies whispered that Roehm was plotting to make Kurt von Schleicher chancellor in Hitler's stead.

Vice-Chancellor von Papen, not then a Nazi, addressed the students of Marburg University on June 17, 1934. It was an extraordinary speech, in which Von Papen assailed "the selfishness, want of principle, dishonesty, unchivalrous and pretentious conduct that would like to stalk abroad under the cloak of the German Revolution." The Nazi censor, Goebbels, suppressed the vice-chancellor's address; but the venerable war hero and president, Hindenburg, sent Papen a telegram of congratulation. Roehm's influence upon two and a half million storm troopers was the Nazi government's problem. Hitler reduced the powers of Brown Shirt leaders and sent their impatient troopers on a month's vacation. Roehm had ten days' warning, and he neither took the initiative nor seriously prepared to defend himself. It seems probable that he had been lulled or tricked into believing that his long-established friendship with Hitler protected him.

On June 30th Hitler himself took charge of his murder squads in Munich. He visited the home of Ernst Roehm and arrested his friend. Roehm was given a revolver; but when he waited all day, refusing to commit suicide, he was shot dead. Heines, the abominable Nazi police despot of Breslau, on being found in Roehm's house, was "executed without formality." Heinrich Himmler directed the squad of political police that murdered the former chancellor of Germany, General von Schleicher, and his wife. It appears that the Prussian general refused to submit to arrest, his wife clung to him, and both were shot down. Himmler was also enabled to dispose that day of a secret-service competitor, Colonel Bredow, distinguished chief of the Military Intelligence department of the *Reichswehr*. Bredow's liquidation cleared the way for Walther Nicolai and other Intelligence magnates more abjectly devoted to the doctrines of Hitler-worship.

There were hundreds of other "blood purge" victims. One of these was Gregor Strasser, a "sincere Socialist," and that bedazzled friend and admirer who had allowed himself to believe "that Hitler would bring to Germany an evolutionary form of Socialism that would leave the national characteristics of the state intact." Having given Hitler his friendship and devotion, given Himmler all help and encouragement, gaining him promotion from a fertilizer factory to the Gestapo — or from making things grow to making them wither! — the "sincere" Gregor Strasser earned his inevitable reward. Himmler, acting on Hitler's orders, sent his black-uniformed *Schutzstaffel* zealots to beat Strasser to death. His brother, Otto, was inadvertently permitted to escape Hitlerian gratitude; and on reaching Czechoslovakia he at once began organizing his "Black Front" and planning to avenge

Gregor Strasser and the other S. A. — *Sturm Abteilung* — victims of the purge.

Otto Strasser's formation of his Black Front, which was soon operating from Prague with short-wave radio stations and clandestine printing presses, was the principal secret-service outcome of the Hitler purge. But another anti-Hitler and anti-Himmler order, described as the "Roehm Revengers," is alleged to have been founded in the summer of 1934. Burning resentment was lodged dangerously deep.

Adolf Hitler stood up before his Reichstag of yes-men and stooges to explain that "seventy-seven traitors" had fallen in the police massacre of the last day of June. But this count of corpses was never officially maintained. "More than twelve hundred 'purged'" is still considered a moderate estimate. In Munich the hand-picked murder squads dispatched such political innocents as Zehnter, host of the celebrated *Zum Bratwurst-Gloeckle*, and two of his relatives who were the head waiter and principal barman at the restaurant. Zehnter was a man no more likely to engage in a rebellious plot than to serve poisoned food or wine. In fact, poor Zehnter might have lived longer if he had served less inviting meals.

Captain Roehm was fond of dining at Zehnter's and by so doing — on June 25, 1934 — he virtually signed the death warrant of the popular restaurateur. When Roehm, only five days before his conspirator's fate overtook him, had dinner at *Zum Bratwurst-Gloeckle* he was not alone — Herr Doktor Goebbels dined with him. Such eminent Nazis in their private room could not be attended by ordinary waiters. Zehnter, his head waiter and his barman served Roehm and his slightly furtive guest. We may assume that Goebbels was either spying on Ernst Roehm, drawing him out about his schemes and inten-

tions, or professing to share the rebel's views and thus shrewdly keeping an ear to the ground and a foot in the rebel camp. Zehnter, the host, and his two relatives, simply knew — or were thought to know — too much, and so three harmless and kindly Germans perished.

Vice-Chancellor von Papen had been marked for liquidation — he is the type of plotter who makes many mistakes and always the mistake of seeming to “know” too much. But he was spared through the intervention of President von Hindenburg and the Reichswehr leaders. His devoted confidential secretary, Edgar Jung, and two other secretaries were liquidated by Himmler agents. Heinrich Himmler is an acute fellow and, having studied the historic needs of a dictatorship, he has made a sort of specialty of “taking care of” all and sundry who know too much. That is a life job so long as the dictator lives.

It is impossible to evaluate the relative merits of a Himmler, a Djerzhinsky, or an Arturo Bocchini, the peoples these operatives repressed being so different. And it is equally difficult to determine the relative merits of the Gestapo, the Cheka, or GPU, and the Italian Fascist Ovra. The Nazi political police has encountered more opposition than the Italian, but far less than the Russian. We must now turn back a year, from 1934 to 1933, to observe Himmler's keenest concentration of adversaries in process of formation. We must see the Gestapo battalions groping their way in fierce and frantic pursuit of the so-called Underground of Nazi Germany. And we shall even see Himmler destroying a minor antagonist, the clairvoyant, Hanussen, who — distilling the gossip of his Nazi intimates — could foresee many extraordinary happenings, but could not foresee and warn himself of the absolute degree of homicidal terror to which Hitler and Himmler, even before June 30, 1934, aspired.

XIX

THE REICHSTAG FIRE GLOWS UNDERGROUND

The world at large — but not all of “new” Germany — is inclined to forget the results of the Reichstag election of November 6, 1932. After a terrific amount of campaigning, after intensive and often vicious propaganda, after violence, intimidation and reckless abuse of every one opposing them, the Nazis managed to poll only 11,737,185 votes. The Social Democrats received 7,251,410 votes and the Communists piled up 5,980,240 votes. Thus the two radical German parties with their combined vote of 13,231,650 marshalled more support than dynamic and “inevitable” National Socialism. The other German parties gained 10,394,909 — of which more than 4,000,000 went to the Catholic Center and about 1,000,000 to liberal groups.

Four months went by and there was another Reichstag election held on March 5, 1933. Hitler's followers now mounted to 17,269,629 — an increase of 5,532,444 votes. The Social Democrats stood firm at 7,177,294, but the Communist Party fell away to 4,845,651. Even so the Nazis were half a million votes short of a majority; and Hitler and his street-fighting storm troopers only got to be the majority party by arranging a coalition with the Nationalists, who had picked up 3,235,896 votes. Hugenberg, leader of the Nationalists, shared most of Hitler's vituperative prejudices and seems to have felt that he would presently absorb the Nazis' strength into his own party, although the forces behind Hitler outnum-

bered Hugenberg's by more than five to one. It is these recurrent miscalculations that make the history of Fascist political intrigue so freakish and fascinating.

In order to change National Socialism from a nuisance to a German plague Hitler had to change the Constitution, and that required a two-thirds vote. He and Hugenberg and their urgent lieutenants saw a chance to take advantage of an opposition which did not know its danger and had failed to combine. Hitler thereupon — and unconstitutionally — declared the whole Communist vote invalid. He disfranchised 4,845,651 German Marxists; and 7,000,000 other Marxists, the Social Democrats, failed to protest. With the Communist votes thrown out, Hitler and the man who expected to swallow him up, Hugenberg, had their two-thirds majority. They even pretended it was legal, and started changing the Constitution, which signalled the revision of every gesture, breath and whisper in Germany, which changed everything German from the flag to the food.

It was a plot, a stroke of political cunning — of party secret service — that worked the undoing of the German Communists and, through the two-thirds-majority dodge, the enslaving of the Teutonic people. Those blunderers who made such a farce of the Kapp putsch had learned in eleven years' time the technique of political intrigue and had mastered — adding sundry subtle variations of their own — the science of foul play. This mastery prompted them to concoct the scheme of the great Reichstag Fire, which calculated political "incident" gave the Nazis most of their five and a half million additional votes at the March 5th election and served to reduce and discredit the Communists' strength.

It is now generally understood, save in works of Nazi history written by Nazis, that Hitler partizans fired the

Reichstag building on the night of February 27, 1933, and that other Hitler partizans, already lodged in the German Government, were prepared to fasten the crime upon the Communists. The resulting murderous agitation carried the election for Hitler, who, as late as February 26 — one week before the election — was thought by competent observers to have no chance to win “the legal cloak he needed for the violation of the German Constitution.” A week before that election, open campaigning against the Nazis had been suppressed. “The Storm Troopers dominated the streets” of Berlin and all other large cities. Shock troops of Nazi partizans were sent to the meetings of all opposition parties. These ruffians “shouted down Brüning and wounded Stegerwald” — former Minister of Labor — while many gatherings of workers were violently broken up and “their quarters demolished.” It was suddenly seen that, because of this persistent show of force, the voters might turn against the Hitler régime. Instead of polling a great increase of votes, the Nazi total might suffer a disastrous shrinkage. In those last hours of German liberty — when a shadow of republican freedom, though only a shadow, remained — desperate expedients had to be tried and the one agreed upon, the fire, was a bull’s-eye of cunning.

Hitler had forbidden the election posters and assemblies of the workers’ parties. The controlled Nazi press had tried out a variety of headlines on the general theme: “Inhuman Communist Atrocities.” But, according to a German liberal editor, Franz Hoellering — who luckily escaped the net of the Gestapo and is now an American motion-picture critic — “our objective and non-partizan reporters night after night piled up evidence that the attacks were made by Storm Troopers in civilian clothes. . . . Every hour brought stories of shootings in working-

class districts, of motor-cyclists whizzing through the streets firing into windows, of armed gangs storming the beer halls that were the election headquarters of the workers' parties."

This eye-witness continues: "The police and the Red Cross always arrived too late. . . . It was difficult to prove the truth, for the police were already covering up the tracks of the murderers and no longer gave out any information. . . . And the truth was that the terror was organized by Chancellor Hitler himself.

"The first official statement concerning the fire blamed a gang of incendiaries, who had supposedly been pursued and shot at. But all except Van der Lubbe had disappeared without a trace. Then came a second statement which spoke of a Communist conspiracy and of conclusive evidence that Social Democrats were implicated." Two entirely harmless Socialist journalists were arrested. Herr Goebbels' "conclusive" evidence against the Social Democrats never turned up, even as inconclusive evidence. Van der Lubbe was the scapegoat chosen by the Nazi conspirators; and, as a symbol, impressing foreign observers and correspondents, and helping to incriminate the Communists, he served his purpose for the few days until the Reichstag elections. Having passed that crucial test, the Nazis rewarded Van der Lubbe for his co-operation and excellent performance as a dupe — they solemnly and officially beheaded him.

On February 27, 1933, says Franz Hoellering, who survived it, a "night of terror, unbroken since that hour, had descended upon Germany. . . . Toward the end of the election campaign the terror grew with each night. Two of our staff men were kidnapped by Storm Troopers. One was captured as he left the printer; the other was dragged out of his bed and beaten to a bloody pulp.

Many journalists I knew vanished without leaving a trace. Foreign visitors, and even most of the people who lived in Berlin, suspected nothing. Terror organized on modern lines remains invisible.

"The papers gave no inkling of what was really going on, although reports of kidnappings, beatings, murders were constantly coming in. . . . Only in the office itself did we now feel safe. Goebbels had forbidden violence in newspaper offices in order not to arouse our friends, the foreign correspondents. The most difficult thing for us was to evade the Storm Troopers who lay in ambush on the way from the printer, and to find places of refuge after work. With caution, tricks, money, and the technique acquired during and after the war, we managed it for a while, always going criss-cross through the city, changing conveyances unexpectedly, and sleeping in a different place every day."

This editor was warned, first, on March 3rd, by a Gestapo visitation which he was narrowly able to avoid, and then on the day of the last "free" election Germans would experience for many a year, March 5th, by "a friendly representative of a foreign power," who informed him a warrant for his arrest had just been issued. He fled from Berlin and escaped via Dresden and a "refugee route" that was to conduct hundreds of others to Czechoslovakia and safety between 1933 and 1938.

Both the history of political monstrosities and the annals of international secret service are forever indebted to Mr. Hoellering for his account of that most curious victim of the Reichstag fire, Erik Hanussen. This story, as well as the quotations already given, was published in *The Nation* of February 12, 1936. Erik Hanussen, né Steinschneider, was a Moravian Jew who, largely for theatrical purposes, posed as a Danish nobleman. He had

begun his career as an amateur clairvoyant while in the trenches, inducing a regimental mail clerk to allow him to see the soldiers' letters from home before they were distributed. He was thereafter "promoted" and became a headquarters entertainer. The war ending, he toured the Balkans as a magician, and from that itinerant role branched out as a professional mystic and seer.

Hanussen gradually refined his "racket" and lifted himself to the heights. He was a fashionable craze in the strained, neurotic Berlin of 1931-32. Such prominent "new" Germans as the notorious storm troop leader Karl Ernst and Count Helldorf, who became the Nazi chief of police in Berlin, were the clairvoyant's friends. He was "on intimate terms" with these Hitler partizans, "both of whom he supported out of his large earnings." And at a "house-warming" given by Hanussen he had been rash enough to predict The Fire—to see "'flames' in a trance." When the Reichstag was going up in flames, the clairvoyant, although miles from the scene, phoned Hoellering at his newspaper office to inquire about the blaze, saying: "Be on your guard tonight. No one knows what may happen. The Communists have set fire to the Reichstag."

On March 13th Erik Hanussen's second sight failed in collision with revolutionary events. He was kidnapped by Hitler agents, taken to a wood near Berlin and brutally put to death. "His head was almost shot off." Hanussen had apparently gained his advance information of the contemplated Nazi device of the Reichstag burning either from his intimate friend Ernst or his other parasite, Helldorf. It would seem more likely to have been Ernst, for that dynamic young man's own days were numbered. The Hitler-Himmler homicide squads, who put in such a full day sixteen months later, on June 30,

1934, counted storm troop leader Ernst among the principal victims of the ferocious Nazi blood-purge.

The simple-minded millions of Germany who changed their party and voted for Hitler in March, 1933, the plain and troubled Germans adoring the goose-step, yearning for change, for optimistic lies, a Jewish scapegoat and a government of infinite discipline, needed only such a pretext as the "Communist outrage" to line them up as Nazi supporters. But there were other millions in Germany who did not believe that the Communists had burned the Reichstag. And this great mass of voters still marked their ballots against Adolf Hitler, more than twenty-two million of them resisting every form of pressure, every kind of beguiling propaganda. It was fear of Hitler and his following which united them on March 5, 1933; and that fear, which proved not to have been exaggerated and which steadily mounted, continued to unite them. It bound them together more strongly than it had when the Nazi storm troops were just seizing power.

This was especially true of the workers' groups—those whose last unpoliced voting strength had been 12,022,945. There was a powerful subterranean army of opposition. Part of it could be cajoled with Strength-Through-Joy propaganda, and part could be "educated" by the Gestapo or liquidated in concentration camps. But such an immense opposition—whose reduced pay, longer hours, inferior nourishment and general suppression were so obvious—could never be wholly liquidated even though the Nazi government chose to wage a relentless war upon its own victims by means of a police terror.

The underground opposition developed its counter-terror in mere survival. Just hanging on, managing to

live in Nazi Germany as an electric yet unilluminated barrier of political resistance, has been all the opposition forces could hope in recent years to accomplish. And that survival, that gnawing certainty of massed resentment, suffering and bitterness underground, has been enough to torment the Nazi overlords. The underground movement has grown, measuring the clandestine German recoil from the police terror which is the truest Nazi conception of modern government; and, in growing, it has kept the Nazis guessing, disturbed their minds and distorted their plans. It has, moreover, encouraged the enemies of Hitler and Hitlerism—those external Teutonic organizations which dare to be openly hostile, likewise the increasing number of “conquered” internal communities, Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, even Austrians, Belgians, Danes, French, compressed into enmity toward Berlin. Today, in the tension of war, all these diffuse elements of a world-wide antagonism are counting upon the German Underground. They applaud its courage and pray that it may survive, since the Underground must continue to undermine the Nazi idol and, in the final crisis of democracy and civilization, must help to drag the tyrant from his pedestal of frightfulness.

At first the liberal, radical and working-class parties deluded themselves with the hope that they would be able to combat Hitlerism in the parliamentary field. Kurt Rosenfeld, who was Prussian Minister of Justice in the Social Democratic government established in Germany after 1918, has written: “It did not occur to them to begin the battle at once underground. It is clear that with this attitude the strongest German workers’ organization could be destroyed overnight, and its members could afterward begin underground work only gradually

and in limited areas and partly in opposition to the opinions of their leaders.”

But the Communists, even if they had not fired the Reichstag, were in a stronger conspiratorial situation. The Communist Party, according to Kurt Rosenfeld, in its process of development “after the revolution of 1918 . . . had had to undergo many forms of repression exercised against the party itself or organizations created by it, such as the League of Red Front Fighters. Long before Hitler’s seizure of power it had made preparations for an illegal fight and could withdraw from the surface of the political arena into the underground movement without leaving behind anything but buildings and institutions which were so deeply in debt that the Nazis had very little joy of them. The Communist Party transformed its entire organization very quickly and was prepared to engage in underground activities almost immediately.”

From this large and rigorously policed opposition has developed one of the strangest intrigue mechanisms of modern times. All the dodges and heroic resources of intense patriotic conspiracy help to keep alive the underground movement in Nazi Germany; and it has been found to resemble in many ways the famous subterranean and patriotic resistance of the Belgians, 1915–1918, when a Prussian oppressor tried to subjugate their land. Intrepid amateurs of secret service continuously published in occupied Belgium the celebrated “underground” newspapers, *La Libre Belgique* and *Le Mot du Soldat*, and at great personal risk and with endless ingenuities got them into circulation. Underground operatives in Nazi Germany circulate a wide variety of rebellious and truth-revealing publications. Some appear regularly; indi-

vidual districts of troubled industrial regions, and even large factories, have had their secret presses.

Quantities of flimsy leaflets have been left on roof tops in German cities, to be "distributed" by the first favoring wind. Underground conspirators repeatedly operate a mobile radio-sending station. This propagandic porcupine was first reported in 1936, pricking and piercing the hide of totalitarian absurdity with broadcasts of the simple truth; and many times since then it has been explosively "suppressed" according to Nazi announcements. But the simple truth is tough and enduring, no matter how rare in Nazi Germany, and so the "underground" radio-sending station that tours the Reich is still attacking, still in operation despite the even harsher regulations of Gestapo power in time of war.

It has been thought by some that Heinrich Himmler exaggerated the disquieting existence of the German Underground, since Himmler himself has been described as "the perfect type of self-seeking informer who fattens on the timidity and suspiciousness of despots." Yet, in addition to the number of Germans executed for "underground activities"—and these, of course, might be convictions obtained on falsified evidence—there are many proofs of the hardihood and hitting power of the subtle organizations opposing Hitlerism. The Underground organ of the illegal German union of seamen, longshoremen and riverboatmen, *Die Schiffahrt*, was mainly responsible for the news circulated in Nazi Germany concerning the Spanish civil war. And, for another example, this same clandestine publication first revealed that there had been a mutiny aboard the cruiser *Koenigsberg*. According to *Die Schiffahrt*, crew leaders were proceeding with a plot to seize control of the warship, take it into a Loyalist port and turn it over to the Spanish government. A

Gestapo spy aboard the Koenigsberg got wind of the plot—it is for such purposes that the Nazi political police have agents aboard every German ship—and hastened to denounce the ringleaders. Thirty seamen, all the Gestapo spy accused, were condemned and executed.

Death stands like a sentinel at every exit or entrance, and those who risk their lives to work for the anti-Nazi Underground know that anybody they venture to trust may be a Himmler informant or a Gestapo victim subject to some terrible compulsion. The same caliber of vengefulness confronts Underground operatives outside of Germany. Scores are known to have been betrayed, tricked into crossing a border line and there pounced upon, or assassinated in a foreign city of refuge. Cities of Switzerland, Denmark and The Netherlands, as well as Paris, London and Chicago, have all witnessed the deadly ingenuities of professional assassins whose crimes appear—from conclusive evidence—to have been instigated by agents of the Nazi political police.

Another issue of the brilliantly edited and informed *Die Schiffahrt* revealed increasing sabotage—fires and mysterious explosions—aboard Nazi merchant vessels. Special precautions, it was said, had had to be taken; and these were extremely irksome to official Nazi plotters, engaged in smuggling arms and munitions—first to Rebel Spain, and, after Franco's triumph, to São Paulo and other Latin American ports.

Heinrich Himmler was struck with an espionage inspiration in the closing months of the Spanish conflict. The Gestapo magnate saw in the Fascist military insurrection crucifying the people of Spain a chance to put over a "census" of the German opposition and, perhaps, of certain sustaining elements of the much-hunted Underground. Whereupon Himmler ordered out his

agents, told them to assume a furtive, timid air and pass themselves off as Germans of surviving liberal thought and humanitarian impulses. They were instructed to whisper to any plain person who could be induced to listen that they were taking up an unauthorized collection to help the stricken Spanish masses, victims of war and famine, disease, broken homes and Fascist bombing planes. Many a German of small means and the kindest inclinations was moved by this spy-appeal and contributed something to the worthy cause. And thus many a German was trapped by the Gestapo, having given his contribution and his name and so identified himself as a dangerous or subversive Hitler subject and quite "out of sympathy" with the Axis philosophy of force and foreign adventures.

There is nothing exceptionally clever about imposing upon charitably inclined people. And Himmler was not the first Teuton to find charity a yardstick with which to measure the conformity and obedience of a repressed population. In the eighteenth century an Austrian police minister directed that the closest watch be kept upon all subjects of the emperor who seemed to show interest in philanthropy. The habit of voluntary giving stirred the mistrust of this born vigilante. In his recorded opinion, philanthropy was certain "to shake to its foundations the Christian religion."

In another instance the Gestapo espionage system proved really formidable, detecting and arresting twenty-two delegates who were making their way out of Germany to attend a secret trades-union conference. Only one official knew where the conference was to be held. Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, has testified: "I myself did not know where it was being held. I was to go by air to Holland

where a courier was to meet me and take me to a secret venue." Himmler's police surveillants followed their men to the frontier and prevented them from slipping out of Germany.

Small wonder that the German General Staff protested that oppressive political-police measures were "breaking down the patriotic spirit and enthusiasm" of the people. Germany now suffers every known form of internal espionage, including even scavenger spies—a manifestation of the sixteenth century in Mogul India—who study the refuse cans and garbage pails of all citizens, to ascertain if the Nazi food conservation laws are being wholeheartedly observed. And there are Heinrich Himmler's twentieth-century innovations, the formidable radio wardens, empowered to enter any German dwelling, office, or factory—of course without warrant or legal notice—to prevent the owners of officially designed and feeble radio sets from trying to tune in on other than Nazi-recommended programs.

Even before the outbreak of hostilities it was a dangerous venture to listen to foreign radio "propaganda" or musical entertainment. Until August 23, 1939 and its world-shaking Hitler-Stalin embrace, the crime of listening to any kind of Bolshevik broadcast could be punished in the Anti-Comintern land of the Nazis as a capital offense.

XX

JAPAN STARTS TO "LIBERATE" ASIA

Before there were Fascist aggressions in Europe, there were Japanese aggressions in Asia. The Japanese, an imitative people, did not have to wait for a Mussolini or a Hitler or any other adventurer to incite them to campaigns of conquest on the Asiatic mainland; they had an old and persuasive Mongolian model — Genghis Khan.

Now the military history of modern Japan is a record of magnified and exaggerated successes. Japan was enabled to "win" the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 by a very timely peace. Had that Manchurian struggle dragged on, it would have been the Japanese victors who arrived at an economic quicksand and an uncomfortable recession of glory. And before Russia in the Far East, the Mikado's little men had taken the measure of mediaeval Chinese forces equipped with muskets, spears, bow and arrow and bundles of firecrackers. Wherefore in 1914-1915 Japan lined up as the prompt ally of England and took months to capture the isolated German fortress of Tsingtao in Shantung, China.

While gradually overcoming the Kaiser's small garrison the Japanese found much to admire in the German Army, and, having won another smashing victory with the odds in their favor about fifty to one, they began aspiring to dominate as the "Prussians of the Orient." By most bitterly opposing the Bolshevism of Red Russia the Japanese were also practically the world's first Fascists. And soon after the World War came to an end Japan discovered a useful slogan: *Asia for the Asiatics.*

The governing military caste of Japan even discovered a grievance. When an American cryptographer, Major Yardley, published his book, *The American Black Chamber*, he rashly disclosed that the governments of the United States and Great Britain would have conceded Nippon a 5-5-4 naval ratio at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament. The gentlemen from London and the already tormented Harding Administration were uniformly anxious to make the Conference a success, and to that end would have allowed Japan a twenty-five per cent increase of naval strength. Yardley some nine years afterward—his autobiography first appearing as a series of articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*—permitted himself to describe his resourcefulness in "breaking" the difficult diplomatic code of Japan, and to tell how he had thus been able to report to his American superiors that the Japanese delegates were being instructed from Tokyo to accept the shrewdly proffered 5-5-3 naval ratio, the principal achievement of the Anglo-American negotiators.

Here is a rare instance of secret-service reminiscences influencing history. Yardley, though perhaps a wizard of the code room or "black chamber," was a comparatively obscure United States official; yet his indiscretion could only impress Tokyo as a form of typical American boasting, with Japan the "innocent" victim of a vaunted shift-play of Downing Street gall and Yankee guile. The Japanese had never relished the 5-5-3 system of implied Asiatic inferiority, and, spurred now by the casual revelation that it need never have been less than 5-5-4 they began planning to denounce the treaty of naval limitation and soon were talking ominously of 5-4-5, with the United States trimmed down in the middle.

Nipponese naval supremacy was to police the Pacific

and intimidate the warlike just as soon as circumstances permitted. Circumstances related to China. Japan, in starting to "liberate" Asia, formulated very comprehensive plans for a ten-year detour of Chinese conquest.

Korea had been taken; Manchuria was the next stop. But Manchuria had a considerable army and a leader in the person of Chang Tso-lin, former bandit and formidable war lord of the North. Tokyo had been bribing Chang for years. The Japanese Intelligence professed contempt for the Manchurian military establishment; yet Japanese officers looked covetously upon the munitions output of Mukden, capital of Chang. The Mukden arsenal was something worth taking. Chang Tso-lin's ideas of a suitable bribe were still a bandit's ideas; the time had come to remove this war lord and his principal subordinates, acquire the arsenal, disband or disperse Chang's army, seize Mukden, begin the annexation of all Manchuria. First steps for little feet! *Asia for the Asiatics!*

By means of careful preparations and ruthless amputation of scruples the Japanese Secret Service contrived the fatal accident which eliminated Chang Tso-lin from Asian politics and Japan's clandestine payroll. The Japanese Secret Service, already strongly entrenched in Manchuria, used a bomb. It was a remarkable contrivance, new to the technique of professional assassinations. It developed the impact of at least two hundred pounds of high explosive, and called for expert electrical detonation. Even using such a bomb was a feat of marksmanship, since Chang Tso-lin and his friends were destroyed with it and but a single Japanese associate of the Manchurian dictator was injured.

At daybreak on June 4, 1928, the special train of Marshal Chang was speeding back to Mukden. Only a few

persons knew the war lord was aboard his train. One of those who knew it, however, was a Japanese Secret Service officer, one of Chang's devoted friends. The special train with its strong guard of soldiers and machine-gunners was coming from China over the line of the Peking-Mukden Railroad. This Peking-Mukden line crosses beneath the South Manchurian Railway bridge near Huangkutun, just before entering Mukden. Chang Tso-lin had left Peking on June 2nd; and the warning of their great opportunity must have reached the Japanese secret agents in Mukden on the morning of the 3rd.

Undoubtedly the bomb itself was loaded, wired and ready. Subtle weapons of its magnitude cannot be put together in a night. The installation of the bomb was in itself at least six hours' hard work for four trained operatives. That is the considered estimate of T. P. K'ung, whose authoritative study, *The Tragic Death of Chang Tso-lin*, is the fruit of long and hazardous investigation of the assassins' craftsmanship. The bomb was extraordinary because it was designed to blow down upon Chang's private car. Its timing was even more uncommon, since it depended upon the expert touch of an actual killer. At that point, when passing beneath the bridge, Chang's train would not be travelling at high speed; even so, to destroy him and his staff, as it had been planned, called for a split-second reaction between eye and hand of a secret-service man safely implanted several hundred meters from the place of impending "accident."

Investigators like Mr. K'ung, contriving to question many a terrified eye-witness, found that no Chinese guards had stood within two hundred meters of the South Manchurian Railway bridge. The South Manchurian, since the surrender of the Russian base at Port

Arthur and the defeat of Kuropatkin at Mukden in March 1905, had been rigorously guarded by the Japanese. The sentries were particularly vigilant around the bridge near Huangkutun. Two hapless coolies who had ventured too close had been shot; suggesting that the electrical detonating appliance was already attached and that only the explosives had to be installed on the night of the 3rd-4th.

Everything seems to have favored the event which would really signal the Japanese conquest of all Manchuria. At 5:30 A.M. the bomb exploded with a tremendous concussion. Showing the secret agent's marksmanship, the private car of Marshal Chang Tso-lin was directly beneath the bomb placed, so it appears, on the northern pier of the railway bridge, underneath and beside the northern and central spans. The upper part of the car was completely wrecked, but the trucks and wheels remained intact as further proof that the force of the explosion struck downward, crushing the car from above.

Chang Tso-lin, terribly injured and unconscious, was removed to a hospital where he presently died. The bomb had killed instantly a man second only to Chang as the military impediment to Japanese aggressions in the North. This was General Wu Chun-sheng, Chang's most trusted lieutenant, an able and experienced soldier, governor of Heilung-kiang and acting governor of Manchuria. A Japanese colonel who accompanied Chang as his close adviser had excused himself a few minutes before the special train approached the bridge near Huangkutun. He said that he wished to buckle on his sword, as they were nearing Mukden, where Marshal Chang Tso-lin would, of course, be received with military honors. The colonel's sword was in a forward car — and so

was the colonel when the bomb went off. Nothing happened to the colonel, the only Japanese officer wounded being Major Giga, another Manchurian military adviser.

Chang's chief of staff, General Yu Kuo-han, was gravely wounded, and so was the Minister of War, Chang Ching-hua. Others receiving dangerous injuries from the explosion were Mo Teh-hui, Minister of Agriculture and former civil governor of Fengtien; Liu Tse, Minister of Education; Wu Chin, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Chen Chi-yun, the marshal's devoted private secretary. More than twenty train attendants and soldiers of Chang's bodyguard were killed or wounded severely.

The men surrounding Chang Tso-lin, who died with him or who were incapacitated for months by their injuries, were not aggressively anti-Japanese—that was never a policy of Chang's Manchurian administration. But each was in his way a leader, a strong man or good organizer, and each represented a bulwark against the flood soon to inundate Manchuria. The very fact that a secret-service plot could eliminate so many formidable opponents implies that something had been done by Japanese officers or pro-Japanese manipulators in China to insure the war lord's leading lieutenants going to Peking with him and returning aboard his special train. The Japanese were ready to move by June 5, 1928—a single well-planted bomb had cleared the way. Yet there was some mopping up and subsidiary bribing to be done; so the Mikado's men waited "a respectful interval" of several years. It was not until 1931 that they presented the world with an accomplished fact, the puppet state called "Manchukuo," signalling the implacable dismemberment of China.

XXI

PLAINCLOTHES DEFENDERS OF UNCONQUERED CHINA

The armed Japanese aggressions upon China were originally expected to warm up the Japanese staff and give reserve divisions some necessary training. One can only deplore this ineradicable miscalculation and record the fact—in a study of secret-service methods and advances—that the Japanese Secret Service, which, like all the others, prefers to be known as an Intelligence Service, gathered little or no accurate intelligence predicting the moral, material, or military resistance of the Chinese.

In 1933 the writer predicted “combatant secret service” in *Spies and the Next War*, but he failed to add that, since history does repeat itself, this offensive underground innovation was bound to originate in our time where it had originated long ago—in the Orient. Guerilla attacks by undisciplined tribal forces are older than recorded history. But the guerilla bands that use modern weapons and explosives, that submit to discipline and follow a strategic plan designed to capture or destroy Japanese war materials, interrupt Japanese communications and impair Japanese morale—such bands, afield without any distinguishing uniform or army insignia and co-operating in subtle and widespread formations, are nothing less than a Chinese Army of “combatant” spies and sabotage agents.

The Japanese had tried subsidizing Chinese and Mongolian guerillas—in 1904, while at war with tsarist Russia, again in 1919, when trying to carve up Siberia by

M.R.W.

Japanese authority in the occupied areas of China extends just as far as the Japanese garrisons can shoot.

way of saving it from the Bolsheviki, and again in 1929, to provoke disorders embarrassing to the Chinese authorities governing provinces which Japan had begun to covet. By 1931 there was so much of this "banditry" crying for Japanese military intervention that the whole of Manchuria was policed right into its puppet's shroud.

That was the first of the provocative and unsavory series of aggressions by autocratic or police states; and all over the world it produced strange reactions, dismay, repugnance and vague gestures of interference. In 1931 no Power defended Japan's seizure of Manchuria, yet only one Power seemed willing to do something about it. The United States Government, expressing its disapproval through Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, proposed a serious demonstration in the Pacific to remind the Japanese of their unabrogated promises, guaranties and treaty obligations. It was Mr. Stimson's idea to warn them also—to warn them not to go too far with their new-found Prussian complex, not so far, in fact, as they had already gone. But this timely installation of a brake upon military-caste or dictator adventures was sabotaged—not in Tokyo or Moscow, Rome or Berlin—in Downing Street.

Pretzel-benders had just then been called in to design the pro-and-anti-Fascist foreign policy which the British Empire would twine around for the next eight years. Downing Street was indulging its post-war weakness for spiral thinking, the kind that would help so much in the Ethiopian crisis, the "non-intervention" and "pirate submarine" crisis of the Spanish civil war, the annexation of Austria crisis, and the successive Sudeten and Bohemia-Moravia crises. And so Downing Street vetoed the Stimson demonstration, doing it in just the right way to stimulate Japanese piracies. The American Secretary

of State was blandly abandoned to his own misgivings, when the least Mr. Stimson had expected was the self-interested support of an empire having billions—compared to American millions—invested in the Orient within range of Japanese cannon.

The British rebuke to Secretary Stimson not only encouraged the Japanese and all incipient aggressors, but also gave China a somewhat belated warning to prepare to meet force with force. Chinese war lords had been fighting each other for many a year; yet China was ill-prepared to cope with a foreign invasion or any imitator of Prussianism. In the North the huge Japanese "garrison" of the lately unveiled "Manchukuo" faced the Red Army under Marshal Vassily Bluecher, which was garrisoning and developing the Maritime Provinces and all of Far Eastern Siberia. Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, successor of Chang Tso-lin, had fought several brief border engagements with Bluecher's Red forces during the Japanese-fomented "Manchurian crisis" of 1929 and 1930. But now with Japan in Manchukuo and along the Siberian frontier, the Russians were co-operating with former Chinese opponents who had to resort to combatant secret service, who were a strong and going concern of Manchukuoan partizans, of anti-Japanese and anti-puppet-state guerillas.

The experience gained through the prolonged, destructive Chinese civil wars served those Manchurians who chose to resist the Japanese-installation named "Manchukuo"; and that prelude of guerilla combat tried out in captured Manchuria accumulated enough experience to serve all China in its death struggle with the mad militarists of Nippon. Within the cleverly dispersed ranks of the Manchurian guerilla organizations leaders were discovered and trained for the great test of patriotic

vigor that was to come. It is these very men who now defend invaded China with what are indisputably the most searching and resourceful guerilla campaigns of modern history.

In Manchuria the guerillas numbered no more than one hundred and fifty thousand. In great China their number cannot be estimated; the professionals run to hundreds of thousands, and their amateur allies are the millions enlisted from the peasant masses. In Manchuria there still exists a loosely organized army of secret-service combatants, the *Kun I Len Chung*, or united-army-resisting-Japan. Korean rebels, who are far more numerous than the Japanese care to admit, and both White and Red Russians are incorporated in this peculiar instrument of subterranean warfare. Nipponese apologists concede that Manchuria — pardon, Manchukuo — is endlessly afflicted with “bandits.” But strange to say, the “bandits” prey only upon the Japanese invaders, the civilian Japanese exploiters and speculators, the commercially complicated Japanese Secret Service on the mainland, and also, of course, upon the puppet government set up in Manchuria by Japanese “protectors” naively attempting to camouflage their own rapacious conquest.

Manchurian guerilla forces still undermine the Japanese conquest. They have cost the hated invaders millions of yen expended upon a kind of offensive-defensive, together with thousands of soldiers killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. The Japanese army of occupation in Manchukuo does not take “bandit” prisoners; and, though the guerillas do occasionally collect ransom when liberating some personage connected with the puppet régime, their Japanese military prisoners seem never to be heard of again.

In the Far East Stalin's Red Army was, until recently,

admitted to be inferior in strength to the Japanese Manchukuoan garrison. The Red divisions were expected to prepare and defend fortified positions against which the military power of Japan would be hurled in that oncoming "inevitable" conflict for control of Eastern Siberia. It was therefore a cardinal point of Russian secret-service preparedness to encourage and subsidize internal Manchukuoan resistance. The Russian strategy anticipated a campaign in which Red Army formations would endeavor to check or delay the advance of the Japanese center, while co-operating with a horde of guerillas in cutting the Japanese to pieces on both flanks.

In the thick of an undercover, undeclared war and in the midst of these far-reaching secret-service preparations, Japanese counter-espionage agencies have been kept at concert pitch. White and Red Russians, Korean malcontents and rebellious Manchurians formed an expansive network of antagonists. The costly secret service of Japan—which appears to hope for a civilization in which only the Japanese will be the spies—had to hamper and distract itself with immense counter-spying labors. Its agents detected whole villages of spies, White Russians who had maintained themselves in Manchuria since the revolution, or alleged Red Russians posing as Whites. The Japanese declared these "spy" communities guilty en masse. All the suspects, from infants to grandmothers, were charged with the crimes of sabotage, Communistic agitation and banditry in addition to the capital offense of espionage.

Naturally the costs of repression and counter-espionage kept on rising. In the budget year 1934-1935 the Japanese Secret Service was granted an appropriation of 13,814,000 yen, or about the equivalent of four million dollars. This was nearly four times the amount allotted

to secret service in the whole British Empire ; and about thirty-five times the niggardly expenditure of the United States Government. "Asia for the Asiatics" and Asiatic opposition to the hegemony of Japan so strained and distended the Mikado's secret service that its admitted budget allowances climbed from year to year, reaching an apparent total of 34,800,000 yen in 1938-1939.

There are so many other appropriations from which funds may be borrowed for Intelligence or undercover activities that some competent observers believe Japan may now be spending as much as thirty million dollars annually upon all forms of military or political secret service. And where does the money come from ? Not all the millions required for espionage abroad or counter-espionage at home have been squeezed out of the stricken Nipponese taxpayer. Down the years of militaristic extremism and unbridled aspirations the costs of the Japanese Secret Service, ever more burdensome, more politically inexplicable, have been derived in part from clandestine sources of revenue.

The Japanese Secret Service has gone into business, devoted much of its energy to money making, sought extortionate profits — to pay for more secret service. This was not entirely a proof of Japanese originality. Like so many other Japanese inventions it imitated and cheapened an old European model. Wilhelm Stieber, that slippery rogue of infinite resourcefulness who was Prince Bismarck's spy-master, used prostitution and prostitutes not for profit but for purposes of espionage and governmental intrigue. At his notorious "Green House" in Berlin the wildest of all Wilhelms promoted orgies and nurtured scandals with a design of "getting something on" influential personages. The Iron Chancellor, to whom Stieber was fanatically devoted, might need to

make use of one or another of the eminently corrupt at a moment vital to some Bismarckian policy; and the spy-master prepared the "archives" of the Green House in order to bend those he could not break.

The Japanese Secret Service, arriving at great power in Manchuria and being accountable to no one nearer than Tokyo, took over the industry of prostitution and made it flourish for the sake of larger profits. So also was the underworld traffic in drugs patriotically commandeered. To complete their lucrative appropriation of criminal commerce the chiefs of the secret service developed sidelines of blackmail and abduction. In the latter pursuit the actual kidnapping seems to have been left in the hands of competent criminals; but the voluntary intermediaries who arranged the release of victims and received the ransom payments have repeatedly been identified as trusted agents of the Japanese Secret Service.

We have seen how the counter-espionage department of Great Britain, through the war years, 1914-1918, turned over a handsome profit in its legitimate contest with the enemy government of Germany. It is not, therefore, the Japanese profits-for-promotion-of-espionage which appear outrageous; it is the ruthless exploitation, the calculated corruption, first inflicted experimentally by the secret-service chiefs upon the dependent "colonials" of "liberated" Manchukuo. The Japanese Secret Service behaved exactly as if the Manchurian Chinese had defended their land savagely and only been beaten after severe and costly fighting.

Warned by the blight known to have descended upon Manchuria, other Chinese provinces attempted to resist. The great mass of Chinese are still resisting. But the Japanese today are fastened upon an immense area of China. The largest Chinese cities have had to submit

to the bayonet civilization of Japan. This means a plague of sentries, machine-gunners, propagandists and tax gatherers, and also the secret-service epidemic, with its rash of spies, police agents, "Intelligence" officers, bribe-takers, blackmailers, kidnappers, procurers, brothel keepers and narcotic traffickers. Whatever the remorseless struggle is doing to China or to the eggshell economy of Japan, it is proving a bonanza to the "commercial attachés" of the Japanese political-police and espionage systems.

There are two striking authorities to whom the reader may turn for eye-witness accounts of the commercialized chaos and conspiracies of the Japanese occupation of China. Amleto Vespa was a professional secret agent employed by the Manchurian dictator, Marshal Chang Tso-lin. When the electrically controlled railroad bomb eliminated Chang and when presently the Japanese "protectorate" blanketed Mukden, Vespa—on account of his special understanding of Manchuria's population and politics—was cordially "invited" to join the Japanese Secret Service. His actual recruiting was accomplished by means of blackmail.

In his autobiographical *Secret Agent of Japan*, Amleto Vespa shows a vitriolic hatred of everything he associates with the plotting and operations of the so-called Intelligence of the Japanese Army. While such animus is regrettable in a significant source-book which ought not to be neglected by historians of modern Japanese aggression, it is pardonable in Vespa's narrative because of other, authenticating evidence now available. Vespa under Chang Tso-lin was accustomed to subterranean procedure, yet he was no monster and Chang's secret service confined itself to espionage, counter-espionage and a little unavoidable assassination which might have been termed

counter-assassination. Only after consenting to operate as a member of the Japanese Secret Service did the veteran secret agent, Vespa, peer down into that pit of depravity which is the product of the up-to-date intrigant technique of the Mikado's representatives.

Vespa was promised an elegant wage. He saw instead both his earnings and investments consumed by his colleagues of the secret service. He knew how to avoid assassination; but his wife was detained, tortured and nearly murdered. Brutal treatment and financial ruin effected by ingenious Japanese levies were Vespa's rewards for serving as a "secret agent of Japan." And his experience parallels that first endured by Manchurians who submitted to the invader and that now suffered by millions of Chinese in the "protected" provinces south of Manchuria. It is not surprising that Amleto Vespa was unable to write objectively in revealing his partnership with agents and officers of the Japanese Secret Service.

Our other eye-witness is Hallett Abend, well known foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*. Mr. Abend in his recent and compelling work, *Chaos in Asia*, is factual, impersonal and objective — and he confirms the Vespa charges, extending them over all the occupied areas he has visited, whereas Vespa, writing of earlier aggressions, confines himself to Manchukuo, the locale of his own painful enlightenment. Mr. Abend tells in full the sordid story of Japanese looting and its effects on the Chinese population. He tells of raping, organized opium smoking and organized gambling, prostitution, official corruption, and "armed robbery" under the official protection of Japanese agents and Intelligence officers. Mr. Abend, representing a famous American newspaper, enjoyed an immunity denied Amleto Vespa, who

had forfeited his Italian nationality by entering the secret service of Marshal Chang Tso-lin. And Mr. Abend observed what Vespa had witnessed in operation as a tolerated insider, the spying and terroristic activities of the Japanese police and military secret service, the "studied insolence of Japanese soldiers" to all Chinese, and to many foreign, civilians.

Vespa was really an insider when the League of Nations commission of inquiry headed by Lord Lytton arrived in Manchuria. Two weeks before the commission's arrival in Harbin, on May 9, 1932, the police and secret service—Vespa included—were ordered to arrest and hold incommunicado all persons "suspected of wishing to present a complaint" before the Lytton commission. What more could a political police ask than this Tokyo authorization to arrest anybody "suspected" of being "liable" to make known the truth about Japanese oppressions? That campaign of lawless arrests, the Japanese version of "protective custody," initiated the secret-service practice—which the Japanese in China continue to this day—of detaining wealthy Chinese citizens on trumped-up allegations of "suspicious" intent and setting them free only after payment of a calculated portion of the victim's total wealth.

Spies determine the amount which each arrested Chinese magnate can afford to pay, or which his family is deemed able to raise. It is neither ransom nor fine; it is simply a payment that takes a man out of jail temporarily. But only temporarily; for Vespa cites Manchurian instances of his personal knowledge where rich Chinese were arrested five and six times, and made to pay each time. And several of them ended the process utterly ruined and died in jail, because another police payment could not be arranged.

Each member of the Lytton commission was assigned four guards—agents of the secret service, according to Amleto Vespa—allegedly necessary because of the danger of “Communists.” However, many White Russian agents of the Japanese political police are also connected with the Red Russian secret service. The Lytton commission was thus ludicrously protected from Communists by Communists. And despite all the Japanese repressions and precautions, more than fifteen hundred written complaints, most of them signed and discreetly documented, were passed to Lord Lytton, to Brigadier-General Frank R. McCoy, United States Army, and to other members of the League commission.

On account of this “failure,” Vespa’s chief and several ranking officers of the secret service or political police were recalled to Japan. A Korean operative of the Japanese Gendarmerie, after seven years’ enforced service in police espionage, decided to have his revenge by acquainting the Lytton commissioners with the sufferings of his native Korea. He succeeded in submitting his communication, but was suspected, seized and “tortured abominably” to make him name his Korean accomplices. He had none; and this Korean died in agony rather than incriminate innocent persons of his acquaintance.

Nine different kinds of police and secret police operate for Japan in Korea, Manchukuo and now in the occupied provinces of China. There is the Intelligence Service, which answers only to a remote authority in Tokyo, that, in turn, is above the Cabinet and responsible only to the Mikado. There is the Japanese Gendarmerie, and then the local or Korean, Manchukuoan, or Chinese Gendarmerie, according to the region policed. There are next the consular police, the state or rural police, and the city police—all dominated by Japanese agents or army offi-

cers. And finally there are special or political Intelligence operatives, also railroad police, and—curiously enough—a criminal police whose job it is to apprehend malefactors having no authorization from, or connections with, any of the other eight kinds of police or secret service.

In Manchukuo the Japanese authorities profit—personally, Vespa has alleged, as well as for purposes of secret-service expansion—from such varied commercial concessions as an ice monopoly, a chimney-sweep monopoly and a monopoly of money-lending. The police punish severely any one trying to circumvent the power of these monopolies. Manchukuoan borrowers are compelled to pay an interest rate of three per cent a month. And many Chinese who find that they are scheduled to buy their liberty from “bandits” or buy their way out of jail, also find it advantageous to borrow the money from an official loan-shark, even though the interest he demands per annum is more than a third of the loan desired.

A kind of special secret-service monopoly in Manchukuo is called the “Refugees’ Bureau,” which enjoys an autocratic authority over all Russian refugees and other Europeans who have sought to establish themselves in the puppet state. This Refugees’ Bureau has its own lucrative “racket,” a national lottery conducted throughout Manchukuo. The bureau likewise recruits foreign agents of espionage for the Japanese Secret Service, whose own nationals seldom successfully operate in the guise of Europeans. The bureau is equally useful in disseminating Japanese propaganda.

Long before the present Chinese war was started, this Refugees’ Bureau had perfected a spy system in every

province of China. Against this and all other forms of Japanese intrigue and aggression, the Chinese have defended themselves ably with guerilla operations and offensive secret service. Seeing how their Japanese protectors, civilizers and reformers behaved, the Chinese could only retaliate with a flattering imitation of the sabotage, arson, assassination, poisoning and terrorism of the Japanese Secret Service.

The results obtained have been too emphatic to permit of bland Japanese concealment. When the government of the United States demanded that American properties in Shanghai be returned to their owners and American missionaries and business men be allowed to return to their posts in the lower Yangtze cities, Japanese diplomats answered that "although Shanghai, Nanking, and other places may appear on the surface to be peaceful . . . there are in concealment many individuals of dangerous character plotting conspiracies." And the Japanese reply added that "notwithstanding strong protection and policing" for Japanese residents of Nanking "many instances have occurred in which such Japanese have met with misfortunes . . . at the hands of lawless Chinese."

That was putting it mildly, for a dispatch from Peiping to the *New York Times* on April 8, 1939, estimated that Japan was sustaining an average loss of twenty thousand men a month as a result of guerilla encounters, disease and "accidents." One of the strangest of these accidents occurred on the following June 10th, at the very outset of a sumptuous banquet which "high Japanese and Chinese officials of the Nanking Government" were attending in honor of Tomesaburo Shimizu, parliamentary Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo. The first toast

ended the banquet, for the wine had somehow been poisoned "in a daring attempt by Chinese enemies of the new régime."

Twenty of the poisoners' victims were hurried to a hospital, where three of the Japanese subsequently died. A number of Chinese officials of the Nanking "reformed" — puppet — government eluded the gastronomic saboteurs by arriving one hour late. These officials owed their escape to the fact that their watches were unlawfully set by Nanking time. Whereas their Japanese hosts at the consulate general were using "Tokyo time" — one hour earlier — according to a decree of the Japanese army.

The mines at Tatung, North Shansi, China's largest and richest coal producers under Japanese operation, were destructively flooded by "guerilla action." At least six other mines of great value to the invaders have been dynamited by partizans in civilian disguise. The National Salvation Association and other patriotic Chinese organizations have countered the Japanese terror by establishing a secret-service and sabotage network over the occupied areas. It is said that as many as five thousand secret agents of the National Salvation Association have operated in the Shanghai area at one time. Seven pro-Japanese residents of Shanghai were assassinated within twenty-four hours — June 25, 1938 — causing other Chinese business men to hesitate before dealing with the Japanese military or civil administrations.

One Chinese owner of an alleged pro-Japanese flour mill had a Chinese and a Russian bodyguard shot down. He then ordered his home in the French Concession turned into a virtual fortress and hired twenty-four new guards, twelve Russians and twelve Chinese. Police of the International Settlement discovered during this outbreak of terrorism in Shanghai that new Mausers having

consecutive serial numbers were used in the successive shootings. That and much other evidence has accumulated in proof of the careful planning and methodical boldness of the Chinese undercover campaign.

A correspondent visiting Honan Province as long ago as December 1937 found a school of Chinese secret service and propaganda in ardent operation. All the students were girls and young women ranging in age from fifteen to thirty, but most of them under twenty. Many of them he found "exceedingly intelligent, resourceful and pretty." More than half of these secret-service recruits were university graduates. "Only those of perfect physical fitness" were allowed to undergo military training, which aimed at preparing the girls for front-line service. The rest were taking courses in military science as it concerns the agent of espionage, in the art of publicity and propaganda and in the methods and code requirements of the spy.

Another observer, Haldore Hanson, writing in the *Nation* of April 8, 1939, found the plainclothes defenders of China only less effective than that masterly guerilla captain, Lawrence of Arabia, because they were not "supplied with prodigal amounts of British gun cotton" as Colonel Lawrence and his Arab allies had been, 1917-1918, for that "most dramatic form of economic sabotage . . . the wrecking of trains, the damaging of bridges, and the cutting down of telephone poles." And Mr. Hanson added a paragraph of unique significance to the annals of guerilla campaigning and mass clandestine offensive:

. . . The Chinese are forced to rely upon man power, which is used mainly for the removal and burying of rails. Each rail costs 300 yen and contains a ton of steel. A village of 200 men and women can carry off 10 rails in a night, and working one night a week can steal 520 rails a year. Twenty

such villages in the course of a year can remove enough steel to deprive the Japanese of a new cruiser.

While the Japanese endeavor to minimize their economic losses, they complain of the Chinese avoidance of battle and cannot conceal the extraordinary ingenuity and persistence of their subterranean attackers. The military offensive has been wholly in China and in favor of Japan; but the combatant secret service has been carried home to the Japanese and has steadily gone against the pugnacious little men whom great China expects eventually to consume.

At Kure in Japan, on August 12, 1939, eight more factories connected with the busy Japanese munitions industry were badly damaged by fire. And that was not the worst of "more than two hundred fires in industrial plants" within an eight-month period, fires of undiscoverable origin — sabotage fires, to judge by ensuing Japanese tension and counter-spying exertions — causing a total destruction of sixty-one factories, warehouses and other structures holding military stores. The worst of these fires — in Tokyo on May 9th — had resulted from three severe explosions, killing eleven persons and injuring hundreds.

XXII

INTERNATIONAL SPY RINGS

The steadily increasing sabotage industry and the many other improvements upon offensive secret service have not yet excluded espionage from the professions. The International Spy is still a commodity; and rings, coteries, co-operatives, and even perpendicular trusts of these hireling agents remain in business, despite the cruel distortions inflicted upon them in the public mind by the stencils of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. The continued operation of certain international spy rings through the past two decades of these annals is known mainly because counter-espionage officers would occasionally steal up to the ringside and make some arrests. The resulting trials were a comfort to everybody except the accused, for thus the public learned the facts of spy life, the disappointments and drudgery of commercialized espionage and came to pity its victims—including a few Americans—for the humdrum hazards of their work.

In the record of one of these trials there was seemingly authentic information about a "bourse" of international secrets, where an American plane pattern might be swapped for a Russian tank device or a confidential list of the more recently purged. Through twenty years of rivalry, suspicion and peace the various syndicates of clandestine research contrived to flourish, accepting commissions from any inquisitive government or private enterprise able to afford their services. Both France and Britain suffered a plague of these superior thieves and seducers. It was a fascinating young woman of Latvian

origin but a member of a spy ring, one Mary Louise Martin, who was responsible for the ensnaring in 1932 of Norman Baillie-Stewart, a subaltern of the crack Seaforth Highlanders. This officer was disposing of British Army secrets, information about the new fast tanks and about mobilization plans, in exchange for comparatively small sums of money which Mary Louise sent him by mail, together with invitations to spend his week-ends with her on the Continent.

As the dupe of an international espionage ring, Baillie-Stewart was soon detected by British counter-spies and he straightway became a noted mystery: the prisoner of the Tower of London. British military circles and Baillie-Stewart's regiment were humiliated by the episode and would have suppressed news of his offense if that had been possible. Tried by court martial, many of whose sessions were secret, this officer was convicted, dishonorably discharged, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

He was released unobtrusively in 1938 and left the country. No doubt the fetching Mary Louise still supported herself in the perfumed pastures of Continental secret service. Possibly she had remembered her British victim and had a new mission in mind for him. However that may be, Norman Baillie-Stewart is growing another record in the archives of the British Intelligence. Its operatives identify him by ear, since they listen to his voice at intervals each day of the present war. Baillie-Stewart is one of the broadcasters who speaks to the British radio audience daily in behalf of Herr Goebbels' Nazi Propaganda Ministry.

The celebrated anti-submarine school and laboratory of the British Navy, H. M. S. Osprey, was for three years and until the outbreak of hostilities the goal of pro-

fessional spies. They would have dismantled this floating preserve of vital defensive secrets and carried it away piece by piece if English counter-espionage branches had been less vigilant. Experiments have proceeded aboard the *Osprey* looking to the most severe tests of that anti-submarine device still known to us only by its code designation, "Asdic." Any spy syndicate making off with such a prize—admittedly the most carefully guarded secret of the Royal Navy—could have demanded a price up to the equivalent of a hundred thousand dollars.

There is the famous American bomb-sight which directs the aim of aerial bombs plunging down from our bombing planes, a truly precious secret which the spies who work only for cash rewards have never ceased trying to uncover. But American authorities and military officers insist the great invention still is a secret.

"Asdic," however, seems to have evolved rather than to have been invented, and so a good many specialists have had to make themselves thoroughly familiar with its design, inner workings and method of operation. And the more men, even the most trustworthy men, who have to know all about a secret, the more vulnerable it undoubtedly becomes. There was a sudden alarm about foreign espionage activities aboard the *Osprey* in the first week of June, 1938. On June 12th it was announced that an investigation had begun at Portland and soon rumors hummed around that British naval station. Had some clever ring or an independent operative from the service of a rival government been able to cut through the "shell" of counter-spying safeguards and absolute secrecy enclosing Britain's rare implement of anti-submarine defense?

Highly valued documents were found missing from the special files lodged aboard the *Osprey*. News from Port-

land was curt and ominous ; a secret court of inquiry had immediately convened. The British have refused to admit that "Asdic" fell into alien hands. It was even announced a little later that the missing documents had rather peculiarly reappeared. A certain student of the anti-submarine school had been under suspicion. The documents' return was contrived by way of another student's locker. That is an ancient stratagem. Suspicion may have continued ; but no arrest was announced. British naval counter-spies gratefully permitted public interest to drift elsewhere. It was a brief sensation that ought never to have been allowed to leak out.

Thus far in the new submarine-blockade contest we have no way of knowing whether the instrument "Asdic" has lived up to the formidable promise of its incubation. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, has officially stated—and French spokesmen support his statement—that Nazi submarines have been destroyed since the outbreak of hostilities on an average of two a week. This is not only a heavy toll, secretly dismaying to the German Admiralty chiefs, but also it represents an overwhelming improvement in anti-submarine defensive. The U-boat sinkings in the fifty-one-month period of the first World War were hardly better than one a month. Therefore the British are apparently celebrating a ratio of increase in Nazi submarine sinkings which is nearly nine to one.

Now the Right Honorable Winston Churchill is a spirited Briton who might conceal the truth from the House of Commons or from the Universe *if* by so doing he knew he would move the victorious conclusion of the present war a day nearer. Churchill, however, understands how German submarines endanger the life of England. And he is too wise and far-seeing to over-

hearten his fellow countrymen or their allies with a foolish lie. In the camp of his enemies there are already too many horrible examples of the recoil-impact of fruitless propaganda.

We may assume, then, that the subtle detector ray, "Asdic," is really at work, combing the channels and deeps of undersea assault and preparing the death-stroke for many a U-boat. The detector ray of British origin is the product of many years' untiring experimentation — as well as sleepless safeguarding — and evolves from the skill and perseverance of leading naval research scientists. "Asdic" is allegedly capable of discovering a motionless submarine lying on the bottom of the sea, and it can also, so they say, report upon the design of the submerged raider — British, German, Russian, French, Japanese, or American. This searching ray is so sensitive, it will distinguish between steel and wood, can tell how long any object has rested on the sea bottom and if long enough to have become covered with seaweed.

International espionage rings have also tried to fatten themselves upon the more covetable secrets of France. Always famous for artillery improvements, the French Army technicians started, about 1931, devising a superior automatic rifle. Their achievement was the *chatellerault*, a weapon which proved amazingly effective in various secret tests. Hints concerning the success of those tests soon leaked through the espionage underworld of Europe, and the wage-earners were spurred by the news. Next to the Maginot Line defenses — and the Panama Canal — this French automatic rifle was to prove one of the best "spy traps" of recent times.

Two notorious espionage syndicates competed, and the secrets connected with the *chatellerrault* design caused each of them to suffer casualties. The competitors were

the so-called Snaja-Liagier-Meller organization and that even more far-reaching group under the shrewdly divided management of Benjamin Bercovitz, "Baroness" Tchekaloff alias Lydia Tchekaloff Stahl and the veteran hireling conspirator, Merkovitz Reschezski. When French counter-espionage agents began spreading their nets for the Reschezski crew, whom should they encounter but — Americans. And to their bewilderment, a young married couple from New Jersey! Yankee enterprise and ingenuity had been praised or blamed for many exploits in post-war Europe; but this was practically its first voyage through the viscid seas of secrets selling.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon Switz of East Orange, New Jersey, had been enjoying themselves and touring Europe without substantial resources. They had drifted into the schemes of the espionage ring because its leaders promised them more travel and a better income. To the hardened practitioners of the Stahl-Bercovitz-Reschezski firm a couple from America seemed a providential stratagem — camouflage from New Jersey. And Robert Switz, a first-rate linguist of mixed ancestry and possessed of other qualifications essential to espionage, was proving himself of more worth to the ring than a mere "cover," when grim French operatives moved up and took him and his attractive bride into custody.

There ensued that period of uncertainty, interrogation and uncomfortable detention which makes the procedure of French criminal prosecution the morale-cracking strain it is designed to be. After a while the Switz couple regained their amateur standing by turning State's evidence, something a professional spy rarely does. It is contrary to custom, and it invites an eventual retort with revolver bullet or knife thrust. Thus far, however, no such vengeance has fallen upon the Switz couple, who

gladly vacated Europe after this experience of how travel may confine as well as broaden one. The wary Reschetski had escaped the French cordon. But Lydia Stahl and Bercovitz were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment, on account of Switz and counter-espionage testimony. A mongrel set of accomplices was also convicted and punished. Several of them were French citizens, the most notable being Colonel Octave Dumoulin. Robert Switz testified that he had understood Dumoulin was once connected with the French Intelligence Service. The colonel was sent to prison for a five-year term, not a very severe penalty and one which rather seemed to discount the gravity of his offense under the military code.

After 1930 the professional spies all came to France to concentrate upon the new and remarkable frontier fortifications. When, as Minister of War, the rough-spoken, limping, epicurean André Maginot, six-foot-three-inch survivor of the defense of Verdun, conceived his giant plan for insulating the French border provinces from future German invasions he was not thinking of spies. And yet the Maginot Line has proved to be the neatest spy-trap of our times. The huge "Sergeant" Maginot planned the line in the tradition of Sébastien le Prestre de Vauban, greatest military engineer of the seventeenth century, whose practice it was to retain the best of old methods and supplement that with a variety of ingenious improvements. Maginot—who did not live to see his line completed, dying of typhoid fever in 1932 at the age of fifty-five, a noted *bon vivant* laid low after eating oysters which turned out to be tainted—was especially proud of the fact that the mighty defense system was not a uniform stretch of standardized and identical forts, but rather a scientific composition of

every type and size of permanent defensive works. And this extended variety of fortifications, which Maginot termed a triumph of French individualism, developed an equally varied pattern of espionage—and counter-espionage.

The Maginot Line commanded the ablest technical skill during its ten years' construction and cost nearly half a billion dollars. It was the belief of the French General Staff that 250,000 veteran soldiers and specialists would be enough to hold the line in time of war, thus liberating a powerful army of maneuver. Concern was originally felt for the Belgian and Swiss "flanks" of the fortified eastern frontier. However, with the rising menace of Herr Hitler's mania of *Lebensraum*, the Belgians and Swiss, and finally the Dutch, took thought of self-preservation.

From 1929, when Maginot finally prevailed upon the government of André Tardieu to undertake his costly—and eventually valueless—project of anti-German insurance, down to the day when war was declared in 1939 a gentle rain of espionage missions bathed all these embellishments of the quiet Western Front. Spy-masters were being prodded by their superiors; and so hundreds of questions concerning the new French underground fortifications were transmitted to patriot spies, or hiring agents and rings of agents. The Maginot Line held all the promise of another Yukon or Witwatersrand, except that the French were so quick to pounce upon the prospectors.

There was the secret agent, Otto Wetzel, who had done well for himself while spying upon the improved Belgian defensive zones at Eben, Pepinster and Esmael Batiche, guarding Liège, railroad center and key city on the Meuse. Wetzel seemed to believe he could unearth

In order to outflank the Maginot Line and at the same time threaten England, Hitler's generals had to overwhelm The Netherlands and Belgium. This "old" map — of April, 1940 — assures us that the Low Countries will be strongly defended. Events since May 10, 1940 have revised a great many things, especially maps.

and auction off half the secrets of the celebrated "Line." But he did not take into account the many counter-espionage "lines" spread all about the Maginot Line and designed to trap even the variest prowler.

Boyish-looking French soldiers, who readily became convivial and even a bit confidential in drinking places, were a special corps of counter-spies, some of them cadets recruited for this urgent duty from the leading military academies. There were a great number of road workers to be met alone, or in groups of two or three, throughout the new fortified zones. They were busily digging up or filling in obscure country roads which hardly appeared to need resurfacing. And as they mended the roads they waited for inquisitive strangers to pass by and were ready to stop and give directions, or even answer questions and seem disgruntled about their labor or their pay. Some veteran counter-spies became tramps, living in the open, travelling in ways that avoided the attention of the uniformed police and seeking the comradeship of other non-descript wayfarers. To cover the principal highways counter-spies as pack-on-back hikers were mobilized and also touring bicyclists pedalled toward casual destinations they never seemed to reach.

Otto Wetzel was one hireling agent who walked right through this gigantic trap. He attracted his waiting adversaries' attention, then contrived to vanish utterly near Metz. About nine weeks later they discovered him again. French counter-espionage operatives habitually keep in touch with the petty criminal population. Criminals even if unwilling to serve the regular police as stool-pigeons will gladly work with the military secret service in hope of a certain immunity and, perhaps, a cash bonus. And because a counter-spy was trying to

befriend a smuggler who had proved useful to the secret service in the past, Wetzel came to be detected.

The spy was still absorbed in what he expected to be a highly profitable enterprise and he had dropped out of sight with extraordinary shrewdness. Wetzel—under the name “Max Weitzel”—was in jail at Metz, serving a short sentence for smuggling. Visiting that jail to see his smuggler accomplice, the counter-spy identified Wetzel, who, in an atmosphere of crafty underworld connections, was pursuing his inquiry into the deeper secrets of Maginot defensive. The spy received a new and severe sentence for espionage: fifteen years’ imprisonment.

Only two months after Wetzel’s conviction four men of a spy ring were trapped near Metz and one of them implicated a ringleader already well known to the French counter-espionage department, Doctor Hermann Röchling. In 1917 a sentence of ten years at hard labor had been passed upon Röchling, then accused by the French of sabotage and the damaging of a number of factories filling orders for the army. Röchling never went to prison for sabotage; when sentenced he had already escaped to Germany. And now—in August, 1938—he again escaped the consequences of his confederate’s confession and managed to flee to the Saar.

Doctor Hermann Röchling had posed as a prosperous “industrialist” while actually taking his profits from espionage and employing a sizable staff of spies. Following up their case against Röchling, French counter-espionage operatives began closing in on a half dozen other well-masked enemies. All of them, like the doctor, had been hired by Nazi Germany and all were “working” upon the monumental mysteries which were the solidified dream of “Sergeant” André Maginot.

French agents in rapid succession secured evidence against, arrested and caused the conviction of François Hellmuth Gruneberg, a "gardener" of Vendenheim near Strasbourg, and of Louis Lucien Franck, Marcel Ducellier and Lucien Adam. The spy, Franck, was by trade a blacksmith, Ducellier a laborer, Adam a clerk. It was proved that these men had transmitted military intelligence to Röchling or another Nazi spy-master. Adam, at the time of his detection, was actually serving with the garrison in the Maginot Line. He received a sentence of life imprisonment under the new and drastic code of espionage penalties which came as a result of the "peace of Munich" in September, 1938. Ducellier likewise drew a life sentence; but Franck and Gruneberg as leading agents of betrayal were each condemned to death.

XXIII

ETHIOPIA CONQUERED WITHOUT LEAGUE CONSENT

The Italian adventure which called for the invasion of Ethiopia spilled a good deal of blood—not only native, as intended, but also Italian, as carefully omitted from the more effective “war fever” propaganda. And after that bloodshed and conquest came the inevitable spilling of red ink, a Niagara not likely to be dammed for another generation, if at all. The pride-promoted overrunning of Haile Selassie’s land remains one of the larger deficit achievements of our day.

Fascist legions swarmed into the ancient African stronghold in search of economic relief for Italy, in search of raw materials. And reports filtering out by way of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan or French Somaliland suggest that the raw materials won by the Fascists in that uncomfortable climate have thus far been nothing but turbulent tribesmen. Mussolini’s garrisons hold the ground wherever they stand. It is very like the Japanese conquest of many areas of China, save that Chinese have learned to publicize their masters’ discomfiture, whereas the tribes of Abyssinia express themselves only in sporadic raids and massacres.

There was little secret service connected with the Fascists’ preparing for their first major aggression. Benito Mussolini appeared to be confident that neither Britain nor France was going to interfere or permit the League of Nations seriously to impede him. It is now known that General Badoglio, as early as July, 1934, had

been commissioned to investigate the costs and necessary characteristics of a campaign against Ethiopia. The resulting investigation called for a certain amount of spying and provoked various fatal clashes; but no Italian complaints were heard until Mussolini was ready for an "incident." Meanwhile, Italian military preparations had not been hidden from Abyssinian spies. Everything being done was, in fact, proclaimed and magnified in that quarter of Africa. Badoglio had reported that Ethiopian resistance might make the campaign of conquest a highly expensive one; and so the Italians undertook by every means to intimidate the government and people of Ethiopia, hoping that exaggerated threats and fears would diminish their power to resist.

Ethiopia, we must note in passing, had become a veteran pawn of international intriguants. The whole country was marked off as an Italian sphere of influence on British Foreign Office maps up to the time of the Italians' crushing reverse at Adowa in 1896. And even after that precipitous decline of white military prestige the British, French and Italians clubbed together, notably in 1906, 1915 and 1925, and settled in private the sovereignty of the Lion of Judah.

The summer of 1934 became excessively burdensome to the Fascists when, with their bags packed with burglar tools for Africa, they were suddenly required to swing around to the defense of their weak Teutonic neighbor, Austria. There was no Rome-Berlin Axis in 1934, only scowls, sneers and sniping. The diminutive Austrian chancellor, Engelbert Dollfuss, was seized by Nazi conspirators, wounded and held prisoner by them and allowed to bleed slowly to death. And this typical triumph would have signalled a Nazi German invasion of Austria — three years and seven months before its predestined

occurrence — had not the Italian dictator of 1934 been the better equipped war lord, formidably resolved not to have Nazis and Prussians parading toward the Brenner Pass.

The Nazi rising in Vienna lived only a few hours longer than Chancellor Dollfuss. Mussolini stopped Hitlerian intervention, while Austrian police and soldiers loyal to Austria suppressed the *Anschluss* aggressors. Whereupon the confident master of Italy saw that the right moment had come to reach out and immensely enlarge his African empire. To the leading Intelligence services of Europe the Fascist designs upon ancient Ethiopia were a familiar story, however cunningly disguised to deceive the liberal elements of Britain and France and of other member nations of the League. The Italian dictator had good reason to expect London and Paris to grant him a free hand. And when popular British opposition to the conquest of Ethiopia developed and Downing Street had to show an appropriate repugnance, Mussolini saw in this diplomatic reversal nothing but calculated perfidy. Then, from the lethargy of the League, came the dubious "blunt instrument" called sanctions. It proved a better weapon for suicide than for preventing the humiliation of a League member in good standing, Haile Selassie. The League of Nations for a decade had accomplished nothing unobtrusively, but now it made the fatal mistake of becoming ostentatiously ineffectual, and thus the deplorable duel in the Mediterranean was begun.

Adolf Hitler, against the advice of General von Fritsch and other leaders, decided in the fall of 1935 to oppose sanctions and League reprisals and instead lend his approval to the Fascists' Ethiopian adventure. And yet this significant Axis-minded maneuver was only handed

down from the heights of Berchtesgaden in the wake of a sharp undercover attack upon Italy by the secret service of Nazi Germany.

Lieutenant-General Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck was then one of the eminent directors of the Nazi political police. He was also the German officer who probably knew as much about African guerilla warfare as any other living man. It was Lettow-Vorbeck who, as Hohenzollern vicegerent in German East Africa, and with an original force of only five thousand — five per cent being European — had defied the military power of the South African Union from November, 1914, when he repulsed the British at Tanga, until virtually the end of the World War. Avoiding envelopment, outmaneuvering Smuts and Van Deventer, Northey and a Belgian column from the Congo, Lettow-Vorbeck had finally crossed into Portuguese territory and from there “maintained a guerilla campaign throughout 1918 until the general Armistice.” His brilliant and resolute operations had caused the “employment of 130,000 enemy troops and the expenditure of £72,000,000.” And now this Gestapo chief — shortly after the Dollfuss slaying and the humiliating check which a partial Italian mobilization inflicted upon the Nazis — was assigned to develop such Ethiopian resistance as might be made to recoil upon the latest and loudest of the Caesars.

The Italian scheme of African expansion was, in short, well known in Berlin a year before the overthrow of Haile Selassie began, and Gestapo operatives were moving into Abyssinia. They had been trained and instructed by Lettow-Vorbeck himself and were bent on doing what French or British secret agents might have been expected to do — they were to prepare the Ethiopian tribes for a type of guerilla resistance which would exhaust Mus-

solini's troops and treasury, and lower Italian military prestige in every staff college of Europe.

The Fascist secret-service preparations did a good deal to counter this Gestapo intervention. The Italians had looked the ground over well in advance and had proceeded along two direct lines of corruption, buying up the Coptic priesthood on one hand and the very influential slave-trading fraternity on the other. It turned out that the chief of the prospering slave dealers was a Frenchman, whose malodorous affluence extended quite the length of the Mediterranean. Turkish agents—always bitterly anti-Italian—attempted to liquidate this powerful confederate of the Fascists. However, the slave trader escaped death, and today, it is said, he lends his talents as a trafficker in flesh to the war-time complexities of Near Eastern secret service.

The Ethiopians marshalled ferocity and cunning. German emissaries were willing to show them how to fight a prolonged "von Lettow-Vorbeck campaign." But the tribesmen suspected every white, and they had hardly begun to rely on this Nazi undercover co-operation when their Gestapo alliance was dissolved. Hitler had changed his mind as the year rolled around. He called Lettow-Vorbeck's agents home because he no longer wanted Mussolini checked and humiliated in Africa. He wanted the Duce to win and humble Great Britain and France. He was, in fact, so eager to inspire his fellow dictator to model new styles of Fascist intimidating tactics that he went out of his way to reassure Mussolini concerning further Nazi fomentations in Austria. Hitler, it is believed, made him a convincing promise: there would not be another attempted *putsch* by Nazi partizans in Vienna while the Italians were preoccupied with Ethiopia and the Mediterranean.

Joseph Stalin seems to have taken a similar "egger on" stand in conniving with Hitler during the summer months of 1939. And Mussolini in 1934-1935 — like Hitler in 1939 — appeared to need little urging. The Duce was already aware that the Italian populace needed the distraction of military conquest, and what could serve his purpose better than the massacring of thousands of ill-equipped black men? Mussolini in the dawn of Fascist empire attained to a degree of volcanic self-assertiveness that was more than political affectation, it was deified egomania.

Within a single day he or his pet spokesmen would threaten the British Empire, France, the Soviet Union and the United States of America, as well as Turkey, Albania, Greece, Egypt, and the French empire in Africa. And of course Mussolini and his spokesmen continually threatened Abyssinia.

On December 5, 1934, there was staged the desired, the necessary and well-timed "incident" of provocation. This was a border clash at Ualual, wherein thirty-two Italians and at least one hundred and ten Ethiopians lost their lives. On the Ethiopian side it appeared to have been an unpremeditated affair. However, in December 1934 the Gestapo visitors, the German drillmasters and munitions sellers had not yet been recalled. The Rome-Berlin Axis was not yet even a gleam in Hitler's eye. German spies were intent upon the counter-frustration of the Fascist protector of Austrian autonomy. The to-be-conquered Ethiopians were looked upon as dupes and tools; and so it is possible that the first obscure collision of the African conflict was promoted by Italian Fascist agents on one side and Nazi German provocateurs on the other.

Mussolini after the Ualual incident began rushing

toward hostilities at a headlong pace. He breathed fire and brimstone and oozed a new formula of poison gas and TNT. The Fascist press obediently opened all the stops marked Revenge, White Supremacy, Adowa, In the Name of Civilization, and Black Barbarism. The spies and intriguers were ready; the slave traders counted on a conflict and suppression of news which would not be bad for their business. The corrupt Coptic priesthood had been paid up to the first of the year.

Only operatives of the British and French Intelligence Services seemed professionally bound to ignore the increasing state of tension and its vast African and Arabian potentialities. Leading members of the British Conservative government were so baffled by the Fascist threats to annihilate Abyssinians, they could ultimately boast that Benito Mussolini, the stealthy imperialist, had caught them napping. Not even the Royal Navy was ready for eventualities along the British "lifeline" in the Mediterranean.

On October 5, 1935, in a dispatch from London to the *New York Times*, the British military expert, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, submitted: "The Italian advance has taken place in accordance with the schedule drawn up many weeks ago, the provisional dates being known then by the Intelligence staffs of Europe.

"This rather tends to discount the official Italian note to the League concerning a forward movement becoming necessary owing to a provocation by mobilization in Ethiopia."

And it rather tends to show also that European Intelligence officers knew the very hour of aggression upon Ethiopia, because the Italians had told them.

Captain Liddell Hart was one of the military authorities who surrendered too early to wishful thinking. He

was moved to predict Italian ruin in the wild Abyssinian uplands. This clever British writer even scornfully reminded the world and the flamboyant aggressors that in one year of the World War the Italian Army had announced "fifteen victories of the Isonzo" and yet remained on the Isonzo.

However, the Italian tanks, flame throwers, poison gas and bombing planes proved much wilder than the wildest Abyssinian uplands. Hitler alone, perhaps being informed by those of his agents originally sent into Africa to make trouble for the protector of Austria, guessed right as to the ease with which modernized Italian columns would carve their way through tribal defenses.

It is one thing to carve, and quite another to consume. Since up-to-date guerilla warfare is treated in these annals as a form of combatant secret service, we must glance at the post-war wildness of those same Abyssinian uplands. Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst, former British suffragist and an "unsentimental humanitarian" deeply interested in the rehabilitation of Abyssinia, in a recent letter to the *Manchester Guardian* used Italian official statements to describe the extent of guerilla combat and the casualties inflicted by rebellious Ethiopian tribesmen. According to these statements, Italian officers and soldiers stationed in Ethiopia are falling "month after month" in brief, isolated and savage encounters with the natives. In June, 1939, it was admitted that twenty-five Italians, including two officers and two subordinate officers, were killed "in police operations." While twenty-one officers or soldiers died as a result of "accidents" or illness.

Each month casualty lists are published, suggesting a progressive Ethiopian conflict. But only white casualties are listed. While the Italian native Askaris do nearly all the fighting, their losses are deemed of no consequence.

There is also the recent statement of M. G. Boussenot, editor of the *Presse Coloniale* of Paris, in which he asserts that Abyssinia remains unconquered. His evidence, says M. Boussenot, comes from unimpeachable and "semi-official" sources — presumably French, British, or Egyptian Intelligence sources. According to this information, all the southern parts of the territory formerly administered by Ras Destu have been evacuated by Italian troops. In the north the road leading from Addis Ababa to Massawa, principal avenue of communication between the coast and the interior — and one of such importance that the Italians immediately spent large sums on its improvement — has been completely destroyed at many points by native raiders.

In the west and northwest Italian garrisons have totally disappeared. Bishofto, "a spa with an up-to-date hotel, only sixty kilometres from Addis Ababa," was attacked in July, 1939, and captured by the Ethiopians. All Italian residents were either killed or carried off as captives. Less than a month afterward the agricultural experimental station at Moggo met with a similarly disastrous fate. "Still more significant" — according to M. Boussenot — "is the fact that British vessels trading on the Upper Nile," which had to suspend their services after the Italian invasion, are again doing business, and they "pay excise duties to the Ethiopians," just as they did before the Duce drove the Lion of Judah into exile.

When Addis Ababa was occupied by the Fascists, Ovra agents followed the infantry, moving in to supplant the hireling spies — native priests and slave traders — who had been serving Italy. Barbarism had to be replaced by dynamic civilization, no matter how many resentful Ethiopians the Ovra would have to destroy. As soon as the fugitive Haile Selassie's kingdom ceased to exist,

great numbers of black warriors were identified by the Fascist police as "bandits," and rounded up and shot. One European legation at Addis Ababa lost five of its trained native servants because police agents found them in possession of firearms. These guns their own employer had issued to them for self-protection and the safeguarding of the legation property as civil authority broke down with the flight of Abyssinian leaders.

Thus, in exactly forty years, the deep stain of Adowa upon Italian military prestige was washed away with native blood. But such Prussianized "pacification" invariably provokes rebellion and merciless guerilla warfare.

It was General De Bono in his book on the victorious Ethiopian campaign who revealed that, had Great Britain shown any signs of resistance as late as 1935, Mussolini would probably have renounced his offensive preparations begun as early as 1932. But somewhere along that other imperial "lifeline" of Intelligence there was a grave British miscalculation. Downing Street seems to have been assured by "trustworthy" persons that conquering Ethiopia would prove "a long, bloody and prohibitively costly business for the Italian armies." Whereupon London came belatedly into the camp of the opposition, just in time to see Ethiopian defenses broken down "in accordance with the schedule."

Here faulty intelligence and the resulting miscalculation cost Great Britain its traditional friendship with Italy—and an Italy now disciplined, stronger in every way and addicted to force. In a crucial decade of rising Hitlerism and Stalinism, this single miscalculation exposed the Near Eastern possessions of Great Britain to Italian hostility and the Fascist-fomented peril of an Arab insurrection.

XXIV

TERROR IN THE HOLY LAND

Nobody knows the true thickness of a modern dictator's hide; but the lancet of League sanctions had stung Mussolini without stopping him; and, when he turned to retaliate, he aimed at Britain and France, not the League. Having just bought up the Coptic priesthood, and being the first atheist protector of the Church of Rome, it came as a natural step to the ever dynamic Duce to offer spiritual asylum to all the Moslems who would listen to his radio broadcasting. Mussolini spoke to the Arabs whom the British dominated and to the Mohammedans of North Africa giving their allegiance to France, and he sent his secret agents among them, and he subsidized every vicious-looking Moslem malcontent. Great Britain and France were described on the air—in Arabic, with an Italian sponsor—as the hateful oppressors and exploiters of millions of their “Moslem slaves.” Mussolini, as the self-appointed new defender of the Faithful, stood in the shadow of the Vatican and sent arms and his blessing to the Arabs of the Holy Land and preached a Mohammedan holy war.

This was the most “advanced” form of secret service the Near East and North Africa had ever experienced. Lawrence of Arabia had fomented and subsidized guerilla campaigns, a kind of Arab revolution, cleverly designed to embarrass and weaken the Turkish garrisons. Benito Mussolini manipulated a hundred road-company Lawrences, subsidizing and fomenting civil war. These Fascist agents hired Arab ruffians to attack the Jews of

Palestine. Not even the most imaginative Italian propagandist attempted to show that Jewish wealth or influence, in the Near East or anywhere else, threatened Italian Fascism. The murderous undercover offensive was ordered from Rome because propagandized disorders in the Holy Land gravely embarrassed Great Britain, whose government was committed to protecting both Arab and Jew.

Mussolini's incitements earned a great deal of sinister applause from his anti-Semitic allies of Berlin, and at a time when Italy seemed about to conclude its colonial exploit in Ethiopia by becoming both a colony and slave-market of the Third Reich. There is some evidence of Gestapo operatives having insisted on helping the Ovr people in their penetration of Palestine. Germans in cunning "refugee" disguise aided the Italian secret service and stimulated a variety of malign agitations, until that which had started as an anti-Zionist movement was soon flaring across the Moslem skies, a rebellion against Great Britain of unprecedented magnitude.

A *jihad*, or holy war, was proclaimed against the British Empire from the fanatic Shia centers of Iraq. Arab snipers killing Jewish farm boys had nettled the authorities in London. But a holy war was an imperial problem, not to be solved by increasing the garrison and enlarging the police barracks of Palestine. And the British authorities also recognized a threat behind the threat—fanatic fomentations in the Holy Land endangered the tranquillity of Egypt and the security of the Suez Canal.

Mussolini, encouraged by his new and volcanic friend, Adolf Hitler, was already aiming at Egypt. The British Secret Service had obtained and decoded proof of such extravagant Fascist plans. In August, 1935, many months before the earliest outbreak in Palestine, an Italian staff

plane crashed in the Sudan and from the wreckage, which did not burn, an alert Sudanese operative rescued a small dispatch case holding documents of exceptional interest. The Fascist forces were about ready to march on Addis Ababa. And after that—what would the Duce decide he owed it to his glory to accomplish? Notes and maps from the dispatch case, being interpreted by Intelligence experts, showed that he had already decided; for only the orders of Mussolini himself would have inspired the Italian staff to prepare and transmit such up-to-the-minute plans—a “pincer” movement against Egypt coming simultaneously from Libya and from the newly conquered “colony” of Abyssinia.

It was super-dynamic to begin planning to use an Abyssinian base before defeating the Abyssinians. But British headquarters at Cairo seems to have felt the full impact of probability in these Fascist delusions of grandeur. It is rare in the annals of military secret service for any kind of coup to produce immediate headquarters action. Hardly four weeks after the Italian plane crashed, however—in September, 1935—a force of British military engineers arrived at the small desert port of Mersa Matruh and set to work developing and fortifying it.

By mid-December this port had been turned into a “strong right flank” against invasion from Libya, being some hundred and forty miles from the frontier of that Italian colony. The Egyptian government meanwhile had considered extending the Alexandria-Fuka railroad to Mersa Matruh, a distance of forty-nine miles; and in the significantly short time of seventy-seven days the rails were laid. Grateful for that gift of the dispatch case from the wrecked staff plane, the Anglo-Egyptian command had obviously reexamined its defense plans with incredible promptitude.

The Italians never admitted either the dispatch case or the plan of Egyptian conquest, but they did hint loudly that the accident to their staff plane, costing the lives of a prominent Fascist administrator and noted staff officers, had resulted from sabotage. In June, 1936, Captain Eden, then the British Foreign Secretary, carefully evaded a parliamentary question concerning both the plane and its revelations which was put to him by the Liberal member, Geoffrey Mander.

A British Admiralty report issued in 1912 first set forth the strategic "rule" that no possible opponent should be allowed to establish a naval base less than one thousand miles from Suez. Twelve years earlier Admiral Mahan had written :

Egypt in military situation approaches the ideal ; for to a local concentration of forces, defensive and offensive, operative in two directions, toward Gibraltar or toward India, it adds several streams of supply, so diverse in origin that no one navy can take position to intercept them all. . . . If the Mediterranean be blocked, the Red Sea remains, always the shortest route to India.

The Italians could also study Mahan ; and by 1930 there were two naval bases, both Italian, east of Malta and therefore less than a thousand miles from Suez. One of these was in the Dodecanese Islands of the Aegean, also threatening Turkey and the Near East. The other, but sixty miles from the Egyptian frontier and less than four hundred and fifty miles from Port Said, was established at Tobruk in Libya.

By the summer of 1935 a third Italian base, violating the Admiralty "rule" as to distance from the Suez Canal, was discovered at Massáua in Eritrea. It was a real shock to London when Naval Intelligence agents contrived to confirm this impairment of the Red Sea route to India

and reported upon the strength of the fortifications and caliber of the heavy guns mounted at Massáua.

Shocks and alarms were, however, in fashion at this period of the Mediterranean-Ethiopian-sanctions crisis. The famous accuracy of intelligence deriving from the famous British Intelligence Service seemed to fall away to a whisper. A Conservative government in London, already the parent and godparent of an infant appeasement, used the celebrated Secret Service as the prompter and stage manager of a hushed melodrama. When His Majesty's Government wished to be cautioned, a "secret service" warning moaned and trembled in the wings. A prop moon rose upstage, another symbol of "secret service," when the then preeminent Fascist aggressor had to be wooed by "the City" of high finance and Downing Street.

The off-stage noises and manipulations of lighting effects were a show in themselves. Britain's French partner looked on in cynical wonder as even the comic relief became a symptom of intelligence technique. The British government put itself virtually in the hands of its spies and they laughed British power from the scene, thus sparing the Fascist adventurers the consequences of their own foolhardy threats. The British Navy could have closed the Suez Canal, closed the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, bottling up both Mussolini's fulminations and the feeble Italian fleet. But not with the consent of "secret service." London was furtively warned of the Italian mosquito fleet, the Italian suicide squadron, the handful of Fascist mariners provided with torpedo-bearing speedboats and sworn to sink one British battleship or cruiser each and perish with an immortal bang.

That "secret service" intimation, a veritable Sunday-feature of offensive design, made the Italians seem too

strong for the historic ruler of the seas. In "good Queen Bess's glorious days" the Spanish Armada failed to terrify little England; but in 1935-1936 a mere flotilla of Fascist speedboats was excuse enough for infinite British caution and much pusillanimous placating of bellicose Benito. And we may note that the same British fleet is afloat today—with fifty American destroyers replacing lost destroyers, and great new capital ships more than repairing the loss of H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, *Courageous*, *Glorious* and others—in spite of a very real "suicide squadron" of German submarines and dive bombers.

Similar self-inflicted errors and intimidations had a great deal to do with the Arab terrorists' homicidal evolution in the Holy Land. Jewish provocation of the Arab fanatics was exaggerated. The Jews' ability to defend themselves was both exaggerated and minimized, according to the argument or recommendations of the moment. Support lent the Arabs—tangible, explosive support, not mere propagandic encouragement—by Italy and by Germany was distorted; and "inside intelligence" had nearly massacred Zion and surrendered it to Islam before the serious fighting even started.

Arab turbulence was simply allowed to get out of hand. Trustworthy observers now are agreed that the rebellion of 1936 could have been stopped dead, without much danger or difficulty, if taken in its earlier stages. The Arabs themselves "did not know their own strength"; and it is certain that neither the agitators from Rome nor the arms-smugglers subsidized from Berlin expected their crew of fanatic dupes and Moslem ruffians to present the British Empire with a first-class crisis in its vital Near Eastern preserve.

American journalists visiting Palestine reported that the Jews "put up an amazingly good resistance." A Brit-

ish staff officer has conceded in print that one Jewish soldier could "take on three Arabs," and that the Jewish troops, especially those from the agricultural settlements, were excellent. Not a settlement was abandoned in thirty months of unceasing guerilla assaults. Agricultural work even in outlying fields was carried on; and when a worker was slain on what became known as the "work front," another came forward to replace him. The work of the "work front" never diminished.

An ingenious system of signals kept all the Jewish settlements of Palestine in communication. Night attacks were swiftly reported and the forces assembled to repulse them. In spite of the conflict, twenty-seven new settlements were established, "some of them in exposed strategic positions." An agricultural settlement became virtually a fortified town, with barbed-wire fences, powerful searchlights, and with sentries on twenty-four-hour watch. Workers having to venture beyond the defenses went armed and were escorted by armed guards. The first weapons issued to Jewish watchmen and special policemen were of poor quality. The British civil authorities, some of them pro-Arab, were uncertain, misinformed and unco-operative. But when the military forces took over control of the Palestine "war zone," better rifles and equipment were found for the Jewish volunteers. Because of the impression their conduct made upon British officers, Jewish detachments were even mobilized to help protect the valuable pipe-line of the Iraq Petroleum Company, carrying oil from Mosul to Haifa.

The same terror that turned the Jewish settlements into a chain of forts and the settlers into soldiers was beating upon law-abiding Arab elements and gradually it lowered their morale and integrity. It so intimidated Arabs in the Palestine administration that most of them

threw in their lot with the rebels and began betraying the government they were avowedly serving. Arab policemen helped fugitives escape and hide; they became rebel agents and warned their confederates of British troop movements and impending raids and searches.

By the spring of 1938, as the struggle entered its third year, the Arab division of the Intelligence Department had seen so many of its loyal operatives picked off by rebel assassins that the skeleton force of survivors was not to be relied upon any longer. From Arab headsmen of villages to the lowliest scavengers and gardeners employed in military cantonments the Arab population lived in fear of the terrorists and served them as spies. Arab judges attempting to cope with the terror were continually threatened with death; and at length, on November 18, 1937, they turned over to military courts the hazardous and combustible task of enforcing the law. These military tribunals at once, in accordance with provisions of the new emergency regulations, began sentencing rebellious criminals to be hanged. There was no other way to deal with a base and unspeakable campaign of homicide and terrorism.

In the eight weeks of July and August, 1938 — with this extraordinary secret-service war still raging — “about twelve hundred men and women of Palestine were killed or wounded by knife, bullet, or bomb,” at an average of twenty casualties a day in a population of 1,400,000. Since the Arabs tried by every means to conceal their casualties, the British authorities knew that the twelve hundred here given was an optimistic minimum. The terror, it seemed, would never abate, even though within the same two-month period twenty-two convicted Arab terrorists were hanged at Acre jail.

Sir Charles Tegart and Sir David Petrie had earned

their reputations in India by wiping out terrorism. Both these officials were brought to Palestine and at once set about formulating plans for combatting snipers and terrorists. The press of Palestine was forbidden to publish their photographs or mention their names in any connection. Operations resulting from the precautionary or repressive measures initiated by Petrie and Tegart soon began to take effect. The rebel chieftain, Abdul Rahim Haj Mohammed, was shot dead "while attempting to break through a cordon" of British soldiers "around a Samaritan village in the North." He had been signing himself "Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Revolutionary Forces in Palestine." But his authority was questioned by one wing of the terrorist army. Abdul Rahim Haj Mohammed had criticized the policies and Italian affiliations of the former Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el Hussein, and so had incurred disfavor with that supreme, if fugitive, rebel magnifico.

Sheikh Farhan al Sadi, a venerable malcontent of seventy-five, one of the most influential of terrorist leaders, was rounded up with three of his lieutenants by means of a surprise raid upon the Arab community of Mazar in Northern Palestine. With the arrest of old Sheikh Farhan a very interesting murder case unfolded. Only a week before the Mazar raid a certain Radi Abboushi, member of a notable Arab family and no terrorist, had been found slain just outside the town of Jenin. His valuables had been stolen by the killers, also a revolver for which he held a British permit. And this revolver was to avenge its owner without firing a shot.

A thorough police search following the capture of Sheikh Farhan al Sadi turned up a craftily hidden accumulation of rifles and revolvers, hand grenades and boxes of cartridges; and engraved on the handle of one of the

revolvers seized was the name of the murdered citizen — “Abboushi.” It was said thereafter that the murder campaign against members of prominent Arab families had provoked some of them to collaborate secretly with Petrie and Tegart and aid the government forces in extirpating terrorists. Sheikh Farhan al Sadi was tried by court martial and elected to defend himself only with contemptuous silence. A defense attorney wept for the old brigand’s crimes and begged a “life sentence” for one whose life could hardly be prolonged by imprisonment. But the terrorist Sheikh had not been too aged to kill Arabs, Jews and British soldiers, and he was condemned to death.

Police agents verified the allegation of Palestine Arabs that “more than 90 per cent. of the Arab terrorist gangs” at large in the Holy Land were of Syrian origin. They drifted over the border, well equipped with rifles and ammunition; and from many of them taken prisoner it was learned that they all were receiving “a monthly salary from a mysterious source.” The former Mufti, Haj Amin el Husseini, was not the source. He had fled to Lebanon in October, 1937, being there kept under close surveillance by French agents and local police authorities. Since the British government held him responsible for “organizing the Arabs’ terrorist campaign,” it had announced that he would be “excluded indefinitely” from Palestine. On October 17, 1939, the Mufti contrived to dodge the French and leave Lebanon. He found a new haven at Baghdad, Iraq.

Mussolini’s Moslem radio had never stopped cheering the terrorists on — even after Rome and London came to an agreement promising cessation of this propaganda — and Mussolini’s Arabic gumshoes were certainly close to that “mysterious source” in Syria. British agents working out of Peshawar in Northwest Province, India, un-

covered another plot with Italian overtones. Waziristan tribesmen, led by a Moslem fanatic, had been plotting to overthrow the reigning dynasty of Afghanistan. The former Afghan ruler, Amanullah—who was driven to abdicate his throne on January 14, 1929—has passed most of his exiled years in Rome, a potential protégé of Mussolini. This Waziristan conspiracy was found to have much the same backing as that which sustained the terrorists in Palestine.

Italian fomentations in the Near East also made trouble for the French. Two notorious Arab agitators, Road Soih and Ishan Djaabri, were captured by French secret-service operatives. The two men did not attempt to deny that large sums of money found in the possession of each had come from Italian paymasters. Ishan Djaabri even identified himself as an agent of the Italian Secret Service.

He provided his captors with a kind of terrorist price-list—a “cut-rate” list—showing that Arab assassins were asking the equivalent of twenty-five dollars to kill an Arab, fifteen dollars to kill an Englishman, and only one English pound, or less than five dollars, to murder a Jew. Such fees were granted for assassinating ordinary citizens. There was “a special schedule of bonuses” for the extermination of “prominent personages,” five hundred dollars being “placed on the head” of such a leader of Arab moderation as Fakhri Nashashibi, critic and stanch opponent of the rebel-rousing Mufti.

It was the known theory of the assassins that their price should be highest for slaying an Arab because of the risk of retaliation. Almost any Arab victim would have relatives or friends fiercely determined to avenge his murder. Sir Charles Tegart and Sir David Petrie, by expanding the counter-espionage and anti-sniper, anti-terrorist serv-

ices, made legal vengeance an inevitability in the defense of the non-Arab population. When two Jews were killed and two others gravely wounded by the explosion of a land mine, police dogs were quickly put upon the trail of the terrorists. The dogs led straight to the non-Jewish German settlement of Waldheim, in the Nazareth Hills twenty miles from Haifa. The trail seemed to end at the door of a German blacksmith; but German residents assembled and insisted that the police escort must await the arrival of the Nazi consul.

The consul and a ranking British military officer were summoned. Meanwhile, troops appeared in support of the police and surrounded this German settlement which dates back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. When eventually a search of the blacksmith's shop was permitted, a store of bomb mechanisms and explosives was uncovered. A series of arrests resulted. But in March, 1939, Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement had not yet been obliterated by continuing Nazi aggressions; and the German consul's interferences succeeded in preventing an exposure of the Waldheim contact with terrorism.

Bombs and land mines planted by a band of Jewish extremists were also beginning to explode. One of them killed five Arabs and wounded many more in the vicinity of the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem. Time-bombs were hidden in telephone-cable manholes, and their detonation put seventeen hundred telephone lines out of service. As ninety-eight per cent of the telephones rendered useless had Jewish subscribers, and as hospitals and other central institutions of Jerusalem were deprived of essential service, the extremist Jews gained no partizans in the Jewish community.

That same week came the episode of Daliat el Carmel,

a small Arab Druse village not far from Haifa, which was saved from Arab brigands by a counter-attack of Jewish supernumerary policemen. The Arab terrorists had already killed one of the villagers and wounded four others when the police arrived and averted a massacre. Next day a deputation of Arab Druse elders went to the nearest police post to thank personally the Jewish policemen for their timely intervention. And a few days after that, on June 2, 1939, a patrol of British soldiers and several of the Jewish policemen were ambushed by Arab terrorists and slaughtered to the last man.

Benito Mussolini's own newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan, was still fanning the flame of Arab revolt, attacking the British authorities for their "new Herodian order in the Holy Land," and even prodding "Church of England prelates" because of alleged Christian deficiency. While the Arab riff-raff murdered, plundered and terrorized Palestine communities, a more dreadful specimen of Fascist power politics—the Spanish civil war—had begun to invite both secret-service and military "anti-Communist" invasions at the other end of the Mediterranean. But before proceeding to that merciless battleground, we shall want to know what is at last exorcising the demons of the Holy Land.

From terror and counter-terror, from the fantastic horror of outrages fomented by Rome, of radio-stimulated massacres and bombings, a sudden and no less fantastic remedy emerged. It was war in Europe. War among the great Powers, distracting Britain and France, threatening another World War to roll down its fiery avalanche upon Islam and the Near East!

This war has given the Nazi and Italian spies something else to do. The Arabic of Italian radio propaganda no longer is thickened with threats of a *jihad*. A holy

war would be double-dynamite now and not a convenient tool of Fascist intrigue. The short-wave hypocrisy that denounced the "new Herodian order" has been stilled. There is truce in the Holy Land because a dreaded external adversary is now no farther away than the carved-up borders of Roumania.

XXV

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: THE FASCIST FIFTH COLUMN

The signal for the outbreak of the Fascist military insurrection in republican Spain was the assassination of the Fascist leader, José Calvo Sotelo, who was slain by men wearing disguises. That murderous stroke began a queer, an unparalleled conflict of intrigue, secret service and international masquerade. One might say the disguised assassins of Sotelo started a war which to the bitter end continued in disguise.

The civil war in Spain was, in truth, a clearly defined combat, with a legally constituted republican government on one side and a rebel *mélange* of underprivileged monarchists, military malcontents, Nazi-Fascist plotters, and financial and clerical anarchists on the other. Those who had most reason to respect the law of the land made themselves outlaws as soon as Spanish law became in their view "tainted" with liberalism. Better anarchy, they argued, than any form of law or government in Spain not exclusively of our making. They plotted to revolt and overthrow the law as soon as it ceased to guarantee their narrow, selfish conceptions of property and privilege. And what is today even more ironic — elements outside of Spain — chiefly the governments of France and Great Britain — who had the best reasons for upholding republicanism and anti-Fascism in Spain, were restrained by the ceaseless pressure of class interests and financial greed, and by their own mortal fear of class warfare.

Before the outbreak of a sordid uprising that gained such backing from abroad that it became a revolution, the French Secret Service intercepted Italian communications which showed how Mussolini and Hitler were egging on the rebellious generals. This occurred in May, 1936, more than two months before the revolt of the Melilla garrison in Spanish Morocco which, on July 18th, touched off the general assault upon the Popular Front government at Madrid.

There was something really uncanny about the deep intrigues contributed by the Fascist Powers to the Spanish civil war, intrigues that "clicked," promoting a regular accumulation of overwhelming advantages which Spanish and Italian Fascist officers—who had merely spent all their lives learning to be soldiers—repeatedly allowed to slip through their fingers. Francisco Franco had not the man power—either personal, or military—to conquer the people of Spain. He had to gather strength from all the great Powers, not excepting the United States of America, not even excepting his enemies' devastating ally, Soviet Russia.

Franco was a pretty general. He made a beautiful cover on several of the weekly news-magazines. Having a switching gait on the march, a shrill voice and hysterical manner, he had long before the military uprising acquired the nickname *Pitimini*. Nobody ever wanted to call Marlborough or Washington, Wellington, Andrew Jackson or William T. Sherman a name like *Pitimini*; but then, nobody ever selected one of those great captains to inflict Fascism or reign as a dictator—reign as Franco does today, a fitting climax to centuries of cruelty in the land of the caballero, the conquistador and the Roman Catholic champion.

The financial backers and foreign fomenters of the Fas-

cist military insurrection in Spain did not make the initial mistake of pinning their hopes upon General Franco. The original camarilla of disloyal Spanish commanders was headed by Sanjurjo, Goded and Mola, and included the notorious Martinez Anido and the articulate Gonzalo Queipo de Llano. Among the rebel leaders Franco counted about sixth in military reputation and temperamental reliability. Sanjurjo, the veteran fighter, the formidable "Lion of the Riff," was the candidate on whom the dim, distant intriguers were placing their money. Goded and Emilio Mola, with his inviting secret-service background, were leading lieutenants and architects of the uprising.

General Sanjurjo had been living in exile, which suggests — though it does not prove — that the republican government in Madrid, for all its lassitude and astute belief in Santa Claus, had become conscious of this soldier's ability and implacable hostility. There were government agents who had been assigned to keep watch upon Sanjurjo and upon some of the other discontented generals. Republican operatives watched Franco, whose characteristics were such that he was more likely to flaunt than to conceal any insurgent plot with which he became associated. Franco's spiteful grievance against Spanish democracy and all forms of democratic government was worn by him with public pride, like his corsetting crimson sash or tight-fitting uniform coat. And Franco, it seems, easily identified the republican spies supposed to report to Madrid and had them shot on the first day of his insurgency.

Franco was mainly important to the Spanish conspirators because of his favorable position in Morocco and his control of experienced troops. Franco commanded the ruffianly Spanish Foreign Legion. The impending con-

flict was to be won with mercenaries; and at its very beginning it was Francisco Franco's prophetic good fortune to lead the only mercenary corps in the army of Spain. The insurgent preparations in Africa were as influential as the negotiations in Rome and Berlin which resulted in the eventual onslaught of Nazi-Fascist non-intervention. Moorish tribesmen of Morocco had repeatedly vanquished stronger forces of Spanish conscripts, and so the insurgent preparations in Africa included negotiating with the Moors and the hiring of thousands of those resolute warriors to back up the Foreign Legion's prospective invasion of Spain.

According to John Elliott—writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* of November 1936, after obtaining some of the first interviews granted by rebel leaders—Spain was seen in Burgos as “undergoing the most tremendous upheaval it had known since the national uprising against Napoleon in 1808.” It was conceded that, although the “plot against the Spanish Republic was well organized . . . unfortunately for the rebels, the match was applied a little too soon. The assassination of Calvo Sotelo, the Royalist leader and former Finance Minister who was dragged from his home and shot . . . precipitated the revolt before its leaders had completed their arrangements. As a consequence, the rebellion was suppressed in Madrid and Barcelona, and instead of mastering Spain by a single blow, as they had expected, the rebels found themselves obliged to settle down to a grim and bloody civil war.

“In other ways, too, the expectations of the insurgent leaders were not fulfilled. They counted on having the navy with them, but the greater part of the Spanish fleet remained loyal to the Republic. Hostile warships delayed the transportation of General Franco's troops from North Africa to the Peninsula . . .”

Many volumes have been written about the civil war in Spain, and a great many more will appear in years to come. A history of the secret service pertaining to the civil war would overflow a fat volume, even though there are innumerable gaps in the record of that clandestine combat thus far disclosed. For example, the circumstances which attended the killing of José Calvo Sotelo in Madrid on July 13, 1936—which act Mr. Elliott and nearly all other observers agree was instrumental in forcing the military intriguers' hand—have remained peculiarly mysterious. Mr. Elliott described the Sotelo assassins simply as "the Guardias de Asalto"—the Assault Guards of the republican régime being cast in all homicidal roles by Burgos gossip during the first months of the civil war. A dispatch from Lisbon, Portugal, on August 10, 1936, declared that a "Captain Conde, alleged by insurgents to have been responsible for the assassination" of Sotelo, had been put to death at Segovia.

Such a feat of detective rapidity—from July 13th to August 10th, four weeks—would be a top-flight performance, even in time of political peace, for any homicide bureau in the world. But that the not yet consolidated, gravely preoccupied Spanish insurgents could detect, capture, convict, condemn and execute an alleged assassin—whose crime had proved of major importance and whose victim, a leading insurrectionary plotter, had been Minister of Finance in the Primo de Rivera government—in four weeks' time can only be ascribed to the ease with which "guilt" could be adjusted to any type of suspect throughout the Spanish war. Investigations which proceeded rather more decorously after August 10, 1936, have tended to show that genuine Assault Guards had nothing to do with Sotelo's murder, that the republican authorities knew so little about the insurgents' plot

that they could not have arranged so clever an act of provocation as the Sotelo assassination just to precipitate "the revolt before its leaders had completed their arrangements," and that the republican government would have been the gainer if it had held Sotelo prisoner instead of doing away with such an influential adversary. The assassins came *disguised* as Assault Guards. Had this hapless "Conde," or any other officer, ordered real Assault Guards to kill so notable a Royalist as Calvo Sotelo, surely the killers' first precaution would have been some disguise other than the uniforms of a republican formation.

It is easier to believe that Sotelo was slain by agents whose chief was determined to precipitate the uprising. Conceit and careless arrogance marked the insurgents' beginnings, just as foreign guidance, foreign financing and merciless measures were to distinguish their victorious culmination. In Rome and Berlin, as early as May, 1936, it was held that the Spanish army leaders only needed to proclaim their revolt and the feeble mechanism of republican rule would fall to pieces at their feet. Possibly in Berlin and Rome it was also felt that Spanish generals were unconscionably slow about deciphering their own destiny and needed some detonation to set them off as political explosive. We may be sure, the killers of Sotelo represented somebody believing he or his cause would benefit by the outbreak of civil war. And that was *not* the republican government. Instead of the assassinated leader, Madrid was now threatened by thousands of his Royalist and Fascist followers, raging to "avenge" him. And who capitalized their fomented fury?

It is obvious today that Francisco Franco was the chief beneficiary of the ill-timed assassination. Sotelo's mur-

der precipitated the nearly ready insurrection. Those leaders who were found unready on July 18th, five days after the Sotelo outrage, soon followed Sotelo to the grave. And all this, and more, cleared the way for Franco. When a prisoner captured by insurgents at Morella in April, 1938, surrendered a revolver "which he said was used to assassinate José Calvo Sotelo," the weapon was quickly conveyed to rebel headquarters and there, in a perhaps unintentionally ironic ceremony, "presented to Generalissimo Franco."

At the outbreak of hostilities General José Sanjurjo, one of the principal organizers of the military uprising, set off from Portugal to place himself at the head of the rebel forces. He had an experienced pilot, the eldest of the five "flying Ansaldo brothers," who were to become noted members of the rebel air corps. But shortly after it left the ground Sanjurjo's machine crashed. The general was burned to death in the wreckage, Ansaldo escaping with a badly mangled leg. The plane accident was as "mysterious" as the oddly disguised assassins of Calvo Sotelo, and sabotage was hinted. Perhaps republican agents were in Portugal and so alert they could prevent the chief rebel's departure for the "front"; but Sanjurjo was a forceful, opinionated Spaniard and others outside the endangered government were relieved by his liquidation.

General Goded was the natural successor of this lost commander-in-chief. But tragic mishaps were rounding up Goded also. In Barcelona this Number Two insurgent was being betrayed at the outset by a still unfathomed series of faulty communications and "accidents" not of the air. Being taken prisoner by the republicans, General Goded was tried by court martial and condemned early in August for his undisguised complicity in the plot

against the Spanish republic. Goded faced a firing squad, and Francisco Franco faced a future grown brighter with blood-stained opportunities. Franco was moving up from his Moroccan base with a certain tactical timidity, running no risk of a serious check or defeat, but he was also moving up in the rebel hierarchy with fateful ease and dispatch.

General Mola was now credited with being the ablest insurgent commander. He did not capture Madrid, it is true; but he fought on two fronts in the North, and it was he, according to a rebel propagandist, "who put heart into the Italians after the disaster in Guadalajara." Yet once again fate soared aloft in Fascist Spain and the invaluable, adroit Emilio Mola was picked off in another mystifying plane crash. José Calvo Sotelo and Generals Sanjurjo, Goded and Mola, the four master insurgents, each a victim of the unforeseen—or at least of something unforeseen by each of them. And Francisco Franco, who had not stood originally in the front rank of rebel leadership, was now outstanding and first.

In the interview granted Mr. Elliott, General Franco took an early occasion to promise that "the insurgent movement was not an attempt by the Royalists to restore the fallen dynasty, still less a coup d'état by a clique of army officers. The army"—said Franco—"only took the leadership of a popular movement which was gladly followed by the Spanish people, anxious to liberate their country from Marxism.

"General Franco added that the new régime would respect the republican institutions of the country. Likewise General Cabanellas, the venerable president of the rebel junta, told me himself that only a republic was now possible in Spain."

At about this same time the republican Señor Del

Vayo, for several years Spain's delegate to the League of Nations Council, was answering an American's question: "What was the real reason for the Fascist-military insurrection?"

"The agrarian reform was the heart of the matter," Del Vayo said. "When after long years we threatened to make the first timid beginnings of agrarian reform the reactionaries made civil war. . . . The army officers betrayed the republic. When Spain became a republic we had 20,000 army officers and 800 generals. We were, perhaps, too generous with men from whom we expected a sense of honor. We gave officers who had no sympathy for the republic the opportunity to resign their commissions with full pay! Some 8,000 officers voluntarily retired, but 12,000 took the oath of fidelity to the republic.

"Of this 12,000 only 1,800 were faithful to their oaths when the rebellion came. They betrayed a republic which had left them their commissions and their salaries and to which they had sworn fidelity. You would think, to hear them talk, that we republicans had murdered all members of the officer class . . ."

The Fascist confederates started with more than eighty-five per cent of the regular army of Spain, with the veteran Foreign Legion, with Franco's low-priced reservoir of hard-fighting Moors. They started with the secret service, the disbanded political-police system of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, with nearly all the civil police and gendarmerie, with arsenals, forts and quantities of munitions, with airplanes, foreign capital and promised reserves, with several seaworthy warships of the more modern design, with the Church, the reactionary landowners, finance and industry. Indeed, everything was on the insurgents' side except the patriotism of the Spanish people, indomitable resolution and strategic genius. The

For thirty months of Franco's aggression the full weight of foreign intervention failed to overcome congenital incompetence; but finally it did, and then Franco's subjugation of the Spanish people was assured.

people retained the patriotism and the resolution; and they begged, borrowed and captured some of the military equipment that they lacked. They never acquired enough, not nearly as much as they had to have in order to win, yet enough to keep them from losing for a long, heroic interval.

As for the strategic genius, that is seldom issued to the armies of Spain, and Spanish soldiers for several centuries have been getting used to doing without it. From the depths of mass resistance there came many an intimation of military genius. Given the invaluable equipment, given time and better facilities for the training of recruits, and the Loyalist forces would have produced an inspired leadership which is an excellent substitute for genius. Even as the struggle dragged on, Loyalist amateurs were learning a great deal by observing closely the always correct and professional blundering that distinguished the maneuvers of the enemy.

Republican secret service was equally amateur and some of the best of it impromptu. Two humble supporters of the Spanish republic—who shall here be left unnamed, since one or both may survive in Spain to this day—were responsible for perhaps the first strokes of really masterly Intelligence work that came to the rescue of the tottering democratic government. One of these self-appointed secret agents was a radio engineer attached to the marine relay station at Ciudad Lineal. The other was a trolley-car conductor in Malaga. This pair gave the alarm which roused the Spanish people to defend their republic.

The Admiralty had, of course, been in touch with the plotters and was working to hand over the entire Spanish navy to the insurgent faction. The radio station at Ciudad Lineal was instructed to send out corresponding “mo-

bilization" orders to the whole fleet; but before this message of official betrayal went on the air, the radio engineer got wind of the Fascist conspiracy and realized the insurgents' design to use Spanish war vessels to safeguard the passage of the rebel legion from North Africa to the Peninsula. The engineer at the risk of being shot down—as many others who attempted to resist the plotters were instantly executed—sent out an immediate warning to the sailors of the various ships:

ARMADA, THE REPUBLIC CALLS YOU! S.O.S. TREACHERY — FASCIST UPRISING — FORWARD — ACTION — TAKE COMMAND!

Two hours later he had his first response:

CRUISER JAIME I REPORTING. OUR OFFICERS ATTEMPTED RESISTANCE. WERE SUBDUED AFTER HARD FIGHTING. STANDING BY FOR ORDERS — WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE BODIES?

In the next hour other ships reported. Their crews, together with some officers mindful of their oaths, were declared to be standing "enthusiastically behind our Republic and the working class. . ." Which declaration signalled the onrush of that most sanguinary of internecine conflicts, a class war. But the Fascists and reactionary classes had begun it; the Spanish masses were largely unarmed—in some provinces, disarmed—when it broke upon them.

The alert trolley-car conductor on an early run in the suburbs of Malaga saw troops marching overland and noticed that an uncommonly large contingent of officers accompanied the column. To the conductor that looked like politics, not army maneuvers; and so he stole away from his car and ran to telephone the city hall. He reported his suspicions in the nick of time. An immediate alarm was sent out to strategic points in the working-class

districts of Malaga. Republican militia assembled, and, in company with loyal troops, they moved upon the insurgent forces. Rebel leaders were surrendered by their own confused and unprepared men who had merely been obeying the orders of disloyal superiors. A state of siege was proclaimed and arms found for "a large part of the adult population."

Malaga remained a republican stronghold until some complex outcropping of treachery — not yet illuminated by those historians devoting themselves to rebel successes — caused its surrender to an insurgent offensive.

The bravery and presence of mind of the radio engineer kept many Spanish warships from going over to the rebels; and, save for encounters with Italian bombing squadrons and Italian — "pirate" — submarines in the Mediterranean, the republican naval forces seemed to maintain this advantage in combatting Franco's "navy" to the very end of the civil war.

It has been written that the Spanish people "for some reason, have never had military leaders worthy of their courage, character and temperament." During the first weeks of the uprising, before vast interventions by the Italian Fascists, the Nazis and others reduced the conflict to a grim, relentless siege of the republic, the partizans of both sides displayed extraordinary courage. In Extremadura and Andalusia the well-equipped rebels were met by peasant guerillas armed only with sticks and pitchforks. Such an unequal contest was traditional; the forefathers of those same peasants had marched against Napoleon's veterans, seizing from the French invaders the muskets that they lacked.

At Toledo a completely surrounded and greatly outnumbered insurgent force defended the Alcázar with epic tenacity. In Asturias the skillful Colonel Aranda — who

rose to be a general in a war begun by Spain's curious surplus of generals — held the Oviedo barracks with his small but resolute rebel contingent. General Goded, as military governor of the Balearic Islands, flew from Palma de Majorca to Barcelona to carry out the insurrectionary plan and suppress the formidable Catalan unions and workers' militia. Goded found no garrison in Barcelona ready to accept his command; but he and a force of rebel officers held out for two days against overwhelming odds until their limited military stores were exhausted. Goded's prompt execution in Montjuich Castle of iniquitous fame, while in conformity with the law, was used thereafter as a provocation for many insurgent excesses. It seemed, according to "Burgos justice," that wherever elements loyal to the Spanish republic succeeded in overpowering isolated insurrectionists, there was a foul massacre of officers and gentlemen.

The insurgent propaganda was clever even if insurgent strategy was sluggish. A number of General Goded's confederates, rebellious officers of the Spanish regular army, took refuge in a Barcelona church, defending it stoutly against republican besiegers. Insurgent stores of arms were discovered in other churches. As a result, church property was raided, looted, set on fire. Clergy and devout Roman Catholic laity, attempting to restrain the mob, were killed or wounded — all this providing ingredients with which insurgent spokesmen shocked the Christian world.

Republican fury against the "unnecessary" Fascist war provoked republican excesses, which answered, or were answered by, rebel mass executions, such as the horrible vengeance visited upon the defenders of Badajoz by Franco's Foreign Legion. There was no front for a considerable time, but an infuriated nation breaking out in

incendiary spots. And around, behind, underneath it all was the subterranean and secret-service struggle, wherein the rebels never lost their initial advantage—an ugly, boiling brew of intrigue, perjury, denunciation, propagandic distortion, assassination, betrayal and sabotage.

General Mola, while he survived and felt himself destined for the mantle of Number One deliverer of reaction and conqueror of Madrid, coined and set in circulation a term which has already outlasted the civil war in Spain. Mola announced that he was advancing to take Madrid with four insurgent columns, that the capital was certain to fall to him, since a strong “fifth column” of rebel collaborators lurked in the city, awaiting a signal to rise and attack its republican defenders. The term “fifth column” has since become a world-wide synonym for spy-system or hidden sabotage corps. And, for the sake of this record, we must closely scrutinize the seeming indiscretion of this insurgent commander.

Mola was no braggart, no inflated amateur, no Queipo de Llano winning endless victories with radio-active blasts of fermented air. Mola was a shrewd professional and a veteran of secret-service and political-police technique. Moreover, there was a “fifth column” in Madrid and other communities held by the Loyalists. And so Mola’s boasting of its potential impact was a blunder unduplicated in espionage annals. To threaten the action of spies and undercover combatants where no such elements were ready to operate would be a calculated morale-shaking subterfuge. Suspicion of treacherous neighbors, dread of invisible foes, is a baneful handicap in any crisis of conflict. But to *warn* the republican high command that hidden rebel sympathizers were waiting to strike, that in the darkest hour a “fifth column” of partizan terrorists might spring out and knife hard-pressed garri-

son troops in the back, was a stupidity so colossal it can neither be attributed to an expert spy-master like Mola nor derided as typical of Fascist staff braggadocio.

In nearly all financial and influential quarters the Spanish insurgents had been doing well with defamation, calling every republican defender a "Red," and petrifying the comfortable and the devout with horror reports of the burning of convents, the raping of nuns and murdering of priests. It is this writer's considered opinion that General Mola foresaw the invincible defense of Madrid. Mola had his "fifth column" ready and waiting, and he was clever enough to find a way to make use of it. Espionage and sabotage behind the Loyalist lines were all very well; but authentic terror in Loyalist territory would make new friends for the insurgents in the world's best clubs and counting-houses. Mola, a shrewd operator, understood that the rebel faction had set out to conquer the Spanish people, and that the republic could never be destroyed except with the men, money and materials provided from abroad. Mola's supreme "indiscretion," therefore, exposed the insurgent "fifth column" to a sweeping and ruthless campaign of republican counter-espionage and police repression.

Thus the undercover rebel movement was used and to good purpose by General Mola's stratagem, for the general unhesitatingly sacrificed his clandestine "column" of partizans. No one need ever accuse the rebel leaders of having been concerned for the lives and welfare of Spanish men, women, or children. Terror was fomented anew in Madrid at a modest expenditure of espionage or sabotage agents, both active and potential. Being warned of the existence of a "fifth column," Loyalist agencies of vigilance and reprisal became excited about it and reacted just as General Mola had anticipated. Thousands

of suspected insurgent followers were rounded up in Madrid and all parts of republican Spain. There was an organized secret-service terror—which the rebel propagandists eagerly magnified—and the hysteria of a major spy-scare, which, as is nearly always the case in counter-espionage, served to mask the operations, or cover the escape, of the more dangerous rebel spies.

Long after Mola's fatal accident, his ruse was promoting confusion, suspicion and terror in Loyalist areas, hence yielding the insurgents a preferred dividend. On June 20, 1938, there was excitement outside of Spain because in Madrid one hundred and ninety-five more officials, both civil and military, were going on trial for espionage. The secret-service general's "fifth column" was still being broken down. More than half of the accused officials faced the death penalty; and many of them were condemned with the fearful celerity of the court martial in time of war.

The republican authorities, however, grew extremely sensitive to the fluctuations of world opinion as the well-financed rebel propagandists pounded them with charges of Communism, Red terror, assassination and looting. And this sensitiveness guarded the rebels in a peculiar way at the time of General Mola's death. Loyalist secret service had been showing steady improvement, even while lagging far behind the nicely oiled mechanism of the insurgents. Spanish government agents obtained and communicated precise information as to the Mola funeral services. The exact time, the route to be taken through the streets of the rebel capital, the eminent foes of the republic who would walk to and from the cathedral beside the flag-draped coffin—this intelligence was secretly conveyed to Valencia.

Francisco Franco and his leading associates might have

been liquidated by a carefully timed bombing raid. The Loyalist government had the necessary espionage warning; but the project of a shattering attack on the rebel junta from the air was vetoed. The republican authorities were mindful of the propagandic tornado they would confer upon their enemies if such an air raid was successful.

XXVI

SPAIN SUFFERS RESCUE FROM THE REDS

Candor is not a usual characteristic of the modern dictatorship, and the grim candor of the Rebel junta all through the war in Spain must here be noted as an exception. Francisco Franco and his confederates made it continually clear that the dictator was not a merciful man but one who, should he win, would remorselessly massacre his foes. Franco called every Spaniard opposing him a "criminal" and the more energetic of these "criminals" he called "murderers," tried them *in camera*, condemned them *in absentia*, and confined them to a card index *in articulo mortis*.

And as for the evidence of their crimes and their murders—the Franco partizans claimed they had evidence and to burn. Time has told how they acquired it.

Now truth and objectivity are as rare in jobless fugitives as candor is rare among dictators. There were many motives for fleeing from Loyalist to Rebel territory—desire to avoid conscription, political hostility, espionage or fear of being discovered in an espionage or sabotage plot—and every Spanish man or woman who escaped to the Rebel camp had to make a favorable impression. Thus every fugitive from government districts learned in a trice that he carried on the tip of his tongue a most acceptable passport. If one who had escaped through the lines could invent a new horror story of his ill treatment while a "prisoner" of the Loyalist police—and not many real prisoners were able to escape—he could surely win himself a welcome and be assigned to

some Nationalist job. It was as simple as that; and the day of reckoning — Franco's mounting the throne held steady by Nazi and Italian "volunteers" — seemed a long way off.

A dispatch to the *New York Times* from Burgos on August 21, 1938, set forth the exhaustive labors of the Rebel secret service and political police, charged as they were with the heavy responsibility of making the Spanish people, now eager for civil strife to end, sorry after it had ended. Colonel José Ungria, chief of the Nationalist Secret Service, was said by the Burgos correspondent to be well on his way toward his first million criminals and murderers. The *Auditoria del Ejercito de Ocupacion* was a special and ingenious secret-service branch, whose duties embraced "police work" in areas most recently captured from the Loyalists and political-police espionage in territories held by the government and still to be seized for Francisco Franco. Headquarters of the *Auditoria* was situated in Saragossa "in an unpretentious office in one of the narrow streets near the cathedral." An "elaborate system of card indexes" lined the walls of the *Auditoria* offices, already containing about 900,000 names of persons suspected of opposition to Franco, his Fascist allies, his foreign backers, or the Church of Rome. Names of the accused persons were being added, the dispatch explained, at the modest rate of 100,000 a month.

White cards in the vengeful index system indicated men or women accused of "general opposition" to the Insurgent cause, or of robbery, arson and terrorism. Opposition in spirit and arson or terrorism were deemed identical. Whereas orange cards denoted Spaniards accused of "willful murder" — and there were a great number of orange cards. "Whenever the accusation rests on

the word of a single individual, that individual is required to sign a detailed charge" — certainly a laudable precaution in political-police cases of assassination, arson and terrorism.

Information, it was said, came to the Nationalist Secret Service through many channels of espionage, interrogation and combat intelligence. Thus "documents taken on the field of battle" revealed the names, "often accompanied by both signatures and photographs" of both Loyalist civil and military authorities "who might otherwise have escaped notice." War prisoners "were carefully interrogated" and many grievances extracted; while fugitives and deserters, "being often persons of Right-wing or neutral sympathies" always offered "ready testimony."

Colonel Ungria's agents swept up the denunciations; and the files of the *Auditoria del Ejercito de Ocupacion* swelled with the pure white archives of terrorism, robbery, or dislike of Moorish invasion. The orange archives of suspected homicide were even more akin to Franco's political theories, since it was the pitiless *Pitimini* who had told a representative of the *London News Chronicle* — on July 28, 1936, ten days after the outbreak of the military insurrection — that he was prepared "to shoot every other Spaniard if necessary" in order to attain his goal.

The deliberate massacre in 1934 of some five thousand Asturian miners by order of the same generals who revolted in 1936 has been described as a "dress rehearsal" for a campaign primarily designed to annihilate the intelligent members of the Spanish working class. At the time of the unspeakable slaughter of the workmen of Badajoz, Juan Yague — then a lieutenant-colonel and Franco's most dynamic subordinate in the Foreign

Legion — presented a sort of apology to a representative of the official German press bureau. “The reason we are progressing so slowly with the conquest of Spain,” said Yague, “is that we have to clean out the red elements.”

That program continued throughout the war, and, even though we are mindful of the brutal exploitations, cruelties and vindictiveness that are spread across nearly every page of Spanish history, it remains difficult to comprehend the Fascist vindictiveness which would plan, by means of the *Auditoria* files of haphazard denunciations, to carry on the extermination of enemies months and even years after the termination of a devastating civil war. American correspondents have testified that the insurgents shot at sight strangers who happened to be wearing workingmen’s overalls. Many humble Spaniards were condemned to death for the specific offense of “known membership” in a labor union. Operatives of Franco’s political police were at pains to secure the lists of Spanish subscribers to liberal as well as to radical publications, both domestic and foreign, prior to the revolt of the reactionaries. Subscription lists were even obtained abroad. The writer has been told of attempts made by Franco-Fascist agents in American, British and French magazine offices, on some pretext or other, to scan the subscription books for names and addresses of “dangerously intelligent” Spaniards. And lest such a reactionary fear of intellectual inclinations seems here exaggerated, be it noted that, in the civil war, the second loudest Franco partizan — second only to General Queipo de Llano — was General Millan-Astray, who, having no army to take anywhere, devoted himself to a barrage of slogans, his most successful inspiration popping out as — “Down With Intelligence! Long Live Death!”

Being certain that Francisco Franco's climb to supreme Rebel command meant a war of revenge and extermination, the people of Spain were further convinced that Franco's victory would inflict upon them a peace of no less bloody malignity. After the Badajoz massacre it became a rule for all members of labor organizations as well as union leaders, and, in fact, for anybody who had ever supported the republic, to flee from any town or city before the insurgents captured it. Even so, from Franco's own records, we learn of mass arrests and executions in every captured town or city from which all the able-bodied population had not departed. Fascist espionage preceded each capture—for months they were few enough—and Fascist denunciation, intrigue and perjury attended each triumphant conquest for the Right.

When Malaga was finally taken by Italian "volunteers," a British warship put into the harbor and "set up a moral barrier" against the "usual massacre of workingmen" and humble folk by order of the Rebel junta. An Englishman, Cecil Murray—son of Professor Gilbert Murray—had come from Malaga several days earlier with the news that the seaport was doomed to fall and that thousands of civilians and Loyalist militiamen were in danger of being captured, which meant almost certain execution. According to George Seldes, who, as correspondent for the *New York Post*, was in Spain at the time, Murray was "assured by British consular officials that a British warship would be on hand . . . and that British marines would be landed if necessary to prevent the massacre."

As it turned out, republican defenders were able to evacuate Malaga, not more than two hundred of them being taken prisoner; yet in spite of the promise of British intervention, almost the entire population of the

port accompanied the retreating Loyalist garrison "rather than face Franco's terror." Along the Mediterranean coast they plodded, the old men and women and children, but they did not escape Franco's terror. Italian airplanes bombed the unarmed procession of refugees; and also these pitiful fugitives were shelled by Rebel and Italian warships. Fascist pursuit of the Malaga refugees was one of the most appalling and profitless atrocities in a war of atrocities. It compares with the Majorca reign of terror, reported by Gerald Grosvenor of the *London News Chronicle*, which began with the putting to death of fifteen hundred disarmed republicans in a single week. And the Franco-Fascist terror on the road from Malaga was so emphatically authenticated by a variety of foreign observers that neither the propagandists of Rome nor of Burgos ever tried to discredit or "explain" it.

There were so many terrors which beset the Spanish nation, the wonder is not that hundreds of thousands perished in battles, bombing raids and mass executions, but rather that there are any people at all who survive. The earliest outrages, church burnings, and assassinations were bad enough, but they did not justify the merciless Fascist reprisals; and worse still, nothing whatever justified the calculated "assassination" of the Loyalists' cause and the republican form of government by such "friends" as Soviet Russia, France and Great Britain. That celebrated help which Moscow sent—in return for a generous fraction of the gold reserve of Spain—was not idealism, Communism, class partizanship, or the brotherhood of man. It had a shrewd sugar coating of those emotional ingredients, and underneath a hard-boiled filling of Intelligence technique, espionage, diplomatic intrigue and secret-service interferences.

Were the volunteers of the renowned International Brigade treated as welcome and disinterested allies? On the contrary — they had to be searched and examined as rash young adventurers from many lands whose Stalinist convictions were of more account than military skill, whose courage and zeal would be subordinated to Communist commissars, and whose excellent foreign passports, especially if American, must be stolen and forwarded to Russia to be used by agents of Stalin's secret service. Future historians of the Spanish civil war should find much evidence to convince them that Stalin was the least disinterested and the most devious and disingenuous of the dictators who tested their faith and their troops in Spain. But also there is evidence for the future which has already become old, showing that Soviet Russia would never have had the chance to intervene expensively, hypocritically and ruinously save for the short-sighted non-interventionism imposed upon France and Great Britain.

The deplorable strategy of the democratic Powers with regard to the Spanish war was a case of property dominating policy. British Intelligence and the French Secret Service were too well informed to want to see Franco and his prestige-hunting accomplices win the civil war. British Naval Intelligence was particularly exercised over the threat to Gibraltar and to imperial lines of communication in the Mediterranean. The powerful French General Staff was harassed by the unpalatable prospect of an opponent lodged on the Pyrenean frontier, which danger had not been a consideration of defensive planning in France for a hundred and twenty-two years. However, the plotters of Rome and Berlin proclaimed that Franco must win, or the war would "spread"; and

the financial communities of London and Paris wanted Franco to win; and so Franco, after great exertions and expenditures, won.

Mussolini and Hitler had been urgent enough in fomenting the generals' rebellion, and the dictators certainly kept a surprising variety of costly promises. But they were quite incapable of financing a Spanish revolution. The Spanish Fascist generals and their original underwriter, the spy-smuggler-monopolist, Juan March, had gone after the right kind of support abroad, not only in Fascist capitals, but in the leading money capital of Europe, the "City" of London. Major financing of the Spanish monarchist and Fascist confederates derived from the "City" or its Paris equivalent. The eventual Franco victory was strikingly influenced thus by a veiled, secretive organizational Goliath whose measureless power and affluence are oddly compressed into the six-letter label — "Sofina."

The word "Sofina" is conveniently derived from the name of a commercial combine reaching out over four continents, Europe, Africa, Asia and South America — the *Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles*. Which "society" surpasses any social set as the world's most prudent collector of mines and railroads, banks, industries, ship lines, power plants and rich concessions for development. Franco and his underprivileged officer caste were just another average speculation to Sofina. The immense combine had valuable properties and equally good prospects in Spain. Franco was a familiar type, easily handled by the management of syndicates. But if the Loyalists won with the backing of Stalin, even the masterly manipulators of Sofina had found no sure way to handle the Kremlin; therefore it had to be Franco. The problem was a simple one.

Sofina employs an excellent secret service of its own and keeps close watch upon its roots of solid gold in all quarters of the world. Republican reform in Spain displeased many rich and reactionary organizations besides Sofina. And the Spanish insurgent generals were the kind of fellows who believed in making friends you can use. An unfortunate defect of the republican leaders was to make the sort of friend who uses you. Even before the Loyalist rout, it was seen that Russia never really lent adequate aid to the cause Stalin himself had professed to espouse. Russian help to the hard-pressed democratic government of Spain would seem to have been regulated by Stalin's desire to prolong rather than end the war. He was afraid of the Fascist recoil if he enabled the Loyalists to win, afraid of world-wide Fascism concentrating its hatred and attacking the Soviet Union, and he was peculiarly afraid in 1937-1938 of infuriating that neurotic torpedo, Adolf Hitler.

The Soviet dictator seems to have cared nothing for Bolshevik prestige. Russia could intervene, play an in-and-out game, have her merchant vessels sunk by "pirate" submarines in the Mediterranean, foment the Franco terror by fastening the ruinous label of "Reds" upon the anti-Fascist republic, then back off timorously and lose in the last inning and wind up with a sputter of angry editorials in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Stalin wanted Hitler distracted by an uncertain Spanish adventure, so that he would not turn and push his aggressions in Eastern Europe, straight toward the Russian frontier. Stalin used the civil war in Spain to spar for time, and to put the rest of Europe in such opposition to Germany that he himself could devise a "deal" with the Red-baiting Reichschancellor.

According to the revelations published by Luis Ara-

quistain, even the chief of the Loyalists' cipher bureau was a Stalinist agent — "so that all the secret communications received by the republic from abroad were known sooner to the Russian Embassy than to the Spanish Government itself." Araquistain, former Spanish republican ambassador to France, also denounced Communist intrigues for their wrecking of Loyalist strategy, and he documented his denunciations.

On the Estremadura front, for example, non-Communist military leaders of the republic carefully planned to launch a surprise offensive. That would have cut rebel Spain in half, which meant separating Franco's none too successful legions in the North from their overflowing Southern reservoir of Moorish and Italian reinforcements. But the Estremadura attack was balked or deliberately betrayed, simply because the Russian Reds had specific orders from Moscow. The civil war was only to be conducted by Reds — who would not forget the Kremlin-molded program of delay — or it was to be scuttled, abandoned to defeat and Franco's massacres. Spanish politicians were, in consequence, strongly "advised" against the Estremadura thrust, and Loyalist generals — such as the grotesquely overrated Miaja — were induced to disparage its strategic importance.

Through most of the war Russian guns, tanks, planes and munitions arrived, or significantly failed to arrive, in accordance with the Kremlin's affection for, or sudden suspicion of, the republican leadership of the moment. And because the Russian "allies" of Loyalist Spain thought more of plotting than fighting, Russian intervention often helped the Fascists as much as Fascist cocksureness and blundering sustained the beleaguered republicans.

It was, then, tragically true that Spain needed to be

rescued from such crafty and dog-in-the-manger Reds. But now Francisco Franco has accomplished his holy work of "rescue" — for more than a year this bold commander of the Moors has had his gift of victory. And his own provincial press publishes lists showing that he is still executing twenty or more of his former opponents a day.

After conquering the people of Spain, Franco and his confederates could have pressed on to astonish the civilized world, and, as magnanimous victors, they might have regained some of the repute that they forfeited by the malignity of their methods in waging war.

XXVII

FASCIST FOMENTATIONS THREATEN FRANCE

The incomparable slowness with which Francisco Franco had discovered his own military genius and pursued his destiny as the Alva of Fascist reaction worried Rome and provoked the contempt of Berlin. German staff officers found it difficult indeed to enjoy a war in which so much of the commanding was conceded to Spaniards and so much of the fighting done by Italians. Through the years 1937 and 1938 the Germans could do little enough with their Italian and Spanish Fascist allies; and they were harried by their own professional opinion that experienced officers detached from the French General Staff might accomplish a great deal more with the ardent Spanish masses and the international volunteers, should the French decide in favor of a Loyalist victory by way of safeguarding their Pyrenean frontier.

The French General Staff, if the Russians were somehow eliminated, might overcome the pressure of clerical and financial intrigants and follow its own secret-service operatives into the Spanish conflict. That prospect angered Franco and his partizans, inspired many Fascist threats, and even afflicted France with an irruption of terrorists.

It is now known that the terror was exported from Italy and, in some degree, from Germany. In a situation of this sort the Nazi-Fascist mind—like the Communist or Stalinist mind—works as automatically as the

mind of a professional baseball player who stops a hard hit ground ball with a runner heading home from third. The player at once decides if he has a chance for a play at the plate, and, if he has not, he turns and throws to first. The Fascist intriguer, faced with strong opposition from a new direction, decides automatically to make use of prepared conspirator mechanisms and stir up internal dissensions to handicap the opposition he fears. Thus the Nazi-Fascist secret services agreed that damaging domestic tension and turbulence were the best medicine to prevent General Gamelin—who was advocating action in Spain—and the French General Staff from touching a match to their straw man, Franco.

Great Britain was looked upon as a danger to the plottings of Rome, Berlin and Burgos, but the rock-ribbed pro-Germanism, and suspected Fascism, of London's financial community caused the secret-service attackers to concentrate on France as the last large bulwark of European democracy. The revolutionary terrorist operations—which the French public soon identified by the name "Cagoulard", meaning "hooded one" to the foreign press and "yellow dog" to the gossips of the boulevards—were not only the export of Fascist neighbors but also eagerly imported by French admirers of Fascism. There would never have been any Cagoulard conspiracy if there had been no pro-Franco financial interests in London and Paris as ready to contribute money as Mussolini was ready to provide the Fascist French conspirators with munitions and arms.

Proof of the caliber and authority of the Cagoulards' clandestine backers shall be found in these circumstances: that the brazen conspiracy was completely uncovered by French counter-espionage operatives—that half a dozen of these operatives were murdered during

the progress of this vital investigation, and yet none of their homicidal adversaries was caught — and, finally, that the secret-service exposure obtained no other result than lurid international publicity. Although there was ample time before the outbreak of war in September, 1939, the French Government never got around to punishing any of the plotters. The whole exposure of the notorious Cagoule — which seemed to be a cleverly co-ordinated performance of counter-espionage — was very gradually and smoothly suppressed.

There used to be a line in a popular comedy — “What did people blame things on before the war?” The first World War was “the war” then; and audiences always laughed in recognition of the thrust. But in making our way down the years from the much denounced deliberations at Versailles we at length have reached the point where not everything untoward can be blamed upon that conflict, its peace treaties, the messianic complex of Woodrow Wilson, or the disingenuous zeal of David Lloyd George and Georges Clemenceau. Well-subsidized conspirators, such as these Cagoulards of France, have been scheming to take control of political events. The more they have plotted, the more uncontrollable has grown the fateful pattern of events leading straight down to the current catastrophe.

When the wave of imported terrorism first flooded over France, a dubious police attempt was made to trace all the bombings, killings, crimes and programs of insurrection to the lair of Anarchist “enemies of society.” It did not work; for, by a series of avoidable yet characteristic blunders, the plotters managed to expose themselves as persons not far removed from the heights of “good society” where the French nobility, plutocracy and the real rulers of the reactionary parties were wont

to congregate. Railroad lines, docks, cranes and merchant vessels were bombed. One of the bombing suspects was caught. He carried a passport which proved to have been forged. It subsequently proved to have been issued to him by a cordial government official. Bombing attempts upon the Spanish consulate at Toulouse and the former military hospital at Perpignan were barely frustrated. Then an unexploded bomb was found by a vigilant state employee in the railroad tunnel of Cerbère.

The curtain was rising now, the house lights had dimmed. And the romantic French melodrama of the Cagoulard Conspiracy was starting to drift like poisonous vapor, up from the depths of its composition. The military secret service of France—although weighed down with reactionary elements—endeavored to devote its whole force to the safeguarding of the republic. Experts took the Cerbère tunnel bomb apart. In mechanism and loading it was a pure Fascist product. The French espionage bureau could name the Italian factory—and produce photographs of many Italians assigned to the factory—in which the bomb had been made to order.

Where other bombs of “unknown origin” had exploded, fragments had been gathered up and preserved. The Cerbère bomb helped the French investigators to identify the other bombs, such as those used to detonate the headquarters of the Employers’ Association in Paris. All the terrorist bombs—several of which had caused loss of life as well as heavy property damage—were of Italian manufacture. French agents knew the bomb factory as an adjunct of the Italian Secret Service. It was, however, only allowed to leak out that the terrorist missiles were the contribution of a “friendly Power.”

France at this period seemed as confused, divided and endangered as in the dark days of the unspeakable Dreyfus imbroglio, with its general-staff conspiracy, class feeling, fabricated condemnation and "pogrom" fomented by Roman Catholic and Royalist intriguers. French Fascists and Royalists once more openly agitated against the republican form of government and ceaselessly instigated violence. With the irrational enthusiasm of congenital fools they promised each other to bring down upon France that most awful of national afflictions—civil war.

"Better Adolf Hitler," they chanted, "than the Popular Front."

On May 18, 1937, a Paris subway train was rolling to a stop at the Opéra station when three nondescript passengers rose from their seats and crowded forward suddenly. There was a momentary scuffle, then a woman's shrill cry of terror and pain. The car doors flew open, the three men rushed from the train. The confusion of other passengers prevented effective pursuit. It had been cleverly timed; and so the three escaped, leaving a young woman bleeding to death on the floor of the subway car. With significant reluctance she who had been fatally stabbed was identified by the French authorities as a professional counter-espionage operative, Mademoiselle Laetitia Toureaux. The reluctant admission explained itself; Mademoiselle Toureaux, though an experienced agent of secret service, was of Italian birth and had been working against Italy, that "friendly Power."

The hostile spies and sabotage plotters whom Laetitia Toureaux had been running down for the government of France contrived to settle their account with her—in public at mid-day in the heart of the French capital—before she could complete her investigations and denounce

them. But then, it has been asked in certain candid quarters of Paris, would Mademoiselle Toureaux ever have been permitted to denounce the plotters she had detected? Or—assuming that she had regularly reported the progress of her counter-spying—would not the fatal knife thrust have resulted as readily after her denunciation had been filed with some superior officer?

The novel attribute of the Cagoulard Conspiracy was this: the conspirators exerted an immense and incomprehensible influence upon the very government in France that they were professedly plotting to overthrow!

Police Inspector Jean Rakowsky was at this time in regular communication with one Adrian Grosso, Italian agent of espionage. Everything revealed to Rakowsky was soon known to Adrian Grosso. Other Italian agents and their French confederates were seldom troubled at inconvenient times. Bombers, munitions smugglers and assassins regularly “escaped” without being identified.

One might have supposed the liquidation of Laetitia Toureaux brazen and formidable enough; but no, three weeks and a day the killers relaxed and then they struck again. On the 9th of June in a wood near Bagnoles de l’Orne the semi-official executioners somehow arranged to encounter the brothers Rosselli, Carlo and Nello, celebrated anti-Fascists, and killed them both. The scene of the crime gave evidence of a furious struggle; the doomed brothers had resisted, but had, presumably, been heavily outnumbered. Therefore, a gang of conspirator-assassins was at large in France. A veritable secret-service war was being fought, and a fearfully one-sided war it was.

Mademoiselle Toureaux had secured information regarding the large shipments of arms and munitions of Italian origin coming into France across the Swiss fron-

tier. She was stabbed; and the arms shipments continued with clandestine urgency. The Rosselli brothers were in touch with many sources of information countering the Italian-Cagouard maneuvers of 1937. It has been said that they were meeting to discuss an anti-Fascist exposure of Italian intervention in the Spanish civil war, then raging. But every responsible official in France and Great Britain knew all about Italian intervention in Spain, no matter what absurd pretenses were self-imposed in parliamentary debates. It seems more probable that the Rosselli brothers were stabbed to death by *French* agents of the ponderous Cagouard Conspiracy, for no pressing reason but as a complimentary gesture of gratitude to Mussolini and of fidelity toward Italian Fascism. The Rossellis were hard-hitting foes of the Fascists, inexorable opponents of the Duce and his *Ovra*; and so the subtle liquidation of Carlo and Nello Rosselli, as refugees in France, served both as a warning to the Italian anti-Fascist colony and as a payment in kind for the murderous equipment Laetitia Toureaux had detected en route to France from Italy.

After the *Sûreté-Nationale* had accomplished its customary quota of arrests "on suspicion," there came a lull in the Toureaux and the Rosselli murder cases. No suspect seemed able to materialize as a secret-service killer. But a curious rumor—having apparently official inspiration—did get around: the Rossellis, it was said, had been slain by representatives of the Fascist *Ovra* who had been permitted to enter France ostensibly "to safeguard a royal person." Furthermore, there had been "an Italian dagger of Florentine make" picked up by French detectives in the wood near Bagnoles de l'Orne.

Carlo and Nello Rosselli were brilliant and cultivated young men, thirty-eight and thirty-seven respectively,

the sons of Amelia Rosselli, a noted Italian woman writer of the pre-Fascist era. The famous patriot, Giuseppe Mazzini, had died in the home of the Rossellis' grandparents; and they had inherited a tradition of liberalism and independence of mind. It was Carlo who had begun publishing the courageous *Non Mollere*—Don't Give In—and in 1926 it was he who managed the flight to Corsica of the Socialist leader, Filippo Turati. Carlo Rosselli ventured back into Italy, believing he might aid other leaders, but he was taken into custody and hurried off to the penal islands of Lipari. In 1929 he contrived his own escape and thereafter devoted himself to underground activities. Carlo had been the first to organize and lead an anti-Fascist battalion that went to the assistance of the Spanish republican government. After recovering from a wound received in battle near Huesca, Carlo made his way to France for the fateful meeting with Nello, his brother.

Nello Rosselli was generally recognized as the most gifted and mature Italian historian of his generation. He had rashly chosen to remain in Tuscany, even when the mounting flood waters of police-state repressions were engulfing all honest intellectuals and independent patriots. Twice Nello was sent to the penal islands. He was repeatedly jailed on suspicion of lending aid to the anti-Fascist underground. And he had only been in France a short time when the "dagger of Florentine make" or some undiscovered instrument put an end to a career of great scholarly promise.

Let us turn again to another Italian—Adrian Grosso, the secret agent, paymaster and confederate of the fifty-two-year-old police inspector, Jean Rakowsky. The treacherous inspector had given good service for the sums of money the Italian Intelligence department trans-

mitted to him. Grosso, and others, had found it extremely helpful to have a man on the inside at Paris police headquarters. But Rakowsky's aspirations betrayed him. He sought to become a super-spy, and he sought to dispose of French military secrets. That put military operatives upon his trail; and the mask of his detective post ceased to hide his profitable duplicities.

Jean Rakowsky was one day arrested suddenly in his own office at police headquarters. He broke down and confessed when informed that Grosso had been taken at Moûtiers, before he could escape from France. This detection of Inspector Rakowsky seems to have registered upon the austere French General Staff like a barrage from Krupp cannon. Grosso was interrogated and threatened with being involved in the Toureaux and Rosselli murders. Grosso was no assassin, evidently, and he talked. What he had to say was industriously hidden from the public; yet, in spite of the usual secret-police labors of distortion or total suppression, the design of certain French reactionary elements in procuring the Rossellis' assassination came to be exposed.

The Rakowsky case was treated as an isolated espionage episode and not publicly tied up with the languishing Cagoulard Conspiracy. The French General Staff, once it had become genuinely alarmed over foreign fomentations, could not permit the Cagoulard plotters to be brought to trial. If such malefactors — men of means, of devious foreign relations and pretentious political influence — were compelled to defend themselves in court, who could tell *what* good names might not be stained and tarnished?

It was no time now for the mud-slinging mendacities and innuendoes of a typical cause célèbre. The bombs and the munitions had come from the Italian Secret

Service. But no Italian military engineers had entered France to construct the Cagoulard strongholds. About eight hundred redoubtable secret "fortresses" had been uncovered by the tardy raids of the French police and counter-espionage departments. M. Anceaux, a building contractor of Dieppe, had supervised the secret construction of this "Maginot Line" of a reactionary insurgent underground. These steel and concrete arsenals and machine-gun nests had been strategically located and quietly completed with the help of French army officers, many of whom must have known they were deliberately collaborating with the secret services of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany.

The so-called Secret Committee for Revolutionary Action—to the French, the CSAR, or Cagoule—had apparently enlisted one hundred thousand Fascist or pro-Fascist partizans against the existing republican government of France. And the republican government seems not to have thought to strike a single blow in self-defense. Fascist discontent went on brewing its treason, until the cumulative mistakes of so numerous and widespread a troupe of conspirators plunged its hooded strength and sinister hierarchy into the spotlight of public curiosity. Those accused and arrested included the financier, Deloncle, the former commander of the French air force, General Duseigneur, and the Corsican duke, Joseph Pozzo Di Borgo, a kind of habitual extremist who was charged with the blanketing crime of "associating with malefactors."

No sooner were these and many other gentlemen in jail than a new extremism of pressure working for their liberation began beating upon the never tranquil French government. The Cagoulard arsenals were photographed; and so much explosive had to be seized by the

army that soldiers lost their lives in an accidental detonation of Cagouard munitions. The French Secret Service appears to have thought the Cagouards also an exploded threat to France. And it was argued, with some sincerity, that the reputation of the French republic was of greater moment in such critical times than the mere degradation of slipshod and pretentious plotters. The days of appeasement leading on toward "Munich" were hooded ones, too—and with more resemblance to the cobra than to any Cagouard opponent of internal French reforms.

Late in 1938 both general staff and secret service officers in France were aware that there must soon be war with Nazi Germany. Therefore the authorities, military and civil, who were preventing public exposure of the length, breadth and depth of the Cagouard conspiracy, assumed the gravest responsibility. We who admire France have been inclined to count too much on the instinctive patriotism of Frenchmen in an hour of national peril. The Nazi menace—Hitler's vastly superior war machine and the already organized *offensive* mechanism of espionage, sabotage and propagandic terrorization—was identified by many operatives of the French Secret Service. They understood and feared the untimely impact of destructive "fifth column" strategy in the event of a war crisis. Yet influential "fifth columnists"—French Fascists—were allowed to hamper the secret service. And few honest Frenchmen of influence allowed themselves to see that the pro-Nazi and pro-Fascist elements which were Cagouard partizans must be a formidable "fifth column," already entrenched and only awaiting the likely outbreak of hostilities.

There was one Frenchman able to hold his breath and dive through the poisonous smoke-screen thrown around

the Cagouards by their powerful friends within, or close to, the government. Henri de Kerillis was an extreme Nationalist who had repeatedly criticized the Popular Front, against which the plotters of the CSAR movement alleged they were taking aim. But de Kerillis in any contest with German intriguers was neither Right nor anti-Left. He was wisely, boldly, vehemently *French*. And it was he, almost single-handed, who began ambushing—in June and July, 1939—a slippery brigade of the “fifth column” planted to ambush the republic.

In his newspaper *L'Epoque* Henri de Kerillis opened fire upon one, Otto Abetz, a mystifying “tourist” with Nazi secret-service markings and a gilt-edged acquaintance which was a veritable blue book of French political and social powers. After a little practice to enable him to bracket his target, Henri de Kerillis let go with a full salvo. He charged that Abetz was a Nazi spy. Abetz, who was a Nazi spy, retaliated in a most brazen fashion. He sued de Kerillis for libel. There is nothing more impudent than this in the annals of German secret service even as far back as the Prussian Stieber.

De Kerillis' reply was a shattering barrage. He took his proofs to the Ministry of the Interior, thereby denying the enemy a face-saving succession of libel actions, but he published in *L'Epoque* a cleverly veiled summary of the evidence he had thrust upon the secret police. The people of France are acutely spy-conscious; and no French politician dared to neglect, suppress, or try to laugh off an accusation of espionage. De Kerillis had forced the authorities to take action against Abetz. And this enemy agent's French friends also seem to have bestirred themselves. A few days passed and then, on June 30, 1939, Abetz was quietly expelled from France. Thus the intimate of Ribbentrop, the tenderly regarded guest

of many a Parisian notable, escaped punishment. Had he been imprisoned as a German secret-service operative, Abetz would not have come to trial in the leisurely processes of French tribunals until after the September declaration of war.

The French, in times of national danger, deal as harshly with spies as Hitler's or Stalin's government has dealt with them in times of apparent peace. The new French espionage code was just becoming law, providing the death penalty for ten separate peace-time crimes and offenses "against the foreign security of the state." The good friends who had inspired Abetz to sue for libel had developed a smoke screen that came between this Nazi agent and a long term of imprisonment or, possibly, a firing squad. But Abetz, in fleeing, had left behind a number of sadly compromised confederates. Two were women. And only these two—Elsbeth Buttner and "the highly peroxidized blonde," Baroness von Einem—were warned of the swiftly spreading investigation and enabled to avoid arrest through the artful intervention of those same powerful friends.

An Austrian, Leo Hirsch, was the one foreigner in the case who suffered misfortune. Described as a "financier" who had been living in Paris "for many years in a fine flat off the Champ Élysées," he was arrested and charged with having worked for the German Secret Service as a "contact man." Hirsch, it seems, had negotiated with several well-known journalists and with a young secretary in the French Senate, Jean Gaston Amourelle. The journalists were Arnold Perroux, known as Aloys Aubin, the chief news editor of *Le Temps*, Julien Poirier of *Le Figaro*, and François Étienne Clementi, a notorious writer of anti-Semitic articles.

Now it is a common failing of civil police in counter-

espionage cases to pounce furiously upon the dupes and tools, while allowing the genuine spies to get safely away. Forces of dark intrigue in French political life during the fateful summer of 1939 had deprived the police of such prizes as Abetz, the Baroness von Einem and the Buttner woman. But the Frenchmen taken into custody seem to have been dupes or tools singularly willing to engage in profitable forms of treason. Amourelle was accused of having collected 400,000 francs from Nazi agents, and for that price he had turned over reports of the secret deliberations of the Senate Army Committee. He had further agreed to publish a new magazine which, borrowing the title of the old revolutionary song, *La Carmagnole*, would aim to sow dissension among French factions.

Clementi, at first allegedly jailed because of a particularly vile anti-Semitic article, was later admitted to have been involved in Nazi secret-service operations as shown by evidence found when Amourelle's apartment was searched. Poirier was taken ill shortly after his arrest and died in a prison hospital. He had no chance either to clear himself or to incriminate others — yet it is believed that his sudden death was a natural one.

The celebrated newspaper *Le Temps* dissociated itself entirely from M. Aubin, stating that his activities were unconnected with his professional duties as a journalist, since he was in charge of domestic, not political, news. It was Aubin, however, who had enabled Abetz to secure control over French cinema theatres for the Nazi government. Together they had succeeded in getting control of more than three hundred cinemas in about one hundred and sixty French cities. Aubin, when arrested, had also nearly completed the organization of a company to produce, in the interests of Nazi foreign policy, motion

pictures for French consumption. It was, according to one commentator, "no secret that several of the smaller broadcasting stations in France had been financed by Germany." The Socialist newspaper *Populaire* declared that it was the French Government itself which "made possible the insulting audacity of Hitler agents and, even more, which encouraged them." Many newspaper accounts of the case stated that Perroux alias Aubin had received through Abetz or Hirsch and distributed in the right quarters "more than 10,000,000 marks in fourteen months."

The Baroness von Einem—the former Reissa von Scheurnschloss—was revealed to have been a personal emissary of Joseph Goebbels. With more enthusiasm than caution she had invaded "society and press circles" in Paris with the design of organizing one more "fifth column." According to French Intelligence operatives, the baroness escaped from France only to be executed in Nazi Germany because of the disastrous consequences of her clumsiness and failure. The baroness, however, was brought to trial *in absentia* when Hirsch, Aubin and Amourelle faced the Seine court martial on May 29, 1940; and, leaving nothing to chance or a purely theoretical Nazi compassion, the French military tribunal sentenced the missing enemy agent to death. Amourelle, too, was condemned to be shot. Leo Hirsch received a ten-year term of imprisonment; while the offenses of Aubin were found deserving of only a five-year term.

Clementi was not tried with the others. And nothing more seems to have been done about the mission of Elsbeth Buttner. Even in July, 1939, it was generally conceded that this German woman had come straight from Gestapo headquarters. She had been the private secretary of Julius Streicher. And her hardihood in sub-

mitting to the society of that coarse buffoon commended her to the Nazi political police. It was felt that she would never recoil from any sort of malodorous enterprise; and, moreover, she was well acquainted with the wife of Georges Bonnet.

The Buttner woman had come to France on a mission of blackmail. Bonnet, while entrenched at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was running second to none in the campaign afflicting the French with ruinous delusions, hesitation and complacency. Elsbeth Buttner represented those who were convinced that Georges Bonnet could be persuaded to do still more, and so she "conveyed delicately" to Madame Bonnet that "the Gestapo and its highly placed friends in France" were armed with "very full information on Bonnet's hitherto undisclosed activities in connection with the Stavisky scandal and the conveniently timed death of an investigating magistrate." The French Minister of Foreign Affairs must really exert himself to earn Nazi approbation — or else —

The Gestapo, if obliged to meddle in French politics, would meddle with its customary marksmanship, "causing to be revealed that which had been long suppressed in the sensational Stavisky affair."

In France during August, the last August of the republic, the last four weeks of tension before the German attack upon Poland, there seemed to be set in motion a formidable campaign of house-cleaning, counter-espionage and the frightening of venal politicians. Many persons were arrested. And it was written that "the General Staff — not Premier Daladier — took the initiative and ordered the arrests." France had come to that, when its inflexibly bureaucratic, conservative and self-perpetuating general staff proved the most liberal, alert

and audacious force in the country. "The Premier and the General Staff were aided by two Ministers, while Georges Bonnet still hampered the investigation as much as he could." The two ministers were César Campinchi, brilliant and courageous directing head of the French Navy, and Georges Mandel, equally honest and courageous, and then in charge of the important Ministry of Colonies.

After July 31, 1939 the French law as amended could proceed, even in time of peace, against every sort of hooded one. But then, suddenly, France was no longer at peace. For the second time in eleven months the French were mobilizing. Bonnet had done "as much as he could," and so had many others. While Daladier contrived to maintain himself as premier, Georges Bonnet held on in the government, propped up there unashamedly as a symbol of the incurable democratic decline. When Paul Reynaud at last replaced Daladier as head of the cabinet, his first act was the retirement of Bonnet, the man who stood for shady deals, suppressed scandals and defeatism, all of which now hung over the future of republican France like an assassin's poison-tipped poniard.

Reynaud found that it was already too late for even the most resolute surgery to arrest the national infection. The mistakes, and worse than mistakes, that Laval, Flandin, Bonnet and their kind had been visiting upon the nation they were allowed to govern could never be erased or rectified in the confusion of total war. A whole class of self-seeking haters of democracy had afflicted France with division, and that France was doomed.

The virtual annihilation of French democracy is new.

But it was not unexpected; so keen an observer as Robert Dell, and many another true friend of France, had despairingly prophesied this inexorable march of conspiracy. And in this chapter we have probed the beginnings of a catastrophe which narrows the horizon of free men everywhere. The underground movement of the Cagouards was never honestly suppressed. Only a healthy exposure of its ramifications was suppressed.

Had there been no war, no swift and sudden defeat of the French, no sabotage and secret-service assaults attending the Nazi *Blitzkrieg*, we might rashly conclude that the Cagouard plotters were caricatures of intrigue, the fantastic figures of a Latin nightmare. But instead there is this for Americans to remember today and always about the deceptive clumsiness, the earliest vindictive maneuvers of the hooded ones. After the sensational exposure came the reluctant arrests, then a blanketing silence sold to the public as patriotic discretion. If the alleged hooded "leaders" who had been inconvenienced enough by arrest should now be put on trial, it was argued, too many "great names" would be dragged into the shabby affair by the defense.

And what names were so punctiliously spared that all the Cagouards were also spared?

The name of a World War hero, old Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain, the names of Pierre Laval and Paul Baudouin, the names of Adrien Marquet and Jean Ybarnegaray and those others who, by June 16, 1940, would have thrown their weight on the side of submission to Hitler and advocated unconditional surrender to that always magnanimous demigod.

If the Cagouard trials took place, it was also argued, the names of too many army leaders would be unavoid-

ably compromised. And what a pity that would have been, to deprive Frenchmen of confidence in some of those very generals whose professional skill and resolution in the fateful thirty-six days of May and June would make surrender inevitable.

On the 18th of May, 1940, the first of many tragic days of defeat and panic and telling the truth, old Pétain was called into the cabinet. Another symbol, a soldier of eighty-four vaguely expected to remind France of Verdun in 1916 and deathless French valor! On that day Georges Mandel was shifted to the key post of Minister of the Interior, to fight defeatists, spies and betrayers, to stand guard behind the already beaten divisions and corps. He had a great reputation for energy and incorruptibility. He was expected to hit hard and have a long memory — and a longer arm — for schemers and patriot-racketeers.

Mandel vowed to wipe out all the hooded ones and ravage a "fifth column" grown so strong it was a citadel of Nazi and Fascist intervention. But Mandel — like Gamelin's rival and successor, Weygand — was asked to win a lost battle. In those final weeks of what was truly the "battle of France" Georges Mandel had no means at his disposal with which to overpower all the *French* enemies of France.

It is now acknowledged that M. Berthoin, commanding the all-powerful *Sûreté Nationale*, was the "friend" of the Cagouard movement. Some biographer of Berthoin may one day also explain those measures of police protection which delivered the French ally, King Alexander of Yugoslavia, to his Fascist assassin.

Scratch a political conspirator and you find a potential traitor. Among the thousands of Cagouards and their "friends" — Frenchmen plotting to defeat the Pop-

ular Front by force of arms—it now seems certain that there were hundreds at least who took the next step and sold themselves to the German or Italian enemy. Time alone may divulge a documented record of this unparalleled multiplication of Benedict Arnolds.

XXVIII

GESTAPO IN AUSTRIA

The Nazi conquest of Austria, although finally backed up by a ponderous display of military power, may be spread upon the record as one of the very smoothest exhibits of professional intrigue technique. Hitlerian preparations saw to everything; they were almost too thorough. Had there been any sort of Austrian secret-service defensive, that Nazi thoroughness and brazenness would certainly have recoiled upon Hitler and his agents.

In clearing away Austrian opposition to *Anschluss*, every type of modern secret-service operative was employed by the Nazis, and successfully employed: the spy, the double spy, the bribe-giver, the bomb-maker and sabotage conspirator, the political Proteus and undercover party organizer, the kidnapper, terrorist and propagandist of terror. Nothing abominable, unlawful, or cunningly effective was omitted from the campaign of blood-brotherly unification. And while the result may be abhorrent to free men, the exercises in subterranean assault command close attention.

Austria was a loud enough warning which too many residents of Europe heard but indistinctly. The Czechs were troubled, the Poles disturbed. The generally reliable Czech Intelligence Department did not learn until too late that in Germany, and along the line of march toward Vienna, the first and continuing Nazi anxiety registered itself in the question: "Are the Czechs mobilizing?" The German march into the Rhineland would

have been reversed by any show of French hostility; and so also a neighborly display of force might have halted the Nazi machine at the Austrian frontier.

What Adolf Hitler and his operatives accomplished in degrading a small and comparatively helpless state might be repeated in any land having dangerously impressionable minorities, governmental inefficiency and favoritism, gullibility and careless counter-espionage, and all the other infirmities that settled upon Austria from the elevation of Dollfuss to the circumvention of Schuschnigg. In all probability the most capable government one can imagine, given control of Austrian independence, would have failed to extricate it from the Nazi network. Dollfuss—and his successors, after his assassination by Nazi agents—had sought to save Austria from German soldiers by appealing to Italian soldiers. That worked for a time; but it was an absurd policy of prolonged defensive. The German soldier ranks among the best in the world. While today, after such demonstrations as Ethiopia, Spain and Savoy, the Italian soldier is no object of admiration to general-staff experts familiar with his fighting qualities.

Growing pains along the Axis were symptomatic of the inevitable sufferings of the Austrian people. Hitler's subtle front-page wooing of Benito Mussolini denied Vienna the dubious bulwark of Fascist belligerency. By 1938, when Hitler was ready to promulgate *Anschluss*, the German Army was strong enough to capture Austria in spite of the Italian Army. But Hitler's appetite for bargains and the bloodless coup was second to none; and, apart from enormous secret-service expenditures and exertions, he expected to get Austria for nothing.

There were hardly less than ten thousand Nazi agents and sub-agents active in Austria and against Austria in

January, 1938. More than nine hundred of these aggressor spies were members of the Austrian police force—a figure determined soon after Hitler's triumphant entry into Vienna at a public ceremony during which Nazi medals and awards were given to nearly eleven hundred betrayers ostensibly in the service of the Schuschnigg government. Some of these underground Nazis, it was boastfully explained, had been working for Hitler five and six years. There had, then, been Hitler spies in Austria before the Nazis seized power in Germany.

When Kurt Schuschnigg, as Austrian chancellor, was summoned to Berchtesgaden, he was denied the solace of cigarettes, compelled to endure Hitler's braggart harangue and vulgar arrogance, and also permitted a glimpse of the power and range of Nazi secret service in Austria. On Hitler's table lay a copy of the Austrian "Mobilization Plan D." It had lately been revised by its author, General Janza, chief of the Austrian General Staff. Hitler's copy included the revisions. And evidently it was a shrewd plan, despite the weakness of the armed forces of Austria, since, at the demand of Berlin, only a few days before Schuschnigg's own downfall, General Janza was retired on half pay.

It was not formerly the custom to make a show of confidential information secured by bribery and secret-service intrigues. Neither Bismarck nor Napoleon—each well served by obnoxious and persistent spies—cared to disparage his own genius by boasting of the strategic knowledge gained by espionage. But Hitler seems to have clubbed Schuschnigg with "Plan D"; and the impact of that theft went further. When Vienna had been captured without firing a shot, the German secret police moved in and began their accustomed work of morale demolition. General Janza was one of the first Austrians

taken into "protective custody" and one of the first Gestapo victims deported, as an "example," to the concentration camp at Dachau.

The arrest and detention of Chancellor Schuschnigg was equally without legal foundation. Janza had shown himself—on paper—a skilled and far-sighted opponent of Nazism. Schuschnigg's principal offense was his poor mixture of repression and appeasement. He could be ordered to dismiss a loyal soldier like Janza. He had hanged or imprisoned Nazi partizans. He had laid the foundation for German conquest by his "suppression of labor, by his measures against the Jews of Austria, by the dishonesty of his foreign relations and by his weak-kneed pandering to Nazi propaganda in pre-Hitler Austria. Schuschnigg played a petty game of politics and lost."

The foreign observer quoted, Ludwig Lore, has also reported that Frau Dollfuss escaped the Austrian Nazi spies and the brutalities of imported Prussian police agents because of a timely stroke of secret-service pressure devised by herself. The wife of Chancellor Dollfuss, soon after his assassination, had sent from Vienna into Switzerland a package of "secret documents," the property of her murdered husband. These documents exposed the methods of the National Socialists in Austria and in the German Reich; and, since their private preservation was known in Berlin, they began to serve Frau Dollfuss as a very necessary sort of insurance policy. In time Nazi secret agents assigned to the task contrived to learn where this evidence had been placed for safe-keeping. Nazi spies, it is said, "staged an unsuccessful robbery in the hope of getting these documents into their hands."

When the robbers were frustrated, Frau Dollfuss be-

came more cautious than ever, and straightway transferred her little nest egg of political dynamite from Geneva to Rome. Feeling she could trust a stalwart Dollfuss friend and ally, she committed the documents to the personal protection of Benito Mussolini. Months passed and Frau Dollfuss in Austria enjoyed a tranquillity unknown to the other Austrian enemies of Adolf Hitler. But meanwhile the Rome-Berlin Axis had been invented as a Fascist threat and the Italians were suffering the consequences, an irruption of Nazi agents and Gestapo spies into Italy. Mussolini seems to have trusted neither his Axis partner nor his own ability to refuse him anything; and Frau Dollfuss was quietly advised that Berlin had begun making demands and so she had better find a new asylum for the damaging material. She immediately had it removed to London. And not long afterward the same small voice was urging the widow of Dollfuss to follow the documents into exile.

She was one of those fortunate Austrians, one of the few warned in time, and was safely on her way when Austria was consumed by Nazi fellowship. Today she is secure, hidden from Nazi persecutors and writing her memoirs with the documentation afforded by her husband's private records.

Concealed in other quarters of the world there are Goering documents and Goebbels documents, and no doubt also Ribbentrop, Hess, Papen and Blomberg documents. Any form of insurance is, of course, attractive to German National Socialists as inmates of a cathedral dedicated to spontaneous combustion and crowded with fire-worshippers. Yet we are entitled to question the intimacy and impact of so many little bundles of dirty linen. The rise of Nazism has provoked crimes enough to provide an insulation of dark secrets for any

number of accomplices; but the Hermann Rauschning revelations and those of Albert Grzesinski and many other exiles have not detained or embarrassed Hitlerism. After the past few years of authenticated statements in the uncensored American press, what can the innermost insiders have left to tell?

Dictatorial demonism darkens the whole world today and is as widely comprehended as a solar eclipse. Neither a Hitler nor a Stalin has the kind of repute that can be mutilated by memoirs. Those "W. W. Krivitsky" articles of 1939 were designed to be completely damning; but then the Kremlin despot, as one relieved to have his recent mask of liberal enlightenment torn off, began collaborating with Hitler, carving himself a fat tsarist slice of Poland and stamping upon his Baltic neighbors.

Whatever "exposure" is lodged in the Dollfuss documents we may feel sure has been duplicated in the succeeding European chapters of terror and aggression. Yet, if the material preserved by Frau Dollfuss sheds light upon Nazi secret-service operations and fomentations of 1933 and the early months of 1934, it seems certain to retain its historical importance; for the methods which the Nazis tried out in their "five-year plan" of absorbing Austria were not the same as those used in subduing Germany. Upon Austria the most ingenious minor and most extravagant major abuses were concentrated by Nazi secret agents, just then at the very outset of world conquest. The Nazi terrorism ranged down from the murder of the head of the Austrian state to the petty insubordination of government employees either subsidized from Germany or secret adherents of National Socialism. Henry C. Wolfe in *The German Octopus* gives as an interesting example an occasion when "thousands of demonstrating Nazis wildly cheered an Austrian

police contingent, meaning to imply . . . that the police were secretly aligned with Nazism."

That was making capital of a sinister fact. As we know, hundreds of Austrian police earned decorations in Vienna and other cities by serving as Nazi spies. The police—and that bland double-dealer, Doctor Arthur Seyss-Inquart—were Hitler's "Trojan horse" in the small citadel of Austria.

On January 11, 1934, the government of Engelbert Dollfuss had alarmed honest Austrians and startled the rest of the world by announcing that "between January 1 and January 8" there had been "140 Nazi bomb outrages, besides hundreds of less serious political offenses." Rudolf Mandl of Klagenfurt, a police agent assigned to counter-espionage, was "shot through the head, stabbed through the heart and flung into a well." The Nazi agents suspected of killing Rudolf Mandl—because he had spied on them for the Vienna government—were well known to the citizens of Klagenfurt; but the police never "detected" the ringleaders of this and many a similar homicidal conspiracy. Meanwhile, Austrian opponents of the Nazi importation were being kidnapped and taken into Germany, and seldom were they heard of again.

Terrorist campaigning had been used in the pre-Hitlerian Reich, and it would be brought forth again, in the Sudeten districts, in Bohemia and Moravia, in Danzig, the Corridor and elsewhere in Poland. But in Austria it swept on from excess to excess. At times it seems to have attained to a degree of cold ferocity hardly equalled in modern times even by the barbaric police terror which the Turks under Sultan Abdul-Hamid II visited upon Bulgaria and Armenia. Only a counter-terror would have been severe enough to repulse the Nazi terrorists;

but nothing of that sort was put into practice by the Austrian government until Dollfuss himself lay sobbing out his life. Hitler's typical disciples in Austria, though allegedly holding the fatally wounded little chancellor as a hostage, denied him both physician and priest. They wanted him to die, and in torment, without medical relief or spiritual consolation.

Robert Dell of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote on March 14, 1938: "How anybody can have imagined that the Rome-Berlin axis would exist if Mussolini had not abandoned Austria to Hitler passes my understanding. Yet eminent diplomatists like Sir Robert Vansittart, chief adviser to the Foreign Secretary, appeared to have imagined it. . . . In France one of the first results of Hitler's coup . . . is great bitterness against Chamberlain and Halifax, only hinted at as a rule in the press, but openly stated by Gabriel Peri in *Humanité*. Had the British government agreed to the French proposal, immediately after the Berchtesgaden ultimatum, that England and France should tell Hitler they would tolerate no further interference in Austria, he might have been checked without war. The proposal was rejected by Chamberlain, who explained away the Berchtesgaden ultimatum and pretended that there was a voluntary agreement between Hitler and Schuschnigg."

From the death of Dollfuss to the death of Austria there had been an interval of repression, dread, tension and artificially stimulated political turbulence lasting nearly three years and eight months. At length the terrorist conspirators prevailed, and a Nazi despotism of political police supplanted the Austrian government. Mussolini and Chamberlain had found their separate excuses for spectator inaction while a new and more virulent domestic terror of espionage and protective ar-

rests consummated the happy union of the Germanic nations.

Chancellor Schuschnigg made many mistakes, as set forth by Mr. Lore in the passage already quoted, and he made a fatal mistake in assuming that harsh measures had avenged the murder of Dollfuss and suppressed the *Anschluss* agitations. As a "token of Austrian good will," the chancellor ordered the release from jail of hundreds of Nazi partizans. He even liberated Captain Leopold, that "self-advertised leader of Austrian Nazism," who issued from a concentration camp to speed "through Vienna's streets in a luxurious German motor-car presented by anonymous German admirers."

It was a raid on the Viennese headquarters of this conspirator that was really to signal Schuschnigg's on-rushing betrayal. In Captain Leopold's safe on January 26, 1938 the raiders discovered the secret Nazi plan for the imminent conquest of Austria. According to this plan — signed with the initials of Rudolf Hess — the Austrian and German Nazis were to join in creating frontier incidents, while the Austrian Nazis resumed their terroristic campaign in the interior of the country. But as soon as the Austrian police swung into action, German troops were to march across the frontier, allegedly to prevent "Germans from shedding the blood of Germans." Under the "pretext of maneuvers" a strong German force was to be assembled at the frontier, under the command of General von Reichenau, then corps commandant at Munich, but to be designated, according to the Hess program, "Commander of the Army of Intervention in Austria."

Schuschnigg must have studied the plan closely after his counter-spies unearthed it in Leopold's headquarters. And when, on February 11th, the Austrian chancellor

was required to come to Berchtesgaden, he was warned — according to G. E. R. Gedye — that his refusal to accept Herr Hitler's kind invitation would make the "R.H." plan operative immediately. By the time Schuschnigg reached the Nazi leader's aerie, a German corps was already concentrated on the frontier opposite Salzburg; and General von Reichenau is said to have been the first person introduced by Hitler to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden.

In Austria, after Schuschnigg's fateful return from the Reich, thousands were packing to flee. But then came the cruel hoax of the plebiscite. Had Kurt Schuschnigg been the most infernal of Heinrich Himmler's intrigants he could not have devised a more artful and remorseless trap. The proposed plebiscite to enable Austrians to decide the fate of Austria detained within the boundaries of that doomed land all the Austrians whom the Nazi Germans felt inspired to destroy.

Schuschnigg was completely sincere, of course, and put forward the plebiscite proposal as a last-minute policy of insurance against Nazi aggression, a dodge of delay and final appeal to Austrian unity and the conscience of the world. Therefore the plebiscite even brought back to Austria patriots safely in residence abroad who felt they must respond at the last moment and discharge their patriotic duty of voting for Austrian liberties against a Hitler-dominated *Anschluss*. Jews were by no means the only victims of Schuschnigg's unintentional snare. Labor leaders who had escaped to Brünn in Czechoslovakia in February, 1934 — when Mussolini's secret envoy, Moreale, exacted the Fascist pounds of flesh in the bombardment and mass murder of Vienna workers — and who had been secure and free in their hospitable refuge, were persuaded by Schuschnigg's

offers and personal guaranties to return to Austria and "win over their followers for the plebiscite."

According to one who favored the plebiscite yet was quick enough to avoid its steel-edged jaws, all the "powerful and famous of the country . . . had themselves furnished the excuse for their persecution" by the oncoming Nazis, placing their names "on the list of those who had contributed to funds to be used for propaganda for the plebiscite. Jews had reached deep into their pockets to strengthen their protector," which to the Gestapo was only "a symbol of how rich they must be."

No system of political-police espionage could have done a better job of denunciation than that list, that *anti-Hitler* list, briefly exploited in Austria because of Schuschnigg's last gesture of resistance. Scores of the plebiscite supporters, the alphabetically publicized contributors, and of the inspired expatriates who had returned unwarily were taken into custody by Gestapo squads during the first days of the joyful Germanic reunion. Many of those arrested were never heard of again. Relatives abroad appealed in vain to neutral diplomatic representatives; but the Gestapo was not issuing its lists. The proposed plebiscite had only served to blast Hitler enemies into oblivion.

Here was a new Nazi terrorism, the stealthy terror of the vengeful, the unpredictable, the unknown. But even the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Vienna had to bend to this Gestapo fury and bless the Nazi occupation. And on March 29, 1938, the Archbishop of Canterbury told the House of Lords he rejoiced that Hitler's "inevitable" achievement had come "without any bloodshed whatever."

The English primate was really pleased because Austrians were not fighting and dying with guns in their

hands. But Austrians, and some others, were dying. The Nazi envoy to Austria, Franz von Papen — who had lost three secretaries but not his own life in the Hitler “purge” of June 30, 1934 — had another devoted secretary disappear. This young man’s battered body was picked up by German police; and while there may have been some bloodshed, there was certainly no publicity, and no arrests. At Dachau with General Janza and scores of other notable Austrians was Raoul Aurenheimer, a non-political writer and noted Viennese humorist and novelist. He was one of many prisoners beaten to death at Dachau that season. But even here the Archbishop of Canterbury may not have erred, inasmuch as the sadists of the concentration camp had already learned bloodless ways of beating the life out of a cultivated man.

The public outrages and bombings ceased with the Nazi invasion, and the levies, assessments and lootings began. Baron Louis de Rothschild was taken into protective custody, and protective it truly turned out to be, since the baron was too grand a prize for playful *Schutzstaffel* mutilation and discipline at Dachau. The Nazis were not mistaken in thinking that the baron’s rich relatives had heard of Dachau and would come to terms in handsome fashion if the baron were kept unbruised and sane. Wherefore the baron was detained in a two-room suite on the top floor of the former Metropole Hotel in Vienna and quite unashamedly held for ransom by the German Government, after the enterprising manner of the Japanese Secret Service in Manchukuo and other Chinese territories.

However, the Nazis’ kidnapping conspiracy had to unfold with dignity and deliberation, as befitted the most extortionate ransom demand known to modern criminal

history. There were legal subterfuges, putting the prisoner in a bad light and making him seem guilty of varied and costly offenses. There were denunciations of the Jews because the baron belonged to a famous Jewish family, and denunciations of international financiers because the only persons wealthy enough to pay the baron's ransom would be financiers.

Baron Louis de Rothschild was assumed to be worth \$95,750,000 to the Rothschild family. As the Nazis badly needed to divide the German equivalent of \$95,750,000, that was the price they fixed for the release of the baron. Seventy-five millions of this demand was based on an estimate of Rothschild holdings in the vast *Wittkowitzer Kohlen und Huttenwerksgesellschaft* — the Wittkowitz Coal and Foundry Company. And this fabulous fragment of the required ransom is even said to have been a topic of conversation when Prime Minister Chamberlain met Chancellor Adolf Hitler at Godesberg in September, 1938. Chamberlain neither rescued the baron nor raised the bid of the Rothschilds, which hovered around twenty million dollars.

A British holding company protected the Rothschild "industrial empire" at Märisch-Ostrau and Wittkowitz, and at Munich it was somehow excluded from the Sudeten frontier areas ceded to Hitler. Baron Louis de Rothschild, a bachelor of fifty-seven, was still a houseguest of the omnipotent Gestapo when, in March, 1939, that inexorable outcome of the Sudeten surrender at Munich was manifested in the Nazification of all Czechoslovakia. The Gestapo took the whole Czech nation into protective custody; and thus German bayonets came to enclose the Wittkowitz properties, two thirds of which — the Rothschild share — had been valued at \$75,000,000.

Soon afterward Baron Louis de Rothschild was released. For fourteen months he had been held as a hostage and he was only permitted to leave Austria after yielding up everything Austrian that he possessed. The baron and his relatives turned over the tidy sum of \$20,750,000 to the Nazis by way of meeting their ransom demands. Even so, many wealthy persons who experienced the Gestapo ethics of kidnapping, bargaining and ransom-pocketing were surprised that the baron escaped with his life.

In the case of the industrialist Askanazy, he succeeded in sending his wife and children from Vienna into Switzerland, together with a capital sum in excess of \$100,000, but he himself—as Hitler entered Austria—risked staying over a day to wind up his affairs. That cost him his life, for the Gestapo invaders caught him, found his wealth largely beyond their reach and killed him. Then the Germans telegraphed his wife in his name to return to Vienna, bringing the money. But they stupidly signed their victim's full name to the telegram; and Frau Askanazy, suspecting the trap, remained in safety. One week later she received a bland official notice that her husband had committed suicide.

XXIX

MUNICH AS A MASTERSTROKE

The European situation which confronted "democratic" imperialism in August-September, 1938, was so dangerously distinct that it was bound to be calm and bewilder the seers of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. Adolf Hitler had been nibbling all the edges of the World-War treaties and had bitten off and even chewed a dozen of their sharpest clauses. He had gambled repeatedly on other Powers' desire for peace and that preference for tomorrow's action which is the infirmity of governments as well as of individuals. Germany was not being prevented from rearming. Germany had brazenly reestablished military conscription; the new army of the Reich was already many times larger than the force of "100,000 sergeants" imposed at Versailles. The Rhineland since March 7, 1936, had been garrisoned, and the Rhine frontier was being frantically fortified. And greater than any of these treaty violations, German troops on March 12, 1938, had conquered Austria without drawing a sword or firing a shot, riveting *Anschluss* upon Vienna with a spiked Gestapo collar.

It was now late summer of that same momentous year, and Hitler's time-table of Nazi aggressions showed him another date heavily underlined in brown. The impudent triumphs of his recent program stimulated Hitler to test European courage and foresight once again.

The clear mountain air of Berchtesgaden and the even clearer water in the veins of Neville Chamberlain's foreign policy were more stimulation than any leader of a

resurgent nation could require. Herr Hitler therefore ordered up his spies and agitators, his bribe-givers and provocateurs and signalled this evil aggregation to begin an assault upon the Czechs.

By September 15, 1938, the situation had been made so artificially acute that, barring an unthinkable and complete Nazi backdown, only two results could be obtained :

1. War in Europe within a fortnight to check the Nazi aggression Hitler had promulgated for October 1st; or —
2. Permission granted by Britain and France allowing Hitler to reduce and dismember Czechoslovakia.

The situation boiled down to a case of war now, or war the next time — or, if possible, the time after that.

Hitler and all his race propagandists were simply clamoring for the "restoration" of the Sudeten Germans to the Teutonic Nazi Reich. The Sudeten Germans had never in all history been combined with their "German brothers" of Prussia, Bavaria and Saxony. But that was not the kind of fact to frustrate Nazi agitators or propagandists. The government at Prague and the Czech people endured unbearable pressures from every side, from friend even more, perhaps, than from foe, and President Benes and his followers endured it all with the most extraordinary forbearance. However, the Czech population let their government and the whole world understand that they were ready to put up a fight.

Soviet Russia was also reputedly willing to fight. Russia was bound to France by a treaty of mutual defense, but need only come to the aid of the Czech republic after the French had begun to fulfill very explicit

obligations to Prague. Soviet "unreliability" and Soviet military "weaknesses" were immediately exploited by Nazi propagandists and secret collaborators and by a curious assortment of persons having influence in London or Paris. Even that celebrated master of aviation, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, felt impelled by the Czech obstinacy to advertise his contempt for Soviet Russian air power and his profound Nordic conviction that the Hitler-Goering air force must inevitably rule the skies.

Strange though it seems, Soviet Russia remained in readiness to fulfill its treaty obligations; while France was in duty bound to support Czechoslovakia. This seemingly powerful defense bloc confronted the Nazi aggressor—and yet there is no evidence that Hitler even wavered for a moment. Industrious, inquisitive students have pried deeply into this "Munich chapter" of modern diplomatic degeneration during the two years since it was written; and none has uncovered a single proof of Hitler hesitancy. He knew, then, in September, 1938, that his subterranean accomplices in Britain, France, Italy, Poland, Slovakia and Hungary were to be relied upon. The Nazi war lord had been promised the appeasement of another bloodless war, and he looked ahead, too, and was certain he could consume the Czechs while still digesting the Sudeten Germans.

For these annals of up-to-date secret service it is important to record the "masterstroke" called Munich. That disreputable drama gave Adolf Hitler his grandest success, justifiably dilating his presentiments of Nazi destiny and world conquest. Loss of the turbulent Sudeten Germans was no hardship to the Czechs; but within the Sudetenland a vigilant, French-influenced general staff of Czechoslovakia had implanted its "little

How Czechoslovakia Was Partitioned.

- TO GERMANY.
- TO HUNGARY.
- TO POLAND.

Maginot Line," and to have to surrender those excellent fortifications was fatal. Hitler at Munich was thus enabled to demolish the strongest barriers opposing him in Central Europe; and that turned out to be only the first of his gains.

At Munich the British and French negotiators—i.e., capitulators, since Chamberlain and Daladier conceded everything demanded of them in return for merely an eleven-month postscript of peace—so pointedly snubbed Soviet Russia that a calculated counter-snubbing of London and Paris by Moscow became a primary Kremlin motive. And Hitler not only had this dislocation of his East-West adversaries bequeathed to him, but also continued to bind Mussolini to the anti-Comintern chariot for another extended gallop. The secret-service or intrigue backdrop of Munich was a vast affair whose murky shadow increases still, dwarfing the contemptible comedy of the alleged Four-Power conference. No one as yet can estimate how much advantage Hitler was given there and what uses he still may be able to make of the many gifts from his secret, though not always hidden, admirers.

One of these gifts was the very prop and foundation of Nazi strategy at Munich. It was that curiously uniform Anglo-French refusal to heed its own Military Intelligence. The concentrated cunning of Hitler's secret supporters seems to have achieved its purest distillation of poison in this wilful repudiation of expertly determined facts.

Let us examine the Intelligence position of the French and Czechoslovakian general staffs in September, 1938. The Czech fortifications were new, complete and deemed—even by the Germans—uncommonly strong. The "Sudeten crisis" was, in fact, a subtle drive to dislodge

the Czechs from those up-to-date fortifications. The Czech Army, numbering thirty-four first-line divisions, and at least six dependable reserve divisions, was the equal of the new German Army, unit for unit, in both equipment and morale. The Czechs had made a great reputation in the last years of the World War and afterward, when fighting the Bolsheviki, guarding the famous Gold Train in Siberia, and pushing their way through from the front in European Russia to the Far Eastern extremity of Vladivostok. Only post-war Teutonic propaganda belittled the military superiority of the Czech soldier because he had chosen to desert and fight for his own people's liberation rather than defend the Habsburg monarchy and his German oppressors.

It is now ironic to reflect that, of all the nations entangled in the craftily fomented September-Sudeten "crisis," the Czechs were the best prepared for a defensive war—the only kind they would have had to wage. They were finely equipped, with a strong national munitions-making industry. And, in 1938, the Czech officers' corps with its twenty years' training held an advantage over the German Army with its then admitted shortage of trained line officers. The British were, of course, involved and had yet a good distance to go in point of new equipment and trained reserves. But the French and the Russians were each of them on a par with the new forces *heiling* Hitler in nearly every department of war-making save one—air offensive. And even there the widely exploited Russian "inferiority" of 1938 was mainly appeasement-clique conjecture. It afterward proved to be the "Intelligence" of drawing-room animosity and Cliveden-luncheon clairvoyance.

In military readiness, naval strength, and war potential Herr Hitler held no cards at Munich. Yet he was

enabled to take every trick. How? Was it strictly his opponents' innocence and incomparable stupidity? Was it bad Anglo-French teamwork, brilliant intrigue, blackmail, or downright bribery? Or was it the result of long Nazi preparation, the deserved result of winning secret service in potential "enemy" lands?

The French General Staff, on the very best authority, is said to have known the German plan for an assault upon the Czech defenses. Hitler in September, 1938, having mobilized forty-two divisions, sent thirty of them against Czechoslovakia and held four divisions in reserve. The French knew, in short, that the Nazi high command was able to spare *only eight divisions* to defend "the whole long frontier against France from the Alps to the sea." Eight German divisions thinly spread over a front of almost four hundred miles! And what did Herr Hitler and his Nazi strategists expect those eight divisions to do? They were to prevent a Franco-British invasion.

A British expeditionary force somewhat stronger than the eight German divisions was expected to aid the French. But the initial task of those eight German divisions was to overcome a French army then thought superior to that which Joffre commanded when maneuvering his great victory in the first battle of the Marne or Pétain was given for the defense of Verdun. And so, taking the allegedly "professional, realistic" view of comparative weight, numbers and equipment, terrain and the technique of modern mechanized warfare, the French General Staff—in September, 1938—estimated that French armies would be driving into Germany "by the twelfth or fourteenth day."

Adolf Hitler, through his super-spies, his pro-Fascist Parisian sympathizers, must have heard something of

this invasion schedule. He probably also knew that the Czech staff promised to be able to hold its principal defense lines for three months. Yet Hitler never retraced a verbal step, never modified his demands, never altered his own grotesque, defensive-offensive West-East troop concentrations.

There were the thirty German divisions, still facing the "little Maginot" line of the Czechs. There were the four German reserve divisions. And over in the West the eight-division residue — the eight Nazi divisions continuing to garrison with bland insufficiency the newly elaborated fortifications of the German Westwall which could not be rushed to completion before August, 1939. Had the Hitlerian plotters been invited to go ahead and do their worst, and had they then launched an attack upon the Czechs, long mobilized behind strong and completed fortifications, the thirty and four German divisions would not have constituted an army with enough weight and drive to break through. That probability of Czechoslovak resistance will be further established ere we leave the umbrella-shaded battlefield of Munich.

Moreover, as soon as the French began their advance, the German high command would have had to diminish its Czechoslovakian offensive, transferring from eight to fifteen divisions to meet the invaders. Thus, even though we here allow nothing for Russian participation — which Prague was repeatedly promised — and very little for British participation in the first month of this imagined 1938 conflict, we find the Nazi aggressors would have been slowed down "by the twelfth or fourteenth day" and the German forces outnumbered, in the West by as much as five to two, and on the Czechoslovakian front by five to four if eight or more German divisions had to be withdrawn.

Concerning this amazing certainty of Nazi inferiority and Nazi unpreparedness, Winston Churchill has written: "It is certain that Herr Hitler would never have made such a disposition of his forces if he had not felt absolutely certain that the French and British governments did not mean to fight for Czechoslovakia. . . Hitler's judgment of the psychology of will power of his opponents enabled him to pull off, on the whole, the greatest bluff of history."

Most of the admissions or downright confessions of the eleven-month period after Munich show how the government of France and especially the powerful French General Staff were adroitly bluffed by Mr. Chamberlain and his extraordinary set of advisers, the so-called "Inner Cabinet," whose bluff reenforced Hitler's. It was Mr. Chamberlain's government which delicately warned France that Great Britain did not feel obliged to protect Czechoslovakia and would not go to war if France did to fulfill her treaty obligation. That was a bluff pure and simple, for Chamberlain dared not stand aloof if the French became locked in a death struggle with Nazi Germany. But it was also a bludgeon, for Premier Daladier dared not jeopardize that which the French staff valued above everything else, the enormous economic strength of the British Empire and her military aid, particularly the throttling power of the Royal Navy.

It was Mr. Chamberlain's government that began fitting gas-masks on infants and invalids and scared the people of London with gangs of men ostentatiously digging trenches in Hyde Park. M. Daladier also scared the French, but only with the placards of mobilization when Germany had already mobilized. Of course, M. Georges Bonnet was almost British in his disparaging of Rus-

sian aid, Czech resolution and the treaty clauses unequivocally binding Paris to Prague. At that period many Frenchmen were saying: "For the next 'crisis' we must buy Bonnet!"

Now "Hitler's judgment of the psychology of will power" undoubtedly helped him prepare his part of the colossal bluff. But will history credit him with a major part? It was not his wizardry which induced Chamberlain to bluff Daladier, or Daladier to bluff and betray Benes and the Czechoslovakian government. Nor did Hitler make Chamberlain and Daladier bluff the people of Britain and France. Only the Russians were in no way bluffed by the great bluffers' chorus of Munich, 1938. The Russians with seeming sincerity had requested staff conferences looking toward formation of a pro-Czech, anti-aggression Entente; but the Czechs were already doomed by the short-sellers of London and Paris, and Moscow merely waited until late August, 1939, to register its contempt and disillusioned reversal of defensive policy.

Herr Hitler, in spite of the "psychology of will power," never deceived the Czechs, who understood the Sudeten false pretenses and feared and hated the power-idealists of Berlin. "It is not their German blood-brothers the Nazis want," said the Czechs, "but our strong fortifications and the Skoda works." Of all those in any degree concerned only the Czech people wanted to fight for their security and liberty. Hitler's "bluff" was a public affair, but weeks before Munich he had lined up the Czechs' best friends and sworn protectors to trick them into surrender.

Here was a different sort of secret service, a new Underground on an Olympian scale. Hitler did not want

to fight; the Czechs did. The Czechs were prevented from undertaking a legitimate self-defense. Hitler won without risking anything.

Men for decades to come will laugh at the excuse for this and its outcome. Chamberlain and his set did not want to beat and discredit the Hitler régime—because Nazi-Fascism in Germany was necessary to check Communism, because Nazi-Fascism was the most important European bulwark against Russian Bolshevism.

Let us return, as we agreed, to the probabilities of 1938 Czech resistance. By fighting the Czechoslovakian republic would have suffered heavily. Yet by fighting the Czechs would have provoked the "Second World War" under circumstances infinitely less favorable to Hitler and his Nazis than the eventual conflict provoked a year later by the heroic but ill-provided and feeble resistance of the Poles. To prove this let us go on a little spying expedition back there in October–November, 1938, when the "peace of Munich" was just getting to be a byword; for only as spies can we uncover what the German General Staff made of the ravished defense works of Bohemia, the Czechs' own "Maginot" line. Czechoslovakian officers were left behind in disguise when the Sudetenland was surrendered to advancing German troops. Those Czech army officers had volunteered to spy upon the inevitable German testing of Czech-built border fortifications of French design.

It was just as resentful staff specialists in Prague and Paris had anticipated. The German engineering corps pounced upon the cheaply won samples of "Maginot Line" which MM. Daladier and Bonnet among others had required the Benes government to yield to the black-mailer. German Military Intelligence had been losing valued operatives in trying to investigate the novelty and

war-strength of the French-Maginot theory of underground fortification. That, of course, was before all the Hitler admirers, accomplices and super-spies set to work unmanning democratic Czechoslovakia. And now "peace in our time" freely presented to the most warlike people of Europe a first-class copy of the famous French original for unrestricted espionage and tests under combat conditions.

The Czech officers who stayed behind were able to witness German shelling of various parts of the Czechoslovakian frontier defenses. The Germans used light field guns, then medium guns, and finally their heaviest guns. One part of the line was thus bombarded for an entire day. The light field pieces made no impression at all, and the medium guns did little better. It is said, however, that the German engineers and artillerymen really rubbed their eyes when they found their big guns making "holes only two inches in depth."

Subsequently other military observers allowed to witness the Sudetenland experimentation confirmed the Czechs' observations. And it should be noted that battle conditions were but imperfectly reproduced, the Germans being able to fire their great guns all day without fear of a smashing counter-barrage from better protected Czech guns in the forts. It was also decided to test the "little Maginot Line" with mining. The Germans selected a Czech infantry fort, a smaller advance post than the tough affair which had submitted to the heaviest shelling. This infantry fort the Germans undermined with a large quantity of high explosive. On being detonated it made the fort "jump"; but then that defensive structure settled right back into place. Inspectors failed to find "a single serious crack."

German staff officers have conceded since making

these tests that the Czechs in their border fortifications could have held out much longer than was estimated in September 1938, either by the Germans or those subtle pro-Nazi "friends" of Czechoslovakia. Cautious authorities—such as French officers formerly assigned to the Czechoslovakian Army—have now agreed that the Czech staff did not exaggerate by a day when promising to hold its principal defense lines a minimum of three months. Czech officers claim the number of divisions Hitler could have spared to send against the fortifications in September, 1938, would have been resisted not less than six months. German officers, being the most impressed by the strength of the underground works, have not seemed disposed in their military publications to belittle the Czechs' optimism. One observer alleged that the free gift of the excellent fortifications was equivalent to presenting Hitler with a million additional soldiers.

In November, 1938, one of the Czech officers who had witnessed the German field tests wrote to a friend: "Untold additional rearmament will now have to be undertaken by Britain and France. It will cost them a staggering sum to offset their self-inflicted loss of the Czechoslovakian army and the Sudeten fortified lines with which we Czechs could have confronted a German aggressor."

Lest the warning of a Czech espionage officer seems only to spring from his embittered sense of frustration and stupid betrayal, that clear-sighted British leader, Winston Churchill, may again be quoted: "The destruction of Czechoslovakia liberated at least thirty German divisions. The German Army increased by two or three divisions every month that passed."

Since eleven months passed from Munich to Danzig,

and Mr. Churchill usually bases his statements upon accurate British Intelligence reports, we find the German Army strengthened by a minimum of fifty-two divisions, or a maximum of sixty-three divisions. This increase may one day be called the Munich Margin. It may even prove margin enough to win the war.

XXX

BROWN BOLSHEVISM CONSUMES THE CZECHS

The dictated "Peace of Munich" proved that a peace conference with no war can be as degrading as a war with no peace conference. The initial German occupation of the Sudeten districts and their frontier fortifications left the Czechoslovakian republic defenseless, just as the adroit combination of anti-Czech and pro-Nazi plotters had intended. One month after "Munich," effective Czech resistance was out of the question.

Vindictive, complete elimination of the Prague democracy had been Hitler's design from the first; and the Nazi messiah was only able to contain himself until March 14, 1939, a trivial delay of five and a half months. On that day, to inflict a German protectorate upon Bohemia and Moravia, Hitler sent his troops across the border—the same border defined in the fumes of appeasement at Munich. And the very next day Neville Chamberlain told the House of Commons that, although he deeply regretted the German action as something not contemplated at Munich, he would not associate himself with charges of ill-faith.

Chamberlain, on March 15th, was stubbornly resolved not to change his policy of appeasement and, while sticking to that enormity, to stay in power. Only four days later he had heard from the British people and he stood up inelegantly and ate his words. He had to open his eyes wide at last and see that one cannot lure a hungry

lion from a meat market by plying him with dog biscuit. Hitler, the chief beneficiary of the September capitulation, exposed it in his own good time as a mere milestone of publicity and ornate consultation on his path to Continental, then European, then world dominion. Chamberlain found himself the central figure of a ludicrous spectacle. Not only the Opposition and his fellow Conservatives, but the British public, the whole Empire, the world, a public of hundreds of millions, now knew how he had been duped. He had to reverse his foreign policy or resign.

Having had the catastrophic weakness of his diplomacy demonstrated to an audience of mankind, Chamberlain still felt too strong, too able, superior in statecraft and obstinate, to leave his country in the lurch. He did not resign, he changed his policy—verbally he turned upon Hitler and upon their love child, “Munich,” and he began building too late an anti-Hitlerian bloc with such unaccountable materials as: 1. The military strength of Poland; 2. the military strength of Roumania; 3. Turkish defense of the Dardanelles; and 4. Joseph Stalin’s alleged comprehension of democratic ideals and suspected hatred of aggression and dictatorship.

When two nations have been enslaved and their governments liquidated, it is impossible to compare their respective worth as potential military allies. But we have already noted the Nazi testing of Czech fortifications; and the reputation of the Czech officer corps, the Czech general staff and Czech military equipment—as well as of Czech combat units in the World War—was substantially higher than any professional rating of their Polish equivalent. It appears, then, that some authorities have not been unjustified in claiming that “Czecho-

slovakian defensive strength was at least the equal of Poland's and Roumania's combined."

The Chamberlain-Daladier school of thought, however humanely engaged in seeking a way to avoid war, was able to postpone the violent test but eleven months, and at the price of sacrificing the only small ally on the Continent—Finland now excepted!—likely to offer effective resistance to a powerful aggressor. Politicians hugely subsidize their Intelligence services and they expect their generals to use them. But politicians seem never to use or respect Intelligence; if they did, the idea of stopping Hitler by handing him Czechoslovakia and the idea of stopping Hitler by encouraging and stiffening the resistance of the Polish and Roumanian governments and armies would be reserved to clinics of psychiatry.

Of the building materials cited, which Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues began hastily scrambling into an anti-Hitler and anti-German bloc, the first, the military strength of Poland will be reviewed in an oncoming chapter. Turkish military strength perhaps prolonged Italian neutrality, and may yet prove a reliable ingredient. As for Stalin's opposition to Nazi aggression and Nazi dictatorship, the Allies ended that when they cured themselves of appeasement. Obviously, as long as London and Paris cowered before the blast of the Rome-Berlin propaganda *putsch* and answered Nazi-Fascist taunts with blandishments and concessions, the master of the Kremlin and the Communist Conscience was kept awake and worried. He knew that the longer appeasement lasted, the more consuming became Hitler's appetite. And he knew that the appeasers' most generously proffered plum would finally be something nice which Russia owned or coveted. But then, with the sudden death of appeasement, the defiance of Hitlerism and the armed

challenging of its eastward drive, its drive toward Russia, Stalin was provided the bulwark and distraction he needed, and he got them both for practically nothing.

Reversal of the "Munich" peace-at-any-dirty-price policy enabled Joseph Stalin to be himself. And he threw off his ill-fitting Occidental disguise and acted with great speed, directness and vigilance. Before Nazi Germany could turn back to the trough, Stalin decided he too could sell a bill of appeasement goods to his anxious neighbors on the Baltic and Black Seas. There was something he wanted not only from Poland but also from Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Turkey and Roumania. It did not matter that the Nazi pressure-apppliers had already encountered sales resistance in Turkey and even in Roumania.

Hitler's attempted aggression upon Roumania had been economic and diplomatic rather than martial, but it had come while the mud tracked in the streets of Prague by German invaders was drying to dust. Concerning the Hitlerian ultimatum to Bucharest in March, 1939, we are indebted to *The Nation* of June 24th of that year, as well as to "Augur" in a wireless dispatch to the *New York Times* dated August 21st, for a striking anecdote of diplomatic secret service. It was Hitler's sudden and resourceful move against Roumania rather than his inevitable seizure of Bohemia and Moravia which "precipitated the formation of the anti-aggression bloc"; and it seems there was a small and masterly stroke of espionage intrigue behind Hitler's stumbling over that international obstacle.

The episode had its tragic "hero," Doctor G. Schmidt, formerly an attaché of the Austrian legation in Bucharest, who had been retained in the foreign service when the Nazis promoting *Anschluss* took over. Concealing

his intense hatred of the Nazi invaders and despoilers of his native Austria, Doctor Schmidt remained useful, industrious and unobtrusive, "biding his time."

It was March and Czechoslovakia's captivity was in process of co-ordination. The important Nazis stationed in the Roumanian capital became aware of something awesome in the wind and overhead the ominous flapping of vultures' wings. Doctor Schmidt, an unconsidered Nazi cog, at last "learned the news that Berlin most wanted kept secret." He learned the precise terms of a Hitler ultimatum to be sprung upon King Carol. And "several hours before it was to be delivered" the astute attaché from Vienna took action, transmitting the precise terms of the ultimatum to high Roumanian officials. Wires from Bucharest to Paris and London burned with the timely intelligence. "A sudden coup was made impossible, the ultimatum was modified, and the basis of the anti-aggression front was laid."

Adolf Hitler had been on the verge of striking one more of those blows "against Versailles," as the triumphant Teutons termed his burglaries, and this time he had expected to strike not only a blow but oil—the Roumanian oil so badly needed by the ever increasing German Army. The Nazi revenge upon the Austrian avenger was as inevitable as propaganda in a police state. According to "Augur"—"rage . . . seized the German Foreign Office when it discovered that a secretary of the Bucharest legation . . . over a long period had been communicating a mass of confidential information to agents of a foreign power." There was evidently something about his betraying of the precise terms of the ultimatum which had thrust Doctor Schmidt into a glare of Gestapo suspicion. And that signalled his instant doom.

He was, "Augur" reported, "executed by a woman

agent of the Gestapo . . . who went to Bucharest and shot him in the presence of the Minister, Doctor Wilhelm Fabricius, in the latter's study. . . Doctor Schmidt's body was sent from the legation to a municipal hospital with the declaration that he had committed suicide, but the nature of his wound precluded that assertion entirely. . . . Since then the German Intelligence Service had been alert for an occasion to take further revenge upon Doctor Schmidt for dangerous betrayals."

This structure of Nazi vengeance, superimposed upon the revenge engineered by the Austrian attaché, was presently to cost a Roumanian diplomatic courier, Major Pavliciu, his life. The major arrived in Sofia, Bulgaria, one day in August, 1939, while European armies awaited "the fateful signal" of war. Pavliciu had come from Turkey, and he deposited a sealed diplomatic bag in the Roumanian legation, so that King Carol's envoy could open it and add to its contents confidential documents of his own. "Major Pavliciu was to return in the morning and fetch the re-sealed bag before catching the train for Bucharest."

The bag, as arranged, "was at a porter's lodge awaiting the courier's call. A man closely resembling Major Pavliciu rushed in and asked for the bag which was handed to him without suspicion. The man hailed a taxicab and drove away. The real Major Pavliciu arrived a few minutes later, and the theft was discovered."

It is hard to understand why the Roumanian major should have felt so disgraced by this misadventure that he had to resort to suicide. But, according to Balkan dispatches, Pavliciu "considered that he had betrayed his trust by permitting the theft of a sealed case of documents." Bulgarian counter-espionage operatives "proceeded with a strict inquiry, which proved that on that

morning every taxicab driver in the particular area was a German agent and that the thief had driven, not to a railroad station, but to the German legation, which casual witnesses saw him entering with a sealed bag. Since then neither thief nor bag has been seen."

It appears now that the Pavliciu tragedy was largely influenced by the major's knowledge of the contents of the bag entrusted to him. It "contained the text of a draft agreement for settlement of the territorial quarrel between Bulgaria and Roumania—which draft the Germans were ready to pay any price to obtain." In fact, one individual "connected with the German legation in Bucharest brazenly confessed to a Bulgarian friend that the coup was carried out by German agents not only to obtain documents but also in 'revenge for Schmidt.'"

Thanks to Schmidt's sacrifice, to the ordeal of the Czechs, to the belatedly genuine anxieties of London and Paris, Roumania was spared dismemberment and serfdom for a few months—until Stalin and Hitler got around to another rectification of boundaries. Frustrated in Bucharest, the Nazis through the spring and summer of 1939 could only fall back upon espionage intrigues such as that which we know ruined Major Pavliciu. But at the same time the Germans were enabled to gorge themselves with the systematic and scientific looting of their new Bohemian protectorate. Nazi "protection" cost more, the Czechs discovered, than anything ever sold by gangsters in a racket-ridden American metropolis. To begin with, their German masters—who only six months before had secured the Czech fortifications—walked right away with military stores and cannon, machine-guns and all other kinds of up to date war materials worth a shade more than one *billion* dollars.

These rich and self-perpetuating "Munich" dividends

add one more major irony to the many we have noted in this record. When the Czechs were sorely threatened, the reactionary leaders of Poland joined with the German and Hungarian governments in carving for their country a slice of the loot. But the great treasure of military supplies which the Nazis bagged in Czechoslovakia was that necessary surplus required by Berlin for the ensuing conquest of the Poles. The Germans used several thousand large motor trucks, "working night and day for months," to remove a portion of their booty to German army bases. The controlling stock majority of the famous Skoda Works at Pilsen had been owned before "Munich" by the French Schneider-Creusot combine. After "peace in our time" had been ransomed by that firm of mirage architects, Chamberlain & Daladier, the French financiers guiding Schneider-Creusot exactly weighed and balanced the Hitlerian achievement. They then practised a refined bit of blackmail, compelling the Czech State to purchase control of Skoda under threat of its immediate sale to Krupp or other German interests. And the Frenchmen barely got out in time, for in less than six months the Skoda Works fell as an unencumbered possession to the Nazi government when it took over all Czech government assets.

Everything now points to a carefully worked out Nazi program for the confiscation of Czech wealth, a program so complete and elaborate, observers on the spot have stated, that it must have been far advanced in August-September, 1938, prior to the Munich conference. The German political police had been assigned the agreeable task of uncovering all portable assets of the Czech capitalists and devising means of transmitting them to deserving Nazi organizations. Thus the German secret-service aggression upon Bohemia and Moravia was styled

after the fashion of the Japanese Secret Service's exploitation of Manchuria and other occupied divisions of China. In October–November, 1938, Nazi operatives were calling upon Czech business men who had held substantial interests in the Sudeten districts which had just been surrendered to Hitler at Munich. The Nazis had a "deal" to propose, guaranteeing to safeguard the Czech interests provided Czech financiers would arrange for transfer at a "reasonable price" of all Czech-owned shares in the Escompte Bank of Prague.

Now the Nazi Party had seized control of the Dresden Bank with much this same blackmailing technique during the self-aggrandizing progress of Herr Hitler's political satellites. And by January, 1939, the Nazis had personally secured control of the Prague Escompte Bank as well as various valuable Czech industries in whose shares the bank had invested. All was thus put in readiness for the grand "pay-off" when Hitler marched his troops into Bohemia. Some wealthy Jews and conspicuous anti-Germans had emigrated after the five-alarm warning of "Munich"; but the most substantial capitalists of Bohemia and Moravia remained; and, when the Nazis moved in without conferring further with the British or French, their police power was immediately exerted upon the victims long ago selected. Thousands of rich or well-to-do Jews went at once to the Gestapo to secure permission to leave the country. Many Czechs followed them as soon as it was seen how intolerable life had become, with a plague of Brown Bolshevism eating up the prosperity of the once comfortable, industrious and thrifty Czechoslovakia. Jews and Czechs alike were told by the Gestapo that but one formality prevented their departure from the land of their birth: they must drop in at the Escompte Bank and make certain "satisfactory"

arrangements. At the bank privately owned by Nazi leaders the would-be refugees were informed that they need only assign to the bank full powers of attorney. The Escompte Bank must be granted legal authority to do whatever it pleased with their property.

That trick of escape netted somebody hundreds of millions, and it was merely a beginning. Part of the settlement concocted at the Munich conference allowed the Nazis to demand and obtain a bandit carving of the Czech gold reserve. It was manipulated from Berlin in this characteristic way. German secret police moved into the Sudeten districts and carefully swept up bank notes in circulation to the value of 2,850,000,000 Czech crowns. The happy Sudeten Germans and the Czechs trapped in this preliminary partitioning were rewarded with German bank notes having a far inferior gold backing. The Czech government was obliged to ship to Berlin a share of its strong gold reserve redeeming the 2,850,000,000 crowns. But even after official redemption the Nazis held on to the Czech bank notes. "Why bother to destroy or return them when the secret service can make use of them?" Soon the ostensibly "cancelled" Czech notes began to reappear; Nazi agents were smuggling them into circulation even before the ultimate conquest of March, 1939. This, be it noted, was a deliberate inflationary attack devised and operated by agents of secret service. It was also, of course, a calculated and barefaced stroke of larceny.

According to the secret report of Robert Coulandre—the last Czech president, Doctor Emil Hacha, was subjected to a five-hour "third degree" in Berlin until he consented officially to accept the Nazi protectorate. M. Coulandre was the French Ambassador to Germany at the time, and his report was afterward made public by

the Daladier government. He stated that Doctor Hacha resisted the Hitlerian threats for many hours, that he lost consciousness several times but was revived by injections administered to him by physicians who had been in attendance from the start of this historic episode of brutal intimidation. When Doctor Hacha and his colleague, Foreign Minister Frantisek Chvalkovsky, protested that they were unable to "act without the consent of the Prague Government," they were told that a telephone connection had been established with the Czech Cabinet council then holding a night session. And it was true that German secret-service operatives had prepared this telephone contact in Czech territory without the knowledge or consent of the Czech authorities.

The cunningly regulated stages of Nazi conquest with which prosperous Czechoslovakia was consumed represent an underground or secret-service offensive of a scope and caliber new to the modern annals of imperialist intrigue. Nor was the teamwork of implacable plotters ever more richly recompensed. By capturing and draining the resources, first of Austria, then of the Sudetenland, the Nazis were able to finance their vast trade deficit of 1938 and to continue extravagantly to secure those imports necessary to a nation dedicated to conquest and engaged in furious and exclusive preparations for war. And by looting the even richer provinces of Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia in 1939 the Nazis provided themselves for another year with the sinews of war, both trade war and actual hostilities. Grand larceny was an appropriate means of financing the German attack upon Poland, and in large degree it fortified the Nazi economy for the first seven months of the struggle with France and Britain.

XXXI

THE PROPAGANDA PUTSCH

One of the most agreeable characteristics of a volcano is that it erupts from natural causes and not merely to imitate another volcano. And a very encouraging fact about volcanoes is their slight permanent influence upon history and civilization. They confine themselves to fierce rumblings, a murderous outpouring of lava which engulfs some surprised and imprisoned population, then all the rest is pyrotechnical display, until eventually they are classified as extinct.

Hitler and Mussolini, like twin volcanoes, set out to blur their epoch by erupting in imitative alternation or, as the audience reaction changed, in unison. It was a big-time act and it carried them far. A team of Performing Dictators was something really new on the European circuit; and the top billing and excellent bookings might have continued indefinitely—save for one curious happening. A number of well-informed and discriminating persons who should have found the act comical instead took it very seriously; while masses of people who were expected to find it melodramatic and threatening began to think it comical. Mr. Chamberlain and his set were gravely impressed, while the man in the street began making faces.

It was perfectly natural in the case of Hitler and Mussolini that rulers of their origin should run to volcanic and voluptuous verbosity. Both of these Aryan-conditioned despots came to power on the winds of chance.

Both had been holding that power by means of a shrewd blend of hypnotism and hyperbole, keeping the birth-rate up and the appetite down. Each dictator talked enthusiastically and persuasively, giving food for thought to his people whose normal food rations were steadily being cut and who were themselves designed for cannon fodder.

Every Hitler act, every Mussolini act — every Fascist word, every Nazi German gesture — was at this time intended to add momentum to the meteor of Axis ascendancy. Bolshevism was the common enemy; “anti-Communism” the password; but all the while the fat lands of British and French imperialism were tempting this smooth pair of professional have-nots. Fascism, the totalitarian state, had been founded upon the theory that the ordinary man’s desires were of no more importance than his opinions or abilities. Since he had shown himself incapable of self-government, he must be taught to suspect his own private thoughts or inclinations, he must be taught to accept blindly a tyrant’s whims, obsessions, or delusions of grandeur as a tried and tested system of public welfare. This teaching had to be accomplished by propaganda. Both Fascism and Nordic-Nazism created government by propaganda. And the next step was an inexorable one — an international secret-service offensive of propaganda.

Until Mussolini started his campaign of conquest in Ethiopia the teamwork of the twin volcanoes was wretched. Perhaps it was not teamwork at all, since any kind of double harness looks repellent to the dictatorial temperament. But with the Ethiopian campaign the Fascist despot and the Nazi German despot discovered the right combination for their congenial work of undermining the rich democracies; and the resulting propa-

gandic offensive continued to get results for the next three and a half years.

In Ethiopia the Italian Fascist state was the aggressor. Hitler cheered from the sidelines and did his part with sharply worded propaganda, saying—Mussolini is doing the right thing, he is pursuing the destiny of a dynamic people, I advise you other governments and nations to give no thought to inferior Ethiopians but to accept and accept gracefully that which is inevitable. The “superior race” propaganda, the “room for development of a dynamic nation” propaganda, and, lastly, the “better reconcile yourselves to this inevitability” propaganda began switching back and forth between Berlin and Rome, Goebbels and Gayda, Goering and the Coliseum, like a tennis ball in a well-played set, crossing and recrossing the net. And that reiterated admonition about accepting the inevitable, the act of racial destiny, the *fait accompli*, carried with it always a sinister undertone. The volcano voting for acceptance of his partner’s crime rumbled very distinctly: this is nothing, really—better make little fuss about *this*—for you haven’t seen anything yet—wait till *I* get started—then you *will* have something to think about, and you are going to swallow the dose I give you, too, unless you want war—so I recommend that you swallow this milder dose, just for the practice.

Great Britain and France were repeatedly bluffed by this ball-tossing act of “recommendacity.” Great Britain and France, and many other states that might have been their allies, did not want war; and the British were even unprepared for war, and publicly—in the British manner—admitted their muddling. And so those standard bearers of what remained of European democracy swallowed affront after affront, aggression after aggression, and they kept on swallowing.

Bluff and more bluff, blackmail, betrayal, bribery and banditry were the component parts of this pseudo-belliscose code of Axis strategy. The Mussolini-Hitler propagandic combination was shrewdly based upon an understanding of the very thing each Fascist magnate professed to despise — democracy. The whole secret-service offensive, 1935-1939, derived from the Axis dictators' comprehension of a fear inhibiting free peoples. Not their fear of defeat, but the fear of war itself, and even an informed fear of another Versailles victory.

Being still free to express approval, dislike, or suspicion of a government policy, these nations — hapless victims of an "obsolete" parliamentary system — could rally to their politicians who seemed to fight only for maintenance of peace. That was democracy expressing its own tolerance and sanity, recoiling not in cowardice but in clear-sightedness from the obscenity of war, its waste, its empty gains and burden of debt, its organized dissipation of liberty and effort, its squandering of brains and fine young lives. In 1931 the Japanese aggression upon China called for civilized resentment; but in every democracy that resentment was modified by an equally civilized abhorrence of war. The Japanese militarists had braced themselves cynically for a diplomatic rebuke, after which conscientious exercise no Power, they felt sure, would start a fight in defense of Manchuria.

The success of a brazen Asiatic aggressor was bound to enlighten European autocrats. Only the opportunities were uneven. Mussolini picked up a hot potato called Abyssinia. He looked at Tunisia, but the French were already transmitting to African desert spaces the theory of Maginot defensive strength. Therefore, he had to pretend to be threatened by Albania, and by the radicalism of Spanish workers.

Hitler, having done the comradely thing in denouncing and circumventing sanctions, could no longer be denied Austria. Hitler followed through, and got the Sudetenland, the rich provinces of Bohemia and Moravia, and what is more, the Austrian gold reserve and a huge theft of Czech gold. The Rome-Berlin Axis, while mainly a partnership of propagandic intimidation, had also been designed to enable two nearly bankrupt plotters to conspire as cheaply as one. After each new Hitlerian feast, the Nazi glutton and the gourmet of Rome exchanged telegrams of booming affection, goggling admiration and frantic self-congratulation; yet the warmth came largely from friction, and a legion of alert observers saw that it was now a honeymoon in name only.

For all that they made their shouting, snarling and saber-rattling sound alike, the Axis partners — happily for the human race — were as unlike each other as the nations they ruled were unlike. The average Italian is a genial and easy-going fellow. The Italian criminal class is a venerable body and through the ages has been overly inventive. The Italian is artistic, and Italian counterfeiters are among the most skillful afflicting government treasuries. It was said at one time that so much expertly counterfeited currency had come into circulation in Italy that the government feared provoking a financial panic if anything was done about it. The amazing counterfeits went right on circulating. The "Black Hand" and kindred Italian gangs have perfected and refined less artistic crimes, such as blackmail, extortion, kidnapping and the "protection racket"; and, as we know, the criminal history of the United States would be lurid to a different degree if there had been no Sicilian immigration. But even so, few philosophers and psychiatrists shake their heads over the Italians; whereas the Ger-

mans are a problem. With or without a Hitler, the Germans lean toward the Hitlerian.

There was no desperation in the camp of the professional "have-nots" — no desperation making a general war inevitable — so long as the tone of Axis propaganda was Fascist and the more flamboyant totalitarian model essentially Fascist. A witty Italian has described Fascism as a state in which "everything that is not compulsory is forbidden." But Italian Fascism has also produced a dictator or police state which is very like grand opera. It has called for a liberal use of spotlights, for loud sounds and good acoustics, for a well-disciplined chorus and a well-subsidized claque.

Grand opera requires threatening swordplay and much vainglorious posturing. It is preferably founded upon a theme of destiny and tragic division, self-sacrifice, or frustration. Italian Fascism came along and borrowed all of these, even developing the enormous snob appeal of grand opera in certain communities. And then, too, with Germany gone Fascist, the stage of this political grand opera became conspicuously cluttered with rival prima donnas.

"Hitler," said Mussolini to trusted foreign-office Fascists, after his first meeting with the Nazi dictator, "is a man with whom I can work, if it is necessary — but a man with whom I can never have a meeting of minds." In an interview with H. R. Knickerbocker not long ago, the celebrated Doctor Carl Jung said: "Hitler is the mirror of the subconsciousness of every German — a loud-speaker who magnifies the imperceptible murmurs of the German soul." And Vernon Bartlett stated crisply: "Mussolini rules Italy; Hitler is Germany."

Schopenhauer once observed that Germans are "remarkable for the absolute lack of that feeling which

Latins call 'verecundia'—sense of shame." This perhaps grieved the philosopher, and it has unquestionably inconvenienced any number of Europeans, but it has accounted for a variety of startling political developments, particularly developments of secret service. We may assume that Mussolini, Doctor Jung, Mr. Bartlett—and, if he were living, Schopenhauer—make neither the absurd mistake of confusing Italian Fascists with German Fascists, nor the calamitous mistake of distinguishing between Adolf Hitler and the mass of the German people. In spite of that heroic body of anti-Nazi Germans who have suffered unspeakable persecution for their beliefs, there is a growing conviction that Hitlerism is a specialized and highly characteristic Pan-German religion, not a weird political straitjacket against which millions of honest Germans wretchedly strain.

F. A. Voight in his brilliant *Unto Caesar* declares :

Only the shallowest understanding will see in the National Socialist revolution "the result of Versailles." That revolution is the nightmare of German genius come true. In the history of the Third Realm Versailles is but an incident and the Great War but an episode.

Mr. Voight quotes Hölderlin's prophecy that the German people would be "made barbarous by industry and science and even by religion." Heine foretold the Nazi movement with its revival of paganism, saying: "The old gods will shake the dust off their statues and descend from their pedestals." And Nietzsche, who denounced the Germanic victory of 1870-1871 as a defeat for German civilization, foresaw the rise of such a man as Hitler and his domination of his fellow Germans, a man in whom "degeneracy determines an excess of spiritual and nervous electrical discharge"—a man inspiring fear and

creating terror because "the fanatic, the man possessed, the religious epileptic, all eccentrics" — said Nietzsche — "have been regarded as the highest types of power, as divine."

As long ago as January 31, 1934, Hermann Wilhelm Goering stated in an article which appeared in the *London Morning Post* that, as Roman Catholics believed the Pope to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, so the German Nazis believed Hitler to be infallible in all matters pertaining to the moral and social interests of the people.

Hitler's conquests weakened the Axis, while Mussolini's conquests weakened Italy. Mussolini, by adventuring in Ethiopia, intervening in Spain and fomenting Mohammedan terror in Palestine, had crippled the none too robust Italian economy. Italy, entering the critical summer of 1939, was therefore an even more impoverished and shaky ideological experiment than Nazi Germany. The Fascists, in their search for gold or for reserves of scrap iron, cotton, copper, rubber and other essential raw materials, had resorted to exporting munitions and military equipment, notably to Japan. Italy had ignored its own need for new field guns and siege ordnance, anti-tank weapons and similar war-making innovations. The Duce had "enormous levies of first-class troops, many of them seasoned in Ethiopia and the Spanish civil war, but he had no army." The much publicized Fascist maneuvers of August, 1939, became suddenly clouded with mystery and rumor. Mussolini himself violated his own inflexible custom and did not attend. Good staff work and a strategic plan against France, either defensive or offensive, are also said to have failed to attend the martial scene. It was the kind of

magniloquent fiasco which the totalitarian censor can best cover up, but which the dictator bent on survival dare not hide from himself.

General Gamelin, being pressed to consider Italy's status in the event of Anglo-French defiance of Hitler, has been reliably quoted as answering: "If Italy remains neutral, I shall need five divisions to watch it. If it joins Hitler, ten divisions will be needed to defeat it. And if it comes in on our side, we shall need fifteen divisions to rescue it."

This was, of course, the Gamelin of the Maginot Line, diseased with the theory of the defensive, the Gamelin of the "Sitzkrieg," commanding "the finest army in Europe"—and not the stricken, frustrated little general of May, 1940, who bequeathed to his old rival, Weygand, a shattered front, a lost battle and a situation that "militarily," said Weygand, "can not be improved."

However, Mussolini seems to have shared at least part of Gamelin's opinion, and, in August, 1939—thanks to his own temperament and the character of the Italian people—he was able to move cautiously and dissociate himself from Hitler's desperation. That desperation it was which provoked the incomparable dervish whirl ending in the pact with Stalin. The Berlin-Moscow Tunnel displaced the Rome-Berlin Axis by erecting a substitute of such novel composition that even scientists have been unable to guess its durability and tensile strength. And it was that same Hitler desperation—product of the cul-de-sac called Nazi foreign policy, product of the German character which accepts Hitler's struggle as a form of state religion and contracts his acute inflammation of the ego as a national Teutonic disease—which warned even the pro-Nazi cliques of Great Britain and France that

they would have to pay the price of their short-term reprieve and submit to the crushing costs of another unpreventable war.

Mussolini's propaganda was no longer a *putsch*, it was a smoke screen covering a tactical retirement. It was, then, no longer Axis propaganda, though it still blatantly called for "democratic" concessions and Polish submission, and urged upon London-Paris the kind of conciliation that meant cowardice and peace-at-any-price. Mussolini was not trying, it now appears, to save Hitler from an exhausting or fruitless contest with the British Empire. The Duce, through August-September, 1939, was mobilizing his considerable talents for the anxious task of saving Italy, avoiding an early declaration of war, escaping by frenzied action, if need be, from the *cul-de-sac* of Nazi intrigue and diplomacy.

Herr Goebbels lent his talents to the same task in Germany, or so it seemed, commanding peace and conciliatory weakness — from Hitler's belatedly bellicose foes. Even after war began, and Poland's defenses dwindled, there was every chance for peace, according to the controlled Nazi press — peace, to be sure, on Hitler's own terms. Failing in that device, the propaganda guns of Nazism were reloaded with ponderous cunning to lay down a barrage between France and Great Britain. "What's the matter with Frenchmen, they're all right!" chanted the Nazis. "We are not at war with France [not this year] so why should the French fight for the British Empire?" It sounded so clever and plausible to the steel-helmed watch on the Rhine, they kept looking across hopefully for a white flag to rise above the misty Maginot fortifications.

Now that war, so rashly provoked, had become an irrevocable fact, the Nazis needed propaganda as a major

weapon of up-to-date secret-service offensive and defensive. The Hitler régime, however, had prospered so long by means of propaganda, invaded so many lands, intruded upon so many causes with its excessive mechanisms of mind-pressure, that the supreme war crisis found Herr Doktor Goebbels mendaciously muscle-bound and overtrained.

Nazi propaganda, at its best but a form of decomposed *Kultur*, had to do better this time than *Kultur* ever did when discharged from the siege-guns of Hohenzollern days. Yet right at the start, in August, the imposing Stalin-Hitler pact of burglarous unanimity failed to scare the French and British governments or people. And then the last-minute peace duplicities and "last chance, folks, to avoid being Blitzkrieged to hell" dodges seemed to misfire. The "Germans have no quarrel with the French" salvos evidently reached some targets, for, under the first heavy impact, France collapsed, leaving Britain to fight on alone. However, the European struggle is still too complicated and uncertain for us to rate Goebbels in military history with the new tank tactics, the dive bomber and the screaming air-bomb.

Mussolini prepares even while he waits to see. Having vainly used propaganda to make the Italians forget how they detest Germans, Mussolini has thus far not even looked for a potation sweet enough or strong enough to make a Roman Catholic nation swallow an alliance with Bolshevism. The old propaganda putsch while it lasted was a cunning and often formidable offensive of the Axis Powers. It could have lasted longer if Adolf Hitler had not been driven to prove himself the most dangerous madman who ever escaped from the padded cell of his own mediocrity.

Count Ciano went to Berlin to advocate reasonable

arbitration of the Goebbels-fomented "Polish question," for Mussolini and Ciano knew that Fascist Italy could not withstand the strain of a Franco-British offensive. Ciano is said to have listened in bewildered dismay while Hitler recited anguished tales of "Polish atrocities." Ciano knew all too well the excrementary press of Nazi Germany. He could not believe Hitler was sincerely infected with the horror-releases of his own Propaganda Ministry.

Ciano delivered his diplomatic warning. Mussolini wished Hitler to know that Italy could not fight in 1939; and it was only too apparent in Rome, asserted Ciano, that Britain and France would fight if the Nazis attacked Poland. This time German aggression would mean war.

Hitler's recoil from the unappetizing truth was vulgar and volcanic. He screamed hysterical abuse—say the Italians—at Mussolini's patrician son-in-law. Whereat Ciano left Berchtesgaden and returned by plane immediately to Rome.

The men in charge of Fascist policies, the new and dynamic Italians—who had so much success with the bombing of Ethiopian and Spanish villagers—are proud and pardonably tender-minded, therefore reluctant to swallow the abuse of an hysterical Austrian corporal. Yet by June, 1940, the promise—or mirage—of large geographical loot and little hard fighting brought on renewed face-saving exercises of the propaganda *putsch*. The same month that shocked the civilized world with the destruction of republican France saw a timely re-welding of the Axis—with burglars' tools.

XXXII

THE IRISH TERROR IN ENGLAND

In 1939 Irish malcontents started a new terrorist campaign against the English government, and people with long memories could tell that England would soon be involved in war on the Continent. The first outrages on January 16th occurred in London, Liverpool and Birmingham, as well as in Belfast, and were immediately attributed by Scotland Yard to the outlawed Irish Republican Army. Subsequent bombings—there were one hundred and thirty-two in a period of twenty-seven weeks—provoked a general suspicion that Nazi German secret service was attempting to undermine the kingdom with rebel Irish tools. Investigators uncovered some dangerously convincing contacts between Nazi agencies and the Irish terrorist organization. In his dispatch to the *New York Times* dated April 6, 1939, the usually inspired "Augur" stated positively that the British Cabinet had "gradually acquired proof of the far-reaching character of active intrigues by German agents, calculated to cause incalculable harm to Britain in case of the outbreak of a European war."

This authority continued: "Apart from the activities of numerous spies trying to penetrate the secrets of British defense, particular resentment was caused in Downing Street by the precise indication of a direct connection between foreign centers and the Irish bombing outrages in British cities, and from those foreign cen-

ters considerable sums of money appeared to be forthcoming in an attempt to disrupt the orderly life of this country."

Such a statement cannot be dismissed as propaganda, either anti-German or anti-Irish. Prime Minister Chamberlain was just then beginning to revive from his self-administered anesthetic of appeasement. The "Augur" dispatch, in its own phrasing, found it "necessary to try to lift the veil of circumstances that led to Mr. Chamberlain's determined stand for Polish independence." The then recent and startling Anglo-French agreement "to back Polish resistance" represented "so tremendous a departure from traditional British politics" that the noted commentator felt he should cover "the whole story of one of the most remarkable transformations known in post-war [he might have written 'pre-war'] politics."

According to "Augur," the "anger" of Neville Chamberlain "was that of a man who had been duped." Chamberlain himself had explained in his speech at Birmingham "how Herr Hitler . . . by the seizure of Prague had destroyed any confidence that the Prime Minister might have had in the Nazi Chancellor's capacity to keep his given word. . . . Yet Mr. Chamberlain's attitude was finally governed by considerations of statesmanship." To the *Times* correspondent, the Prime Minister was even more violently reacting to the I.R.A. terror and the latest reports of British Intelligence operatives than to the Hitlerian conquest of Bohemia and Moravia, or to the inevitably "next" enterprise of Nazi blackmail as signified by new and specific threats of aggression upon Poland.

The Nazi secret service was not then so crude in its

provocative methods as the German *Nachrichtendienst* of the World War period, which reflected the conspirant genius of Colonel Walther Nicolai. However, we may believe a journalist of the standing of "Augur" was already quite sure of his facts, and we find him adding this prophetic paragraph :

"Equally detailed reports no doubt were available from the intelligence organization of the British Admiralty and other services about German naval preparations for an intensive, farflung submarine campaign, beyond the limits of European waters, with the object of destroying British commerce. Anyhow, the sum of the evidence against Germany was so great that Mr. Chamberlain felt it impossible to give Herr Hitler the benefit of the doubt any longer."

Thirteen days after this significant dispatch, on April 19th, at the arraignment of Joseph Kelly, the German Consulate at Liverpool was definitely linked with the I.R.A. terrorism and with the charge of having purchased from Kelly for thirty pounds a plan of the great British shell-making factory at Euxton, Lancashire. The factory, one of the largest of the royal ordnance plants, was then—in time of apparent peace—employing some fourteen thousand persons. A sum in excess of eight million pounds had been spent in the development of the huge plant, from whose fifteen miles of roads, when King George visited it in March, 1939, all newspaper reporters had been excluded.

On April 21st a Liverpool crowd called in orderly fashion at the German Consulate and delivered a huge placard "from Liverpool liberty-loving citizens." This placard, "made to appear like a tremendous postcard," demanded that Walther Reinhardt, the Nazi consul,

leave England. A servant of the consulate received it, promising to give it to the consul. Such a throng of the hostile or merely curious was attracted to the scene that police were summoned to disperse it.

In prosecuting Kelly, the British counter-espionage department brought out that this thirty-one-year-old laborer, who had been hard up for some time, went to Reinhardt in Liverpool with his espionage offer and was thereafter put in touch with a Nazi secret-service agent stationed in The Netherlands. Two plans which Kelly was charged with having stolen were privately identified as being "of great value to an enemy state." British counter-spies, it will be noted in passing, were already pointing straight at the secret foe four months before the invasion of Poland. Kelly, it was charged, had been enabled to visit Germany and consult Nazi espionage experts. After his return he was arrested. Counter-spies had evidently spotted him as a Continental traveller and had felt entitled to ask how a "hard up" laborer so suddenly could afford the journey to a foreign land. And Kelly, on his way to a police station, had practically clinched the case against him by crudely attempting one of those spy-stunts dear to the characters of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Having contrived to slip a folded bit of paper into his mouth, the suspect tried to chew it surreptitiously and swallow it. This may be done if the endangered agent has a drink handy with which to wash the "evidence" down; but Kelly, with a dry mouth, found a wad of the thin, tough "secret service" paper exceedingly hard to consume. Therefore he spit it out, but not casually enough. His captors recovered the paper; and, when spread out and dried, it was found to record a simple German code already familiar to the British Intelligence.

Joseph Kelly was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Nazi Consul Reinhardt, who had been at his Liverpool post only eighteen months, was presently separated from it. Said Neville Chamberlain: "In view of what has transpired at the proceedings in court, the government must accept the conclusion that the German Consulate in Liverpool was implicated in this case. They [the British Government] therefore requested the German Government to arrange for the withdrawal of Consul Herr Reinhardt."

That was on June 14, 1939, and mild in the extreme. But then, at a night session of the House of Commons on July 24th, Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, divulged a little of what British operatives had been doing defensively, and quietly made public a sensational exposé of an "enemy" threat of sabotage and combatant secret service in the British Isles.

Sir Samuel, in moving the second reading of emergency legislation granting the government wider powers to deal with terrorism, stated that reliable agents had secured information proving that terrorist activities of the I.R.A. were "being actively stimulated by foreign organizations." The Home Secretary—virtually confirming the already quoted April assertion of "Augur"—proceeded to show a photostatic copy of a notorious "S Plan" which, he explained, had been seized by British agents early in 1939.

"It is not the kind of irresponsible melodramatic document that one sometimes discovers in these police searches," Sir Samuel pointed out. "It is a carefully worked-out staff plan, the kind of plan that might be worked out by a General Staff, setting out in detail the way in which an extensive campaign of sabotage could be successfully carried out against this country."

The "S Plan" — sabotage — had many thousand words, said Sir Samuel Hoare, and he began reading :

It must be shown that this is the time to strike, that England has never been in so critical a condition, barred as she is by political tradition from adopting the only measures that would ensure her strength — namely, totalitarian methods.

There were instructions dealing with the water supply, with sewers, with destruction of fire hose. Sir Samuel also summarized the Plan's detailed information on how to "damage or destroy the key points of the electricity system." It seemed that combatant secret service preferred singling out public utilities for attack rather than arms factories, munitions depots, or military establishments because the vital utilities were less dangerous to approach. And as a last resort newspaper plants were to be destroyed with bombs, said the Home Secretary.

He tactfully refrained from mentioning the foreign Power whose staff brains had been poured into the comprehensive scheme of anti-British undercover offensive. Yet he might as well have called out "Nazi Germany!" when he spoke of water-pollution and bombing exploits, declaring "the sinister fact about it is that the numerous attempts made since last January have been based upon this plan. . . In the face of these reports of foreign intrigue, in the face of six months' experience that shows terrorism is to be intensified, we need further powers.

"Suppose that in August or September we were faced with war or an emergency, would not the danger of serious sabotage be immeasurably increased by these terrorist plotters?"

The measure thus propelled through Parliament was deemed urgent even by those who did not believe in July that Neville Chamberlain would allow Britain to be

"faced with war" in September. The measure granted the government extraordinary powers, so extraordinary for England that Opposition speakers expressed fears over infringement of civil liberties. Sir Samuel Hoare, as Home Secretary, said the police asked only temporary power to make arrests short of legal proof and searches without warrants, but "for no other purpose besides the suppression of Irish Republican terrorist activities."

English police had seized sixteen hundred sticks of gelignite, a thousand detonators and hundreds of pounds of other explosives—"enough to cause millions of pounds' worth of damage," according to government spokesmen, "and the loss of at least a thousand lives."

Irish terrorists had already "come within inches" of blowing up the important Hammersmith Bridge over the Thames, the Southwark power station, and the aqueduct carrying the Grand Union Canal over the North Circular Road on the outskirts of London. "Only Providence and the heroism of the police and citizens had prevented a frightful loss of life."

The I.R.A. plans, watched and encouraged from abroad, were known to be directed against bridges, railroads, air-fields, ammunition dumps, "and even the Houses of Parliament." That admission provoked the Commons to a roar of laughter. The bridges and power stations were being very closely guarded. Whereupon the terrorists—instructed from Nazi headquarters on how to interrupt the business of British sewers—began a sort of pre-war apprenticeship by bombing assaults upon public comfort stations. In London there were six such explosions, in Birmingham one, in Coventry four. A number of persons were treated for shock, but none was seriously injured.

A more repellent outrage seemed, on July 26, 1939, to

answer Sir Samuel Hoare's disclosure of the intricate and alien "S Plan." At 1:40 P.M. a powerful bomb exploded under the counter of the cloakroom at King's Cross Station, London. This explosion fatally injured Donald Campbell, Latin lecturer at Edinburgh University, both of whose legs were blown off. Fifteen other persons were injured by the bomb, several of them seriously. Mr. Campbell and his wife, who were returning from a honeymoon on the Continent, had just stopped to inquire about their baggage. It appeared that the bomb had been left at the checkroom only five minutes before it went off by a man who rushed to board a train bound for the North. The railroad station, one of the largest in London, was crowded at the time, and women and children were trampled in the rush to escape. Checkroom attendants "escaped with severe injuries, although the counter that they were serving was completely destroyed" by the force of the explosion which was great enough to damage badly "bicycles and motor cars in an adjacent driveway."

Late that same night—again answering Sir Samuel, who had made his revelations to the House of Commons on the 24th—a wooden swing bridge across the Leeds-Liverpool Canal, five miles from Liverpool, was wrecked by a time-bomb. The canal was blocked, windows of the neighborhood shattered; and still later came another blast, blowing out the front of the Mount Pleasant Post-office in Liverpool, even though it had been "under police observation." Only a "few moments later flames burst from a street mailbox twenty-five yards away."

Since early in June the outlawed I.R.A. pranksters had been injuring postal employees and destroying mail with an infusion of small, ingenious, incendiary bombs. These sabotage tools were of a World-War type, but

reduced in size to match the dimensions of a large business envelope. Stamp-cancelling machines set off some of these letter-bombs; others delayed until distributed to postmen for delivery. In the cities of London, Manchester, Leicester and Birmingham fifteen postmen were injured by such infernal communications. One heavier "parcel" bomb exploded in a mail car at Birmingham station. Letter sorters on the Birmingham-London express were obliged to save themselves and the rest of their mailbags by hurling a flaming bag out on to the track.

The sabotage offensive of the Irish revolutionaries and those foreign agents who lent them inspiration was by degrees brought under control. The new anti-terrorist laws and alien-control regulations, a marked improvement in national precautionary measures, public resentment and increasing police experience of terrorist methods combined to interfere with the underground insurrection. There were a great many arrests and a large percentage of convictions.

Then came the war, of which the Nazi-fomented sabotage campaign had been both a portent and a preliminary bout. And war immediately provoked an even more severe regulation of alien elements and destructive malcontents. National vigilance — not only because of sabotage dangers but also because of the long-threatened Nazi *Blitzkrieg* — had to be placed on a completely alert war footing. The blackouts required in Britain as a measure of defense against Nazi air raids would seem to have doubled the I.R.A. opportunities for bomb-planting and other forms of sabotage. However, the kind of plotter who ignites mailboxes and kills or cripples travellers calling at railway checkrooms is seldom a patriot of the fanatical type glad to risk court martial and death as a

terrorist agent of the Nazi German enemy. Even in Ireland few people have sympathized with aggressions of terrorism; and Nazi-backed or Nazi-encouraged war-time operations of the I.R.A. outlaws have exhausted the patience of Premier Eamon de Valera and the Irish Government.

Two nights before Christmas, 1939, while thousands of Dublin people were engaged in finishing their Christmas shopping in the center of the city, less than three miles away a small body of armed men converged under cover of darkness upon a magazine of the Irish Army at the fort in a lonely part of Phoenix Park. The raiders had posted sentries to warn them of possible interruption or interference. Telephone wires from the fort to Dublin military headquarters had been cut. One of the raiders, clad in the uniform of the Irish Army, approached the fort and presented himself to its guards. He carried an elaborate looking Christmas gift parcel, addressed to the officer in command.

That simple ruse opened the gates of the fort. The heavily armed raiders pushed in, surprised the sentries and disarmed them. Four motor trucks accompanied the I.R.A. guerillas; and these were quickly run into the fort and there calmly loaded with munitions and arms from the magazine. A park keeper, on his way home, discovered the broken telephone line. He was hurrying to report to the police when intercepted by an I.R.A. outpost and beaten insensible with revolver butts. Dublin policemen found him later, lying unconscious near the fort; and he was removed in a serious condition to the city hospital.

The raiders had started their brazen exploit at 8:30 p.m. and they continued looting the army stores until nearly midnight. Patrols of Irish military police were

said to have captured four armed men identified as having belonged to the raiding party. And it would appear that the Irish authorities proceeded to extract information from these prisoners with a vigor and thoroughness not unknown to the "back room" of many an American police station. By the first of January soldiers and police had pounced upon a dozen hiding places of the I.R.A. rebels; and, of the 700 cases of ammunition stolen — weighing nearly twenty-eight tons — 483 cases had been recovered. Persistent searches by Irish military and police resulted in the discovery of most of the remaining 217 cases, as well as stores of arms that had not been stolen but supplied to the guerillas by their supporters in the United States or by interested groups of Nazi Germany.

Northern Ireland saw Christmas Day of 1939 detonated by an outbreak of Irish Republican Army rioting. There was a serious mutiny at Londonderry Jail, where a number of men accused of engaging in I.R.A. sabotage and terrorist plots had been interned for the duration of the war. Sixty of these Irish prisoners overpowered three jailers, locked them in cells, began smashing furniture, burning bedding, and finally set the jail itself on fire. Police reinforcements were called in to subdue the rioters, who made a final stand armed with bottles and nail-studded timbers. Workmen with acetylene torches had to burn through barricades erected by the mutineers, while firemen played streams of water upon them.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary immediately went into action, initiating raids and searches in Belfast and other centers of agitation, and seizing scores of I.R.A. suspects. Because of the intoxicating triumph of the Phoenix Park raid and the alarming quantities of ammunition which the I.R.A. insurgents secured at the Dublin fort, an uprising was feared in Eire and leaves

were cancelled as the Irish Army of five thousand men was concentrated in and about Dublin. In the North the Royal Ulster Constabulary held in readiness a special reserve of twelve thousand men ready to be called at a moment's notice. As the avowed purpose of I.R.A. terrorism is to "drive the British out of Ireland," it was feared in the North that the I.R.A. might attempt one of its extremists' "pet projects . . . a raid on Tyrone and Fermanagh, most westerly of the six counties forming Northern Ireland."

On December 29th the Belfast branch office of the Irish Press of Dublin was bombed. Again the terrorists had struck and escaped under cover of night, causing considerable property damage but, luckily, no loss of life. In Londonderry on the evening of January 1st another bomb was hurled through a window of the Central Fire station, again causing no loss of life, but shattering windows and damaging one fire truck. On December 14th, in England at the Birmingham Assizes, the first death sentences had been passed upon convicted I.R.A. terrorists; and there had ensued a great international agitation for clemency—which was refused—together with an outbreak of new bombings and threats of insurgency and reprisals from I.R.A. sympathizers both in England and Ireland. When, on the morning of February 7, 1940, the two condemned men, Peter Barnes and James Richards, were hanged simultaneously at Winton Green Prison in Birmingham, the British Government was already prepared for a new crisis in Anglo-Irish relations, an intensified campaign of sabotage and increased Nazi endeavors to bring about an Irish uprising.

Richards and Barnes had been found guilty of assisting in the Broadgate, Coventry, bomb explosion which

resulted in the deaths of five persons. Richards had admitted membership in the outlawed I.R.A., admitted that three days before the explosion he and another man had procured the bicycle used to conceal the bomb, and also admitted that he had furnished the powder out of which the bomb was manufactured. Barnes, on the other hand, insisted to the last that he had had no part in the sabotage plot and "disowned the I.R.A. and all its acts."

Directly after the hangings, angry demonstrators in Ireland elevated Richards and Barnes to martyrdom. Agitators in Dublin began demanding "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But thereafter the worst repercussions seemed to center upon Ireland rather than England, possibly on account of the emphatic carrying out of the fiercely protested death sentences and the steadily expanding British police and counter-espionage vigilance in the tensions of a European war. A sporadic campaign of intimidations, bushwhacking and terrorism continued to afflict Ireland; and on May 7th, in a peculiarly bold endeavor, I.R.A. guerillas attacked and gravely wounded Detective Sergeants Shanahan and McSweeney while attempting to seize government mails which the two officers were guarding.

The next evening in a radio broadcast to the country Premier de Valera asserted that I.R.A. terrorists, should they persist in their campaign against the Irish Government, would "receive no quarter." Mr. de Valera continued:

"At this moment when small nations throughout Europe are devoting all their efforts to strengthening national unity in order better to defend their independence, is the moment that a group in this country has chosen to attempt to destroy our organized life. For

many years the government has shown extraordinary patience toward these people. I am glad to think that this policy was not altogether without fruit, for everybody now realizes we are not the people to go to extremes without grave and persistent cause. But as regards the men who are now in hiding and planning new crimes, the policy of patience has failed and is over."

Whenever the British Empire is darkened by war, Ireland lights up in flames. Irish grievances are not what they used to be; yet the European conflict seems certain to recoil and thrust some form of guerilla struggle or civil war upon the people of Ireland. To enemy secret-service operatives assigned to sabotage Britain, Ireland is also a sort of "underground" — perpetually simmering, discontented and combustible.

XXXIII

SEPTEMBER 1939 : COLLAPSE OF THE POLISH STATE

Among the innumerable political cartoons by the brilliant David Low there is one which hits as hard as a 42-cm. gun. This little drawing smites Hitler and Hitlerism like a giant projectile, just as the great Skoda howitzers once flattened the old forts at Liège, Namur and Maubeuge. Low simply presents two phlegmatic and faceless Nazi German soldiers, standing side by side in frozen attention. The armed and uniformed automatons are exactly alike, save that one sports a foolish looking pair of wings. The wingless German private is labelled "Hitler Idea of War," while the winged martial monstrosity bears the label, "Hitler Idea of Peace." That was the conception of Hitlerism the Number One Nazi himself developed at Berchtesgaden and fixed in the conscience of mankind at Munich. A Hitler period of peace is a period of strain, timidity and tension policed by Germany. Hitler peace, like a Hitler guaranty, a Hitler protectorate or treaty of non-aggression, is just as heavily encumbered with weapons and as menacing as war, but with the absurd trappings of a pretentious and cynical amity which never deceived any one except an ardent advocate of Fascism.

The ruling caste of Poland appears to have been deceived. The Polish rulers "got a piece of" Munich and were vastly satisfied with the role of minor gravedigger in which they helped to bury the security and liberties of Czechoslovakia. There was no Slav brotherhood unit-

ing Pole and Czech; and, incidentally, there was no Slavonic sibyl to warn the masters of Warsaw that the same Polish voices which were harsh and "Prussian" in the fall of 1938 would be shrill with fear of the Nazi marauders only eleven months later. Opposing Russian aid to the Czechs, helping to frustrate action by the wavering Little Entente, condoning Hitler's blackmail and even making off with a chunk of the territorial swag—all this recoiled upon the Polish state with greater velocity than a modern and mechanized Nemesis had hitherto recorded.

There was nothing in the recent illiberal governing of Poland, in the conduct of Pilsudski's lilliputian heirs—or in their eventual defense of their country—which would suggest that the Polish government had the will or the capacity to resist Nazi-German aggressions. There were half a dozen Schuschniggs and Hachas waiting in the wings at Warsaw. But surrounding them all through the summer of 1939 were the people of Poland, belligerent and suspicious of compromise.

The Poles had lived close enough to Bohemia and Moravia to hear the whirr of the Nazi mincing machine. They had seen it oiled and sharpened and set in motion; and they saw that what little hope of national integrity remained to the weaker states of Europe lay in a popular determination to stand up and resist. Some thousands of them may have been deluded with annals of olden times—"Poland has few roads and her cavalry is famous." But a large majority of the Poles surely recognized the menace of the immediate future. Poland's few natural defenses were deep in the interior, making the country a kind of accommodating promenade between Hitler's empire and Stalin's empire. And besides inadequate defenses and fortifications, Poland was

weighed down with incompetent and arrogant leadership, with an unwisely concentrated and highly vulnerable industrial establishment, with a dubiously prepared regular army and a large reserve of conscripts that could not be mobilized rapidly and must confront Germany's new thirty-billion-dollar war machine with insufficient or badly distributed military supplies and a good quantity of weapons left over from the World War.

How could Poland win a war? That heroic majority of the Polish population must have decided—and then, by sheer internal pressure in a strictly policed and censored “republic,” forced their leaders to decide—that only by inviting annihilation could Poland hope to survive. And by this clear-headed self-sacrifice the Poles redeemed their disasters even before they suffered them.

They redeemed too the hazardous and reactionary foreign policies of Colonel Josef Beck, the pitiless oppression of minorities, the cunningly provoked dissensions which undermined both government and army but enabled a selfish clique to “divide and rule,” and also they redeemed the treacheries and venal vacillations disguised as statecraft, the cabal of colonels entrenched at the spy-riddled Ministry of War, the persistent Polish espionage ludicrously coupled with so much unavailing counter-espionage. What we have already seen one patriotic young woman—Madame Littke—try to do in redeeming Polish counter-spying, the August resolution and September resistance of the Polish nation did for the spirit of democracy in Poland.

It was in May, 1939, that people in Germany first began talking about Danzig and the Corridor “soon” becoming German again. Nobody seemed to expect serious Polish objections to this inspired “rectification” of another treaty. By July the German controlled-press

blazed with "eye-witness" accounts of "Polish atrocities," the victims being members of the German minorities "imprisoned" in Poland. Adolf Hitler knows all the inner workings of the Nazi propaganda machine—it runs, in fact, according to his precepts of pressure and persuasion—yet it has been gravely put forth in certain quarters that Hitler was himself "taken in" by the Nazi atrocity tales and began burning to redress the wrongs suffered by Teutonic residents of the Polish state. In Germany, it is said, the conventional opinion was: "England will never support Poland, and Hitler does not want war either—not a big war. That would ruin all he has built up in the past six years."

Herr Himmler is reputed to have been more emphatically anti-war, that is—anti-big-war. The Gestapo suzerain had allegedly asked for 100,000 additional operatives in the September, 1938, Czech crisis should the Czechs resist German aggression in spite of the manipulators of Munich; and in August, 1939, he is held to have warned Hitler that a general war might result in anti-Nazi revolution. In spite of which candor Himmler kept his Gestapo command and Hitler kept his promise to seize Danzig, the Corridor, and—if resisted—the better part of Poland.

Hitler no less than the German in the street would appear to have relied upon English acquiescence. After Munich, the Nazi leader must have felt that he knew exactly how to handle Neville Chamberlain. And Hitler likewise counted upon two eminent Poles, Beck, the Foreign Minister, and Smigly-Rydz, Commander in Chief and Inspector General of the army. Hitler expected them to save themselves at the expense of Poland; and both men must have seen that only a timely capitulation would keep intact even a remnant of their power. The

Nazi high command counted upon this pair should the mass of Poles behind them force a belligerent decision. Colonel Beck and Marshal Smigly-Rydz, although far apart in military rank, were close rivals in every test of reactionism, political sagacity and resourcefulness. Nazi secret agents carried a mixture of threats and tempting proposals to Warsaw; but the ruling faction was being too closely watched and dared not yield to any Berlin blend of persuasion. Here, then, was the sharp irony of leaders who were professional incompetents and who knew they were certain to lose the fruits of their prolonged intrigue. In gaining and holding authority they had made it the work of years to bring Poland, a substantial state, down to their own level of imposing helplessness.

The disastrously hostile attitude toward Czechoslovakia which had always been the personal contribution of Colonel Beck was dictated by his hatred of the democratic institutions of that neighboring republic. Beck refused to see that nations of limited strength could only protect themselves by protecting each other. It has been said since Beck's downfall that his foreign policy, persistently carried out from 1934 through the ominous winter of 1939, "remains wholly unintelligible" unless related to the personal ambition of the Foreign Minister to "set up in Poland a totalitarian state on the Hitlerian pattern." Hitler's ablest spies were close to Beck and some of them even fed him portions of the "Hitlerian pattern" he might have forgotten to inflict. And Hitler's agents waited until Beck and his kind had so entrenched themselves that the trench would readily serve for the interment of Polish freedom.

John Gunther has written: "Two or three years ago we heard an ominous little wisecrack about the Poles:

"The nearer Poland gets to the Third Reich, the nearer it gets to the Fourth Partition.'" British and French Intelligence operatives visiting Poland at the time of the Sudeten "crisis" were not alarmed by the Polish threat to the Czechoslovakian flank. Poland for years had been suffering a horrible kind of internal partitioning, with the fat of the land — and not much of it — going to the few and the great mass of people so impoverished that the barest necessities were consistently denied them. Max Nomad has written of Polish peasantry in the Eastern provinces even having to devise "an ingenious machine that made it possible to split a match into four usable parts."

Such a machine had to be not only ingenious but very simple of construction, for a newspaper account published in Warsaw — the censor was either caught napping or did not consider the revelations significant, unusual, or disturbing — stated that peasants of this same region "used neither salt nor kerosene, not to speak of sugar. Wooden bolts were substituted for iron nails. When the steel ax was worn out they had to split things with a stone ax fashioned in the stone age manner." Antoni Slonimski, celebrated Polish author and an ardent patriot, summed up in 1935 the curious "strategy" of the general staff officers charged with the defense of Poland: "Our protection is mud and bad roads . . . the motorized German army won't be able to pass over them." Poverty symbolized in this "fortification" of bad roads did not blind Slonimski to the cruel plight of millions of his fellow countrymen. "Poland," he said of the last years of the "Colonels' régime," became "one of the poorest countries of the world," continuing:

If one were to count in Poland the people who are not merely keeping alive but living on a normal level, it would

turn out that the whole state has shrunk to the dimensions of one middle-sized European city. There are in Poland hardly more than a few hundred thousand people who use railways, read newspapers and books and go to the theatre. Poland [with a population of about 30,000,000] consumes less sugar, fats, tobacco, fruits than Denmark with only 3,000,000 inhabitants. The "great power" has shrunk to a small military bureaucratic island surrounded by a great sea of misery and hopelessness.

The Germans and Russians, the British and French knew of the misery and hopelessness, and the incredibly misinformed state of patriotic public opinion in Poland. There was no modern army, only brave men. There were no modern fortifications linked together in any perceptible design of defensive strategy, only the bad roads and the hoped for mud. And a delayed rainy season would deprive impoverished Poland even of that cheapest of all ramparts, mud. In the summer of 1939 French agents travelling about Poland were able to report uniformly on these vital points: 1. The Poles were resolved to fight and force their rulers to fight Nazi aggression; 2. The people of Poland had no conception of their virtual defenselessness, with or without the mud; and 3. Poland would fall an immediate victim to the German offensive, even if Russia remained neutral.

Britain and France prepared to "go to the defense of" Poland, after being informed by experts that nothing but a miracle of torrential rains would enable the Poles to maintain that defense for a month. Here, at least, we find some explanation of the much denounced hesitancy of the general staffs of France and Great Britain in rushing material aid to the hapless defenders of Poland. The needs of the Polish forces were so many that the Allies — even if permitted a clear line of transport via the Baltic or Black Seas — would have had to strip themselves

at the very outset of the war. More supplies ought to have been shipped to Poland in June, July and August; but those weapons and munitions were also gravely needed in accelerating Anglo-French preparedness; and until the final hour there was no feeling of certainty either in Paris or London that the Polish people would be resolute enough to force the pro-Fascist, Nazi-intimidated rulers of Poland to resist. Without providing alibis for general staff officers, one can submit that the Allies believed whatever war materials they rushed to Poland would, in case of war, be captured by the Germans, or, in case of another "Munich," would in devious ways be transferred to German ownership.

It is now a fact, confirmed with the crushing rapidity of events in Poland last September, that all the war materials of the Poles not destroyed in the fighting passed to other hands. Great quantities were captured by the Germans or surrendered to them; and the advancing Russian forces also gathered in their share. Isolated Polish units escaped into the neighboring states of Hungary, Roumania, Lithuania and Latvia and there surrendered whatever weapons and munitions they still carried with them.

In August-September 1939 it was apparent that Hitler and his inner circle of sub-dictators did not expect the Poles to risk a war. Evidence has accumulated since then which shows that Hitler's expectations assigned an obliging pacifism to France and Britain and counted on the Poles to submit to slavery and the "Colonels" to obliteration. This Nazi miscalculation about France and the British Empire has had and will continue to have far-ranging consequences. However, the Nazi anticipation of Polish surrender did not impair the German undercover offensive when resistance of the Poles

made hostile action imperative. As we shall see, the same secret-service mechanisms designed to disrupt and intimidate the Polish state were effective in combatant operations assisting the rapid thrusts of the mechanized German columns.

Poland was literally aswarm with German agents in the summer of 1939. There was the normal contingent of resident spies, men and women who, in some instances, had been awaiting *Der Tag* six and eight years. There was a special corps of agitators assigned to urge peaceful surrender of Danzig and the Corridor, to inculcate "defeatism" and stir up general mistrust of the Warsaw government. These malignant voices were particularly insistent throughout the districts inhabited by Poland's unsatisfied minorities.

There had been two active and numerous organizations of Nazi operatives devoting themselves to the "Jewish question," a burning issue in Poland ever since the country was conferred upon Pilsudski and his partisans at Versailles. One group of Nazi agents worked with the Polish extremists, inviting these avowed Fascists to exterminate the Jews. Yet another Nazi group, ingeniously recruited, was able to pose as pro-Semitic. Promising relief to the distressed Polish Jews, these spies penetrated the Jewish communities only to advocate resistance to the threat of Polish Fascism. Such an insidious doctrine was simply meant to magnify the perplexities of the government in Warsaw. Authorities there, prior to the final catastrophe of German aggression, were committed in the main to a long-term program calling for evacuation of the Jews.

With Nazi operatives so numerous and aggressive, it will be seen that Poland was viciously gripped by a subterranean invasion and on all sides endangered by com-

batant secret service before ever a shot was fired in Danzig or the Corridor. A good many genuine Nazi agents — together with victims of the usual pre-war “spy” scare — were detected during the tense weeks of August. Some of these disguised enemies were roughly handled by angry mobs, and a few of them were lynched. It is thus made ironically evident that the excesses of Nazi secret service — which helped to defeat Poland — conveniently produced those atrocity “incidents” which are the invariable prelude to modern dictator-aggressions.

The Germans came forward with photographs of Polish atrocities. Some of these pictures were allegedly from places not yet occupied by German troops; so one may presume they were taken by spies whose disguises were good enough to deceive excited Polish crowds. Refugees from Poland have brought out persuasive eyewitness accounts of Nazi atrocities. The “atrocity story” fell into bad repute during the World War; and ever since then, in a world beset with horrors and fomentations of hate, the word “propaganda” has been used, and deliberately abused, in discrediting or dismissing any unpalatable revelation of political conduct. The conquest of Poland was an undisguised atrocity, and the subsequent sufferings of individuals within the borders of the extinguished Polish state will be identified, authenticated and recorded as an elapse of time clarifies the tragedy of invasion and defeat. The niceties of Gestapo conduct in Spain are now understood; and it is an admitted fact that bands of Gestapo operatives moved into Poland behind the German army.

The terror which Herr Himmler’s disciplinary corps inspires in Germany suggests some measure of the terror that skilled sadists of a political-police invasion would be able to develop in a land lately conquered by force of

arms. And German agents were so numerous in Poland that some of them appear to have acted as police spies, gathering evidence to be used by Himmler's squads in devising mass penalties and quieting the country.

It is nothing new for suspected "spies" or alleged "snipers" to be rounded up and executed behind the lines of troops moving forward. But in Poland — as previously in Spain — Gestapo technique seems to have been geared to suppress patriotic attempts by retaliating with the massacre of many people for the acts of a few. The early, almost pre-war, Nazi outcry against "Polish snipers" was a manifestation of this police technique. To control the more audacious patriots the Gestapo brought to Poland that which they had installed and tested for Francisco Franco, a form of supervision permitting police "elimination" of innocent groups or whole communities as a warning to conquered areas. It has been stated that, in the invasion zones of Poland, many individuals too feeble to take aim with a gun or press a trigger were shot for the war-crime of sniping. The Gestapo had arrived and desired immediately to warn the Poles to expect no mercy from their conquerors.

Police terror and military espionage made large contributions to the Nazi campaign, and yet secret service did even more, especially with exploits of sabotage and propaganda. Spies kept the German high command informed of every Polish maneuver, uncovered weaknesses and disclosed the route to be taken by advancing reinforcements. Sabotage agents, in turn, made Polish communications a nightmare to those striving to reorganize shattered Polish formations. The Germans must have derived great advantage from their widespread secret service deep in the interior of Poland, and clandestine reinforcements were repeatedly sent over by plane. Par-

achute spies were dropped from Nazi planes at night, and so pursued their missions of espionage and sabotage behind the cracking defense lines of Poland. There were more than thirty executions of parachute operatives, including some who came down in military uniform. The Poles refused to recognize parachutists as an offensive arm or sabotage as a legitimate behind-the-battle-front exercise of Nazi aggression. Wholesale execution of "snipers" was the German answer to the Polish shooting of parachutists.

From sabotage of communications, munitions supplies and the material resources of the Poles fighting desperately for national existence, it was but a short step in secret-service development to sabotage of the morale and spirit of the Polish people. On September 8, 1939, the Germans produced the clandestine innnovation of radio sabotage. They borrowed the wave-length of Warsaw's Radio Station 1 and began broadcasting in Polish incredible accounts of anarchy and disaster. When the trick was discovered in Warsaw by Brigadier-General Czuma, he used the wave-length of Radio Station 2 to warn the Poles to pay no further attention to reports ostensibly coming from the larger Warsaw station, which, he announced, had been damaged severely by air bombs.

Some of the German propaganda bulletins "from Warsaw" had been :

Streets are filled with smoke and the sky is glowing from scores of huge fires raging beyond control in many sections of Warsaw.

Warsaw is fighting German troops, who at 5:15 P.M. penetrated the city, where complete anarchy prevails.

With the absence of municipal authority, bands of robbers began plundering stores and breaking into private apartments of the better residential districts.

Many used the movement to settle political grudges and

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the city is filled with rumors of assassinations of formerly prominent political leaders.

Poles feel themselves betrayed by their allies and tonight demoralization is spreading rapidly. The fall of Warsaw is expected tomorrow.

Such was the direct assault upon Polish morale. An even more cunning attempt was made by Nazi secret-service operatives when, soon after the outbreak of hostilities, they began broadcasting to Poland from a powerful radio station that, they explained, was "official British." Here the psychological ruse was a grotesquely exaggerated optimism rather than the usual hammering pessimism—an optimism intended to produce an eventual recoil of strained perplexity, cruel disappointment, then disillusionment and black despair. "Official British" declared emphatically that the Siegfried Line could be broken. And on the 7th of September the anxious listeners of Warsaw heard "official British" proclaiming—in the Polish language—that the German line had been broken in no less than seventeen places.

The British fleet had reached the Baltic and was starting to bombard German coastal cities, said this Nazi station posing as the ally of Poland. A fleet of not less than four hundred Anglo-French bombing planes would soon appear—according to hearty "official British"—and join in a great united offensive. This pitilessly artful radio assured listening Poles that Germany was already losing the Polish War.

German secret service wrought havoc with infernal propaganda, with sabotage, with demoralizing rumors and production of panic conditions, and with a well-founded and strongly reinforced system of espionage. Countering this, the high command of Poland had feeble propaganda, no sabotage and a small contribution of

badly co-ordinated espionage. Although Gestapo agents pounced on all evacuated Polish headquarters and a great quantity of Intelligence material was seized, it is to be noted that only two residents of the Reich were thus uncovered as agents of Polish espionage, the luckless Bruno Stanik of Beuthen — executed on December 22nd — and Cyprian Gabrysch, beheaded in Berlin four weeks later for the same offense of having divulged German military secrets to the Poles.

Through the years of their domination the "Colonels" had never stopped talking patriotism and the requirements of Polish national defense. And when the test came, their patriotism seems hardly to have served Poland longer than the nearly invisible defenses their genius had erected. The "commanding staff" of the Polish Army included too many "amateur strategists who had no regular training in military science." Since most of these favorites had been "merely Pilsudski's lieutenants," they had learned complicated modern warfare in what was "no more than a large detachment of guerilla warriors." Worst of all for the preservation of Polish independence — "experienced officers who had secured their training in the old German, Austrian, or Russian armies," not belonging to Pilsudski's original "troop of noble adventurers . . . were deliberately kept out of all positions of high command."

No enemy or unfair critic of Poland has been quoted; and thousands of Poles must have gone into the one-sided, hopeless contest with the same clear comprehension of Polish weaknesses. General staff officers of the Allies had to promise to aid in the defense of Poland. What else could they say at the outbreak of war? And how could they help knowing that German offensive

power would wipe out the Polish "front" before any kind of aid could be transported from the West?

The Poles, however, expected a miracle of reinforcement from their great allies, and the Poles resisted as long as there was a discoverable fragment of defense line. By their brief heroic resistance the Poles put an end to "appeasement." By their resistance the Poles also checked in mid-channel Adolf Hitler's cleverly charted course of masked hostilities, called the "white war" by some, and by others the "war of nerves." Polish resistance, no matter how quickly overwhelmed, forced into the open a *declared* conflict. It put a stop to such combative dodges as the "non-intervention" of the Spanish civil war, that pro-Fascist trick of being on *both* sides in a vital controversy so that the strongest foes of Fascism may be curbed, misguided, or undermined.

The people of Poland, by resisting in August–September, 1939, pried the Hitler-Stalin-Ribbentrop intrigue from its "anti-Comintern" refrigerator and left it out in the sun, to decompose in the burning glare of world-wide bewilderment, concern and derision. The Poles' refusal to capitulate "wisely" and "unharmful" forced Benito Mussolini to demobilize his war-strained, uncertain army and tone down his familiar pep-talks threatening France and the universe. The Poles forced Chamberlain to find the voice of a British statesman, to resort to the counsel and leadership of Churchill. And in particular, Polish resistance inflicted some caution and even silence upon those "realists" and snob-cliques of England and France who had applauded "Munich," the massacre of Guernica, and the civilizing march of flame-throwers and mustard gas toward Addis Ababa.

It was the people of Poland who, though confronted

with national annihilation, forced politicians and compromisers and pro-Nazi prophets even in far off lands to listen to the insistent decent demand for a restoration of principle to some contests of diplomacy. And any nation which, by a single act of self-respect and assertion of popular sovereignty, can force so many surprises and grudging changes upon an era of craven conciliation and conspiracy is a nation destined to resist Nazi slavery and survive the misfortune of bad leadership and a few untimely battles.

XXXIV

THE LIQUIDATION OF WERNER VON FRITSCH

Soon after the German attack upon Poland was launched, Herr Hitler made an ostentatious—though elaborately Gestapo-insured—departure for the Eastern front, “to take command of his armies.” On learning that, hundreds of Prussian senior officers winced again and so perceptibly, their mental recoil was picked up on the seismographs of many distant lands.

Ever since he rode into Vienna at the head of a German army—reported to have bogged down badly on the way—Adolf Hitler had been racked by the growing pains of military genius; and for a year prior to the rash assault upon Poland, the controlled Nazi press had been doing its bit to invest the *Führer* with the stature of a great captain—something mingling the better qualities of Caesar, Subutai and Frederick the Great. Hitler meanwhile had been fortifying his genius with intensive studies in the military sciences. And the singularly compact German officer corps had been studying with equal intensity ways and means of keeping the conduct of probable military operations in its own professional hands.

The leading military publication of Germany is *Militär-Wochenblatt*, which has continually reflected army disapproval of political rule of armed forces in the field. The editor of this journal is General Wetzell, noted co-worker of General von Seeckt and, in the World War when only a major, Ludendorff's General-Staff officer and chief of operations at German O.H.L. In his issue

of July 31, 1939, General Wetzell wrote: "In our opinion the duties of the Commander-in-Chief in modern war are so great and demand such spiritual and physical labors that he must not take upon himself any further responsibility to the state." Wetzell deplored the amount of attention which General Ludendorff in 1917-1918 lavished upon matters not really military in character and concluded that it was both impossible and extremely undesirable to unite military and political leadership in one individual.

That may not sound extraordinarily bold to the American reader, but it was—and is—virtual treason in Nazi Germany. Hitler treated himself to an "army purge" on February 4, 1938, abolished the post of Minister of War and rewarded himself with the title "Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces." He is no man for empty titles and immediately let it be known that he proposed hereafter playing an "active and direct part" in shaping the course of his new war machine. The German press obeyed orders as usual like a soldier and at once began discovering Hitler's "astonishing grasp of military fundamentals." Killing to avoid being killed is a military fundamental, and the Nazi chieftain's liquidation of independent minds, in or out of the German Army, long ago proved his understanding of *that* fundamental. Nazi newspapers even detected the awe and astonishment of "professional soldiers" who had collided with Hitler's "profound knowledge of the science of modern war."

General Kurt Liebmann, commandant of the Berlin War Academy, was considered the principal military tutor of the *Führer* and his closest army adviser. However, in June, 1939, more than thirty German officers were retired from active service for the obscure infirmity

of daring to oppose some Hitlerian policy. According to Anthony Eden's *Yorkshire Post*, General Liebmann was one of those eclipsed. Adolf Hitler is, perhaps, the kind of student who dismisses the faculty on his day of graduation.

Hitler had abolished the office of War Minister at the time of the sensational resignation of its last occupant, Field-Marshal Werner von Blomberg. Ostensibly the disqualification of Blomberg derived from his own romantic nature. Without asking anybody's approval he had married his secretary, a young woman many years his junior and the daughter of a carpenter. The German story was that her "low social standing" had incensed the "officer caste," that the commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr, Colonel-General Werner von Fritsch, acted as spokesman for the officer caste in protesting to Herr Hitler, whereupon Blomberg, Fritsch and "thirteen other high officers" concerned with the social niceties of sexagenarian susceptibility were "allowed to resign" for reasons of health. Hitler, a famous seizer of opportunities, seized this one to take control of the German Army.

A typical figment of the Nazi propagandist's imagination, the story circulated in February, 1938, slurred over a number of significant facts. One of these was the long collaboration of Blomberg and Fritsch in rebuilding the military strength of the Reich. General von Fritsch, it is known, was supported by Blomberg in his opposition to the lending of German aid to Benito Mussolini during the Fascists' contest with sanctions and Ethiopians. And the high command of the Reichswehr had viewed with even more disfavor the Nazi stratagem of interfering in the Spanish civil war.

Two Germans, even soldiers, rash enough to oppose

two of Adolf Hitler's most mystically inspired maneuvers ought to have expected something to happen to them; and Werner von Blomberg was lucky to have nothing worse than a *déclassé* marriage happen to him. Both Hitler and Field-Marshal Goering had attended Blomberg's wedding, and neither had raised any objections to it at the time. A fortnight later, however, Blomberg, Fritsch and the thirteen other senior officers had boldly registered their professional objection to Hitler's aggressive scheme for bringing about *Anschluss*, on the ground that Britain and France might intervene to maintain the independence of Austria by force of arms and that Germany was unprepared for a major war. And Hitler had rewarded their candor and patriotism with dismissal.

Even in Nazidom the two most distinguished and respected military leaders cannot be discharged like servants without giving the German public a sort of explanation. The suddenness with which Hitler dropped the "fifteen ablest soldiers" in the army from active command had obviously made a bad impression on public opinion. And that sent a number of virulent and ambitious schemers scurrying about to dig up a pretext, or, if possible—and the Gestapo, as we know, thinks anything is possible if you hit low enough—a variety of pretexts.

The Blomberg marriage, having enjoyed Hitler's blessing, could scarcely be made a society scandal, but it would serve. Fritsch's name might be linked with the overpowering "officer caste resentment" afflicting his colleague, and then Fritsch might "resign" as a gesture. But would that permanently blight the German Army's most popular general? Something really sinister had to be devised to besmirch Werner von Fritsch; and the Gestapo did not recoil from its shameful assignment.

General von Fritsch was put under arrest in his own house, the charge being "immorality." The Nazi political police have a morbid and malignant fondness for this accusation when bent upon ruining persons whose characters can not be otherwise assailed. There must be somewhere in the Reich a special Gestapo bureau specializing in the perjury of perversion; and so expertly is it operated that tennis champions and many Roman Catholic priests have been accused and publicly degraded with hardly any trouble at all. But in the case of Fritsch there was an army code of more vitality and rigor than the nastiest frame-up could encompass.

General von Fritsch appealed to that military code and demanded — not a secret-police examination and an extorted and grossly publicized "confession of guilt" — but a trial before officers of his own standing. Whereupon a "court of honor" was assembled, with Field-Marshal Goering enlisted as president.

The Gestapo witness was a glib and shady young man dredged from that German underworld which has blended so unobtrusively and helpfully with the lower ranks of Himmler's reigning corps; and he told his tale with some histrionic skill and an air of shameful resignation. Goering, although he has used the police power to advance himself, was all Prussian soldier in meeting the foul attack upon Fritsch and had filled the room where the court-of-honor sat with generals in uniform, many of them of the age and appearance of the accused officer.

"You say that you were often in General von Fritsch's company," Goering said to the witness. "Turn around and point him out among the officers sitting behind you."

The Gestapo stool-pigeon stared at the grim-faced generals, then he faltered and broke down. He con-

fessed that never in his whole life had he seen General von Fritsch. The secret police, he whimpered, had laid various charges against him and threatened him until he agreed to provide the necessary incrimination of the accused general.

Werner von Fritsch was honorably acquitted and straightway released from arrest, but he and his friends knew that he was by no means out of danger. In Berlin, before the convening of the court-of-honor, it had been freely whispered that Fritsch had avoided a Gestapo assassin by the narrowest margin. We know how canards and melodramatic rumors roll up to Olympian size in a police state barricaded with espionage, censorship, neighborly mistrust and the vaporings of crude propagandists. And so, perhaps, nobody actually attempted to murder General von Fritsch at that time. Yet it is a fact that, directly after being exonerated by his peers, the general went to live in Hanover, in the midst of a large military camp. Brother officers, as a mark of respect, subscribed an equivalent of twenty-five thousand dollars to buy him a house and modest property there.

General von Fritsch, according to one who knew him well, despised his political-police traducers and never again felt really secure against their clandestine assaults. However, the general was not seriously disturbed in his retirement so long as the Hitlerian war gods were prospering on tour, from Austria to the Sudetenland to Bohemia and Moravia. Even a new set of "Fritsch rumors" were conveniently circulated, it being put forth that Adolf Hitler was doing his "best to make amends" to the general and his indignant officer friends. Hitler, it was alleged, had offered Fritsch the rank of field-marshal, and the general had declined the honor.

Presumably some soothing gesture was made from the

heights of Berchtesgaden. But General von Fritsch, according to the same intimate friend, replied to the Chancellor that he could never again accept an executive command until his Gestapo accusers had been brought to justice. Restated, the bold little general's position was that he would sulk in his tent until a fumigating campaign strong enough even to reach Heinrich Himmler had been ordered by the Nazi leader.

Werner von Fritsch must be remembered as an intrepid Prussian who dared to bet his life against the survival of the Nazi Gestapo. Bringing the general's accusers to justice would have meant a turbulent exposé of the vast and perverse structure of the German political police. And that is something we are not going to see in Adolf Hitler's time. The salutary pendulumism of revolutionary action may result in the banishment of the Nazi intrigue machine. Brown Bolsehevism may vanish together with the terrorism and the concentration camp. Foreign invaders may crush the Gestapo, or armed German mobs massacre its agents. But nobody will ever reform it.

What General von Fritsch exacted was a political impossibility. His friends therefore continued to worry about his safety; and they at length persuaded him that he owed it to himself to accept from Hitler some public mark of reparation. The general, six months after his inexcusable dismissal, consented to become colonel-in-chief of the Twelfth Artillery Regiment—an empty honor to one of the brilliant architects of the reconstituted German Army.

It was the Hitler-Stalin deal leading to the Nazi attack upon Poland which brought the general from his refuge in Hanover. The last heroic weeks of his long military career have been purposely clouded with mys-

teries and freighted with the usual propagandic absurdities. General von Fritsch, it appears, went to the Polish front as an honorary commander of the Twelfth Artillery Regiment, although the actual command of that unit was delegated to a colonel.

The general accompanied—it has been erroneously stated that he “led”—a strong German force operating from East Prussia. Invading Poland on the first day of the undeclared war, this force swept south from Allenstein, taking town after town and continually outflanking the ill-prepared Polish defenders. Within eight days these troops, driving hard against the defense line behind the junction of the Vistula and Bug rivers, arrived outside Warsaw.

It was on September 23, 1939, that from Hitler's own headquarters the death of General von Fritsch was announced. “Killed in action outside Warsaw!” And even with this announcement it was made clear by the Nazis that Werner von Fritsch had held no army command or any other post corresponding to his rank of colonel-general, which is just below the supreme grade of field-marshal. As a patriot, as a veteran soldier, he wanted to fight when his country was at war; but as a man of honor he was still making his hazardous stand against the plotters of the Gestapo. Thus, his very existence criticized the Hitlerian régime, and threatened it, too. And the curiously active “obscurity” of Von Fritsch in the September invasion, signifying that he was fit for front-line duty and that he yet awaited the bringing “to justice” of his police traducers, was a challenge which the Gestapo at the outset of a desperate struggle could not afford to disregard.

His funeral was an elaborate and eulogistic military affair. But by September 27th a foreign representative

in Berlin was able to communicate, for whatever it might be worth, the latest gossip in Prussian army circles naming two Gestapo operatives as the killers who had returned from Poland after attending to the liquidation of the general.

The Warsaw radio on the 26th had allegedly interrogated German prisoners of war who stated that they knew General von Fritsch and that he had been assassinated by agents of the Nazi political police. The Warsaw radio was "jammed" by the Gestapo immediately following this first mention of Werner von Fritsch.

The Warsaw broadcast had explained that the prisoners had been taken early on the 25th by Polish lancers in a sortie upon the German lines. The German soldiers, it was claimed, had signed depositions relating to General von Fritsch's death. He had last been seen by the troops on September 21st, at Grodzisk, a small town twenty miles from the fighting around Warsaw. He had entered a car which was not a military car and which was then seen "departing . . . in a southwesterly direction" — away from the Warsaw "front."

Now in the World War, with all of its systematic long-range bombardment, "not a single general of Werner von Fritsch's seniority" lost his life. However, we are asked to believe that "a handful of soldiers and civilians, defending the ruins of their capital, killed the first top-ranking general to die in battle for over a generation."

We may assume that any disheartened and grieving anti-Hitlerian German general might elect not to die in bed. Yet if — in contradiction to the law of averages and all the probabilities — this singular "battle" casualty was to occur, why should the Poles pick off Von Fritsch? Can Adolf Hitler be other than the second corporal of destiny which he feels himself to be, a man destined to

drive on and on until he obliterates civilization and enslaves us all, if the Poles, mass victims of his ego, were fated to make a victim of the one general in Germany whose widely recognized military capacity, whose experience of high command and popularity with the officer corps, combined with a "sense of outraged honor," made him perpetually formidable to the Nazi hierarchy and an ever prepossessing rival of Hitler himself?

Since Werner von Fritsch was buried as a symbol of Teutonic soldierly patriotism, there have come forth better edited budgets of "information" pertaining to his sacrifice. But the best that the Goebbels mechanics can do is to show the little general deliberately choosing death on the battlefield, suffering a wound, then a second wound, then refusing to allow first aid to be given him.

That is scarcely a picture with which to stimulate the morale of the German nation through dark months or years of war. It is a picture that would indelibly stain and humiliate any nation or any army not confined like game in a preserve of secret-police sharpshooting and surveillance.

General von Fritsch, at best, was allowed to liquidate himself. At worst he was murdered some miles away from the fighting front, where an army veteran of high rank would normally be stationed. If it was a political assassination, if the murderers of Von Fritsch were trusted operatives of Himmler's corps—which seems to have become the most widely accepted interpretation of the general's timely "death in battle"—we may expect the police-agent killers not to remain unknown but to turn up as heroes in the perverse mythology of National Socialism. Already the names of two Gestapo braves are freely mentioned in Berlin gossip as the actual slayers of

Werner von Fritsch. He was a noted soldier invaluable to his country just plunged into war, a potential German leader outstanding in the Reich as a threat to the supremacy of Hitler. That is a capital offense; and the Gestapo team, without malice but dutifully and efficiently, dispatched the offender.

XXXV

PROFITS FROM THE PURGE

Nazi assassins, working around the fringes of the Polish battlefields, had stabbed in the back with one hand while bestowing a wreath of laurel with the other. That stratagem seems to have impressed Hitler's Axis partner. And when Italy at length backed into the war — Mussolini having tried in vain to outwait every battle, including the last one — the name of Italo Balbo appears to have been registered at the top of three lists marked Fallen Heroes, State Funerals and Fatal Accidents at the Front. Balbo, youthful, energetic, daring and accomplished, had won the kind of popularity that could neither be curbed nor manipulated by the busy agents of Bocchini's police service. In gaining the admiration and affection of the Italian masses Balbo was unmistakably second to Mussolini — not a close second, perhaps, yet close enough to hint of rivalry and suggest real competition in a national or Fascist-party crisis. As the first aviator of Italy Balbo had suffered retirement to the comparative obscurity of Libya, and it was there his peculiar fate overtook him.

In June, 1940, in the war's tenth month — but the first month of Italian belligerency — Italo Balbo perished "as a hero" in a Libyan airplane accident no less mystifying to the world than General von Fritsch's alleged reconnaissance that exposed him to the marksmen of Warsaw. On June 29th a special bulletin was issued in Rome announcing that on the preceding day at 6 p.m. Air Marshal Balbo had been "killed in action against British bombers over Tobruk," a Libyan port. British victories were at a

premium that month of the collapse of France; yet the Royal Air Force immediately disclaimed the bull's-eye of shooting down the famous Fascist flier. Rome did not argue, but promptly changed its story. Balbo had not died in combat with R.A.F. planes invading Libya from Egyptian bases. He was coming from another point in Libya and had arrived over Tobruk while a violent air battle was taking place. Italian anti-aircraft guns were in full blast, and excited Italian gunners had presumably mistaken the air marshal's plane for an enemy bomber. R.A.F. officials in Egypt responded to this by convincing neutral correspondents that no British planes had been in the Tobruk area when Marshal Balbo was shot down.

It was then said that "authoritative quarters in Rome frankly admitted this morning [July 1st] that mystery must always surround the death of the air marshal, since no member of the crew of his plane lived to tell the tale." And so an accident was promulgated. Balbo, it was conceded in Rome, had not fallen victim to any sort of R.A.F. raid, but had been fired upon and brought down by Italian gunners who evidently mistook his big plane for an enemy even though its design was familiar enough to the Libyan garrison and no alarm of an enemy bombing raid had been sounded that day. In this last fatal flight Balbo was accompanied by relatives. A Signor Farrara and Lieutenant Florio Gino, nephew and brother-in-law of the air marshal, were among the nine occupants of the plane killed with him. Other passengers were the Italian consul general of Tripoli and the editor of Balbo's newspaper, *Corriere Padano*. Another report added its touch of mystery — or irony — to the affair by explaining that Marshal Balbo had happened to take his will with him when he boarded the plane.

Werner von Fritsch — September, 1939. Italo Balbo —

June, 1940. And in the war's twelfth month an assassin finally disposed of Leon Trotsky. Two of the three victims had been openly persecuted by the police spies of their dictator-rivals, Hitler and Stalin. It is no wild assumption, therefore, that police spies were in at the death. And secret-service terrorism may one day be connected by documentation with all three successive tragedies. Their occurring within the first twelve-month period of the war may be mere coincidence, but the uniformly useful progression of misfortunes suggests "*Gestapo to Ovra to GPU*," a kind of multiple dictator offensive.

In spite of experienced competition, Joseph Stalin carries off every modern prize of the allied assassins' guild in the arts and crafts of extermination. The Russian despot has mastered the technique of the political purge, and his vanishing victims, both civilian and military, have been counted by the hundreds of thousands. Stalin is the first ruler of our time who has appeared openly envious of epidemics.

In Chapter IX we witnessed the execution of the Polish agent, Poleschuk-Konar, and some thirty-five of his alleged confederates or dupes. Then came the killing of Stalin's friend and leading lieutenant, Serge Kirov — a murder which many intelligence operatives now attribute to Stalin himself. He is said to have become jealous of the able and zealous Kirov, and to have used his assassination as a signal and an excuse for the Prodigious Purge.

When the first report of the killing of Kirov was flashed to the Kremlin, Stalin at once hurried off to Leningrad to question Comrade Nikolaiev, the assassin, and superintend the disciplining of a number of ranking officers of the political police. The Kirov murder was soon "discovered" by the GPU to have formed but a part of

a "gigantic plot" organized by the followers of Trotsky, Kamenev and Zinoviev. Whether or not Stalin instigated the shooting of Serge Kirov, he seized instant advantage of the turbulence and tensions it provoked in the Soviet Union and began liquidating his intra-party adversaries until he had made himself absolute master of the Communist movement the world over and of the vast governing machinery of the U.S.S.R. .

Once started the purge was to continue until "every man who might have ideas that conflicted with Stalin's would go down before a firing squad or die miserably in the cork-lined cellars" of the GPU. Stalin took the line of uprooting all Trotskyist "enemies of the working class" and he charged them with "wrecking" both the industry and agriculture of the Soviet Union. Poleschuk-Konar, the Polish spy and saboteur, had used his Kremlin authority to work great harm upon Soviet agriculture. But that audacious Pole was dead and buried and so was the evidence concerning his sabotage intrigues. Trotskyists therefore became the wreckers of Russian agriculture.

Other wreckers allegedly following the celebrated Bolshevik exile were accused of having caused thirty-five hundred railroad wrecks in a two-year period, 1935-1937. But foreign observers in Moscow agreed that it was "a simpler matter for Stalin to charge his failures to Trotsky than to acknowledge that many of his industrial plans were impracticable and that his henchmen lacked the experience and technical knowledge to make them succeed."

In the ensuing succession of treason trials and "show trials," the luckless victims charged with "wrecking" and "sabotage" were "not the remnants of the old bourgeoisie," nor monarchists and former tsarist officers. In many cases the accused "were Old Bolsheviks, the comrades of Lenin, the men who had made the Bolshevik

revolution possible, the men who had fought for the new Soviet republic in the civil wars.”

Stalin killed them, imprisoned them, exiled them in droves. The show was continuous, fantastic and obscene. The trials followed a formula. Each victim signed a written confession “recounting his plots” against the Soviet Union. This confession he confirmed and even elaborated in open court, proclaiming his abominable guilt “before microphones and newsreel men.”

On August 19, 1936, Kamenev, Zinoviev and fourteen others were brought to trial in Moscow.

In January, 1937, the brilliant editor, Karl Radek, Gregory Sokolnikov, G. L. Piatakov and twelve others were allowed publicly to beckon their doom. At one point in this Oriental melodrama Radek exclaimed: “I am guilty of all the charges of all the terrorist plots—even those I didn’t know about.” With which statement Radek, a skilled journalist to the last, expressed the theme of the Stalinist purge.

Radek and Sokolnikov, while admitting everything, were so effective in their unmasked-conspirator roles that they escaped the death sentences imposed upon their thirteen companions and were only sent to prison. Radek and Sokolnikov may have been spared to give another command performance.

“The next month the purge moved . . . to Paris,” according to Henry C. Wolfe in *The Imperial Soviets*. “Comrade Navachine, formerly in the service of the Soviet Government, had broken with the Kremlin and threatened to deliver a lecture exposing the treason trials. This would have been extremely embarrassing to Stalin, inasmuch as he counted on continued support from Blum, Herriot and other French Left leaders. As Nava-

chine was walking in a Paris park a man fired at him and fled. Navachine would never give the anti-Stalin lecture."

While the heads of the Soviet secret police were attending to all this "dirty work" for Comrade Stalin, their own security ever dangled on the thin thread of a despot's suspicions and uneasiness. The Lett, Yagoda — after ten years of terrorizing Russia as chief of the GPU — was dragged down, came to public trial, duly condemned himself, and was, presumably, executed in the cellars over which he had savagely reigned. His successor was Nikolai Yezhov, who is already replaced by Comrade Beria and returned to the shadows of party obscurity, although not as yet accused of any anti-Stalinist crime.

The program of the purge began changing almost weekly, adding new turns of entertainment, even if the last act was always the same. In Svobodny, a village of eastern Siberia, forty-four men and women were shot at one time. The charge against these Russians was espionage; Svobodny was allegedly a spy community bought and paid for by the Japanese Secret Service. At Minsk came an outbreak of vague "Trotskyist activities" and fifty-three per cent of all Communist Party members were expelled on that charge.

Late in May, 1937, Stalin began killing off his best army commanders. The Kremlin first let it be known that Marshal I. B. Gamarnik, vice-commissar of defense and an Old Bolshevik, had committed suicide. In June Marshal Tukhachevsky — "considered by the Germans and by other foreign experts the most brilliant military strategist in the Red Army" — and several generals were brought to trial simultaneously. The generals were Putna, who had been Soviet military attaché in Berlin,

London and Tokyo, and Kork, Yakir, Eideman, Uborevitch, Feldman and Primakov—all officers with combat experience and excellent records.

They were uniformly condemned for dealing with a foreign Power, and, being condemned, were shot. Stalin's charge was, of course, a blatant and sadistic subterfuge. We have seen in this record how the German *Reichswehr* and the Red Army were pariahs together in the years of the Iron Ring, the *cordon sanitaire* and French military domination of the Continent. And even after Hitler began bidding for the support of reactionaries everywhere with his camouflage of anti-Comintern, anti-Soviet condemnation, the German and Russian general-staff co-operation had continued. Stalin had favored it as a subtle check upon Britain and France.

The official liquidation of the eight Red Army chiefs was the start of a wave of terror and denunciation which shattered the military forces of the Soviet Union. Perhaps Joseph Stalin felt comforted and supreme, but the real profits from the purge accrued to Adolf Hitler. So invaluable to the Nazi leader was this self-inflicted demolition of the Stalinist state and its army that one finds it hard to believe the German Secret Service and Gestapo had nothing to do with it.

Writing to the *New York Times* in a letter dated March 25, 1940, Alexander Barmine declared that the GPU and Gestapo "jointly manufactured 'proof' of Tukhachevsky & Co.'s pro-Germanism and the legend that they carried on secret negotiations." Mr. Barmine is scarcely an unprejudiced observer of the workings of Stalin's murder machine, since Barmine himself barely eluded the grasp of the purgers. He was formerly the Soviet *chargé d'affaires* at Athens and had once held the rank of brigade commander in the Red Army. Yet his

inclusion of Hitler's political-police forgers and perjurers in the vast intrigue which began by destroying Marshal Tukhachevsky and Generals Kork, Putna, Yakir and the rest only supports earlier statements received by the writer from European informants on whose penetration of the mists of secret-service maneuvers abroad he has learned to rely. The moral desolation visited upon the Soviet armed forces, Hitler's only eastern obstacle or danger, was worth at least ten victories as sweeping as that won at Tannenberg, and even a man of destiny must take a hand in earning the equivalent of that many victories.

According to General Baratier of the French Intelligence — who might be no more unbiased than Barmine — the Stalinist purge to March, 1939, had killed off three of five Red Army marshals, while six of the eight Russian generals who passed sentence upon them were later executed in their turn. Stalin and his GPU henchmen also dispatched 75 out of 80 members of the Superior War Council, and executed or imprisoned 13 out of 19 army commanders, 15 out of 85 corps commanders, 110 out of 195 division commanders, likewise 202 out of 406 brigadiers. Thus it "appears that 349 officers out of 754 of a rank higher than colonel have been the victims of the purges. . . . As a matter of fact" — the French Intelligence report went on — "this list is incomplete."

The Russian air force was long advertised as representing "the best there is in the U.S.S.R." However, Stalin's "death or imprisonment" lists picked off two commissars for air, the chief of the air force general staff, three chiefs of the aerial combat forces and the commander of the important Moscow airdrome. The man known as "the creator of Soviet aviation," A. N. Toupolev, disappeared. His "principal collaborators" went with him. While the purge of the Soviet navy "exceeded in murderous thor-

oughness" that of the army command. During 1937 Stalin ordered the arrest and execution of "at least 12 of the highest ranking naval officers."

That which we shall perhaps remember longest about the modern breed of dictator is the totalitarian demigod's effrontery. Only Stalin knew what havoc he had jealously inflicted upon the defenders of Russia. Yet in September, 1938, he was apparently ready to make war if the French kept their solemn engagements to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia. And in November, 1939, Stalin did risk making war, endeavoring to ape the Hitlerian *Blitzkrieg* upon Poland.

Stalin attacked Finland, bombing Finnish civilians and lunging at the bleak Finnish frontier with a well-devised strategic plan. But the Finns — isolated, few in number, and scantily provided with arms and munitions — blended terrain, simple courage and winter into an armor belt against which the prestige of the Red Army dissipated itself like steam in an Arctic blizzard.

The Bolshevik plan counted upon an uprising of the Finnish working class, and to that end a ludicrous false front, the "People's Democratic Government of Finland," was propped up at Terioki with a Communist, Otto Kuusinen, perched atop the flimsy régime. Whereupon there resulted scarcely a ripple of Finnish working class revolt. For this record be it noted that Soviet secret service and GPU terrorism scored an unblemished zero in espionage, combat sabotage and the effective "fifth column" undermining of Finnish resistance.

It was Hitler who stopped large-scale assistance from getting through to the hopelessly outnumbered Finns; and thus, after great labors, frozen assets and exertions, Joseph Stalin was enabled to compel them to sue for peace. The Russian terms were hard, though mild be-

The invasion zones of Finland, showing direction of the Soviet Russian offensives, November 1939–February 1940.

side Hitler's various patterns and specimens of magnanimity toward his victims and neighbors. However, Stalin had been undisguisedly eager to break off the battle. Red Army failures in Finland had further reassured Stalin's new partner and potential foe.

Hitler and his generals saw they had little to fear from the savagely purged Soviet forces. Yet Hitler, in grateful acceptance of this huge profit from the purge, exerted the necessary pressure upon Norway and Sweden. Shutting off real aid to Finland, he extricated Stalin from his ice-bound *Blitzkrieg*.

XXXVI

THE BÜRGERBRÄU BOMB

From the cellar work of the professional assassins, from the official purges in which the great or near-great, the suspected or potentially rebellious were liquidated by murder-squads of political police, it was but a step for any dictator to press on to the purging of multitudes of innocent and harmless people. This was the great purge, which abates neither in Europe nor Asia, the mass purge of total — and totalitarian — war.

In the first hours of the conflict between Nazi Germany and Great Britain the *S. S. Athenia* was torpedoed by a submarine. This passenger vessel was bound for a Canadian port with Americans and Canadians who were fleeing the war zone and the expected German *Blitzkrieg*. But there was no immediate devastation of Britain from the air as Hitler, Goering and Goebbels had been threatening; instead, the 1939 war with the British picked up where the old-fashioned, Hohenzollern war had left off. A cruising German submarine commander selected himself that safest of terror targets, a crowded ocean liner, and discharged the war's first torpedo.

The *Athenia* was not *spurlos versenkt*. She did not go down immediately, as the *Lusitania* and scores of her doomed predecessors had done; but the torpedo's explosion killed or wounded many passengers and members of the crew, and many more lost their lives in the hazardous launching of life-boats at night from a listing, stricken vessel.

Before the British authorities could do more than an-

nounce this sea disaster, the Nazi propaganda machine put forth a singularly pat denial of German responsibility. No U-boat had been anywhere near the scene of the *Athenia* "explosion," roared Berlin. Only the British Admiralty could be sure just where the liner had been attacked, since none of the rescued American or Canadian passengers had as yet been interviewed. However, Berlin had to admit knowing the location of the disaster in order to issue its immediate exoneration of every submarine commander then at sea. And the Nazis went on to provide us our first war-exhibit of propagandic sabotage. "The British Intelligence Service sank the *Athenia* to drag the United States into the war!" Berlin divulged.

It was further stated—with the contemptuous cocksureness which distinguishes nearly all Nazi prevarications in propagandic form—that the German Intelligence had "learned" that British Intelligence officers had planted an infernal machine aboard the *Athenia* for the purpose of gaining American sympathy and stirring up American rage.

Now the writer, after so many years devoted to the study of that deplorable form of human behavior called secret service, would not think of asserting that any Intelligence Service in time of war would hold to a commendably moral or civilized view by rejecting the offensive properties of murder, bombs, or infernal machines. But he can assert, after much investigation of the methods, achievements and personnel of the British Intelligence Service, that its agents and officers are seldom insane. They are not inclined toward barbarism for its own sake, they remember the past, and seem addicted neither to excessive haste nor obvious waste.

A secret-service machine of destruction planted aboard

the *Athenia* would have touched the extremities of barbarism. It might have shattered the vessel so suddenly and completely, no lifeboat could have been launched and no one saved. Yet even that would not have brought America into the war against Germany. Anybody recalling the past knows that the attack upon the *Lusitania* by the German U-39 — although 114 Americans were among the 1,134 persons who lost their lives — was a shocking event that preceded the American declaration of war by some twenty-three months. Moreover, British Intelligence operatives, if desperate enough to plot to sink the *Athenia* by an internal explosion, would also have been bold and clever enough to time their device so that the “disaster” occurred with maximum effect near the coast of North America. Why be both wasteful of life and hasty and careless with explosives, inasmuch as the nearer to American waters the liner was sunk, the greater the American alarm and anger?

Finally, a number of credible witnesses, survivors of the *Athenia* disaster, have sworn that they saw the wake of a torpedo. And the disabled condition of the ship directly after the explosion suggested only torpedo attack. Nazi propagandists beat the British to the radio; but it will take more than propaganda to prove that the British Secret Service was playing with dynamite and the sympathies of America.

The next time the Nazis ascribed a bomb explosion to British Intelligence technique, the intended victim was Adolf Hitler.

On November 8, 1939, the famous *Bürgerbräu Keller* in Munich — Nazi shrine and beer-hall cradle of Hitlerism — was half wrecked by a bomb which blew down from the ceiling and which therefore resembled another even more momentous “secret-service” bomb, the one

planted by the Japanese Secret Service in terminating the Manchurian reign of Marshal Chang Tso-lin. Only a few minutes before the *Bürgerbräu* explosion Hitler had been speaking to an audience of dominant or upper-crust Nazis in commemoration of the 1923 melodrama at the Bavarian beer-hall. Then he had entered, shouting that he would prevail or perish, and he had excitedly fired one revolver shot into the ceiling, and presently had fled from the scene and the consequence of a comically premature *putsch*. But now the leader walked out calmly and rode away, and *bang* went the cunningly hidden bomb and down from the ceiling—where the immortal bullet of Hitler had lodged—came enough concussion to kill seven and injure more than fifty of his lingering admirers.

The bomb planted where the Number One Nazi's bullet had struck was a poetic touch which immediately suggested amateur assassins and zealots, rather than hardened professionals of secret service. Ignoring this portent of Nemesis, the German radio at once explained that the but slightly miscalculated attempt had been aimed and arranged by those same villains of the *Athenia* propaganda sinking, the British Intelligence Service. London perforce issued a categorical denial. Causing the Goebbels debaters to retort with allegedly "documented" proofs of British complicity.

Nearly everywhere outside of Germany the Gestapo was credited with this authentic bombing outrage. To rekindle the popularity of the dictator and to incite the crowd to rise in fury against Great Britain, Himmler's operatives—such was the interpretation favored by most foreign observers—had resorted to the same provocative tactics tried for the first time in March, 1933, when the Reichstag building was set on fire.

The Gestapo chiefs themselves did something to sus-

tain this theory by producing with truly totalitarian efficiency a culprit who as quickly proclaimed his own guilt. The bomb-planter they had selected was one, Georg Elser, whose countenance by radiophoto was straightway given to mankind. Elser, of course, confessed that British Secret Service agents had approached him and bribed him and equipped him to kill. In his pictures Elser looked exactly like a German who would pick pockets or steal milk from an orphanage. And because of the sweeping publicity accorded his "confession" and his photograph Elser was soon identified to the perceptible discomfiture of the Nazi police magnates. Persons who had endured "protective custody" at Sachsenhausen and Esterwegen — but who had lived to tell about it and even to emigrate from Hitler's realm — stated that they recognized this fellow Elser and had reason to remember him well.

The tool of the British, it appeared, had served in more than one Nazi concentration camp as a prison spy and Gestapo stool-pigeon. There seemed to be no mistake about this multiple recognition; and it is significant that soon afterward the Nazi spotlight was switched away from the "triumph of speedy detective work" and Elser's eager confession. There has been no loud noise lately about his probable trial or punishment.

On November 9th, the day after the *Bürgerbräu* miscalculation, Gestapo agents charged across the frontier at Venloo, The Netherlands, flourished revolvers, shot and killed a young Dutch Intelligence officer, Lieutenant Klop, and kidnapped two British agents, Captain Richard H. Stevens and Sigismund P. Best. This little stroke of violence was not immediately elucidated. Holding himself responsible for the death of Klop, the Dutch chief of Intelligence, Major-General J. W. van Oorschot

resigned his post, which he had held since 1919. And then, when the Nazis spoke, they inevitably identified Stevens and Best as Elser's confederates and the infamous originators of the beer-hall attempt upon Hitler's life.

A Dutch motor car and Dutch chauffeur were seized by the German raiders at the time of the abduction of Best and Stevens. Car, chauffeur and British agents are still "detained" in Germany. It cannot be added that the kidnapped Britons represent a secret-service subtraction from the total defense of the empire. Stevens and Best appear to have ventured much too close to the Nazi border, and on the very day after the bombing outrage, of which they must have been aware even without remotely sharing in its instigation. The two men were tricked by a stratagem which MM. Réal and Desmarest — the presumed inventors of counter-espionage — devised for Fouché and the Emperor Napoleon around 1803. This was the ruse of the "Secret Committee" — and Stevens and Best seem to have been assured from Germany that they, too, were in touch with a conspirator-committee tunneling full blast toward the greatly-desired Hitlerian overthrow. Imprisoned for the duration — even the Nazis would hardly dare shoot the two as spies — Captain Stevens and his colleague will have time enough to ponder the repetitiousness of history.

Concerning the real perpetrators of the beer-hall bombing, the *New York Times* of September 3, 1940 published a foreign dispatch, unsigned, undated and undocumented, but carrying much conviction :

The crime was not faked. It was genuine, and the police had nothing to do with it. It had been prepared and carried out by foes of Herr Hitler, apart from all foreign interference or incitation.

In the occurrence, British and French have deliberately spared Herr Hitler's life. The plotters wanted to be supplied with the electric appliance necessary to time accurately the explosion of the bomb. French and British could hardly conceal a feeling of horror; they were actually asked to associate with terrorists! They were determined not to have anything to do with them.

The result was that the conjurators had to piece together some kind of clockwork as best they could. They did it rather clumsily, and the infernal machine went off six or seven minutes too late. Herr Hitler was safe.

XXXVII

TRACKING DOWN THE ADMIRAL GRAF VON SPEE

The running fight off Montevideo when three British light cruisers rounded up the *Admiral Graf von Spee* was the most sensational naval combat of the war in 1939. Epic risks taken by the speedy, smoke-screened *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles* in cornering the powerful German pocket battleship should live forever in annals of the sea and fighting ships. And the driving, savage engagement of December 13th never would have occurred as and when it did but for the resource and team-work of naval-intelligence agents.

More than a score of secret-service operatives were in the contest weeks before the battle, playing a masked and inconspicuous part in one of the most extraordinary ship-hunts of our time. Vigilant, skillful and inspired, these secret agents pointed the *Admiral Graf von Spee* to her last historic stand. They tracked down the German commerce raider as detectives might trail a bold and cunning highwayman.

Secret service of the sea is not like secret service on land. The naval agent may borrow many practices of espionage or counter-espionage. But he cannot climb into a speedboat, or paddle a canoe like an Indian scout, and attempt to shadow his adversary in the way a dangerous spy would be shadowed on land until he—or she—had completely incriminated himself, together with any confederates he ventured to approach. The naval agent wears a casual sort of disguise; he is generally sta-

tioned in a foreign port, even some obscure neutral port, where he may seem to waste his time, and he poses as a tourist regaining his health, a café lounge habitually squandering health and money, an artist lingering inexpensively in a picturesque foreign resort, or a bank clerk, ship-chandler, or salesman. Thus the naval secret agent waits and watches unceasingly. He waits for his opponents to blunder.

Now one day early in August, 1939, the *Admiral Graf von Spee* left her home harbor secretly, proceeding under sealed orders to a station in the South Atlantic. On that day as on many a day previously the German dictator and his armed forces were preparing to attack Poland. There might be more "appeasement" engineered by trusted friends in Paris and London. Or there might be a general war. The German Admiralty was taking no chances. As a formidable type of commerce raider the pocket battleship *Spee* would be ready and waiting.

Captain Hans Langsdorff and his raider were off Lourenço Marques on the coast of Portuguese East Africa when war was declared. It now seems evident that both the British and French Naval Intelligence departments had lost track of the *Spee*. Near dawn on the 4th of September came the first R.A.F. surprise bombing raid on Kiel; and then British Intelligence rashly permitted the radio to suggest that the *Spee* had been heavily damaged by a bomb.

Langsdorff, meanwhile, was reading the orders sealed and handed to him more than four weeks earlier. He was to prey upon the South Atlantic commerce of the British and French. Soon the *Spee* was capturing merchant vessels and sinking them after taking their crews prisoner. And soon a dozen war craft were furiously hunting the *Spee*. Langsdorff could listen in on the

Allies' radio. He learned that a great ship-hunt was on. But as long as he could keep away from neutral ports and neutral shipping, the captain of the pocket battleship was able to intensify his campaign of mystification.

Where was the *Admiral Graf von Spee* with her speed and her 11-inch guns?

Had Langsdorff entered a neutral port to take on supplies, his arrival would at once have been reported. Under the laws of war he would have had to sail again in twenty-four hours. The hunting cruisers would have converged to cut him off. Langsdorff therefore had to keep the *Spee* at sea; while far away in Berlin men schemed to keep Langsdorff supplied with fuel, food and munitions.

Back and forth steamed the raider, and at the end of each of her clandestine voyages the *Spee* met a German freighter. A series of cleverly devised appointments in mid-ocean gave Langsdorff his renewals of the naval stores without which he could not have continued the contest. October passed, and November — and agents of the British Naval Intelligence were spotting the German supply ships.

It was still "this queer war" in which nothing much seemed to be happening. For Langsdorff, however, each day, every hour was tense with increasing danger. The *Spee* held captive the officers of the merchant ships she had destroyed. Langsdorff somewhat eased his supply burden by transferring the captured crews to one of his furtive auxiliaries, the *Altmark*, later to figure in a thrilling action of naval warfare.

Intelligence operatives spread out ashore were hitting Langsdorff harder now than any of his darting pursuers afloat. The many carefully watched German freighters were "covered"; their cargoes were investigated. Various devices of law and intrigue tied up or hampered these

not-too-well-disguised German naval auxiliaries. December had come and by its second week the *Graf von Spee* was riding high out of water, her fuel tanks nearly emptied, her steward's department resorting to emergency rations.

Where were the supply vessels? Strange misadventures seemed to be overtaking them one by one. And Langsdorff, again turning back across the South Atlantic, arrived off the coast of Brazil. He counted upon replenishing his stores from the "secret service" freighter *Ussukuma*. But naval agents, concerned for any kind of cargo likely to sustain the *Spee*, had learned all about the *Ussukuma* — by helping to load her.

Warnings were relayed to the patrolling British cruisers. The German freighter, heavily burdened and acting upon orders sent from Berlin, put to sea punctually to cross "by accident" the furtive path of Langsdorff's warship. But just over the summer horizon of that ocean in December a British sentinel cruiser waited. The *Ussukuma* was captured before her crew could scuttle her and defy her captors to seize the cargo.

Langsdorff, his crew and his officer prisoners could tighten their belts; but the engines of the Nazi pocket battleship had to meet privation by slowing down. And want of speed might prove as fatal in a crisis as a sudden loss of armor or gun-power. Be it said that Hans Langsdorff's desperation did not impair his professional skill. He had one last hope, the freighter *Tacoma* — one final shipload of vital supplies. He could not know that agents of Naval Intelligence, on watch around the wide mouth of the River Plata, had virtually "captured" this last supply ship of the German Navy.

The secret agents were not dealing with the *Tacoma* as they had done with the *Ussukuma*. They had

changed their tactics, caring far more now about baiting a trap for the *Spee* than about gathering in at sea another clandestine cargo. They did not hesitate to let the skipper of the *Tacoma* know that they had him covered. It appears that they even pestered him with calculated and clumsy attentions, so that this German intriguer saw that his thin disguise had failed, and he feared to sail. His very departure might bring trouble, bad trouble and racing foes and stabbing gunfire, down upon the raider *Spee*.

It is evident that Langsdorff's hard-pressed ship was doomed by the mere existence of the loaded *Tacoma*. The same Naval Intelligence network of the British which was "pinning down" this last of many auxiliaries was drawing upon intelligence returns from a hundred neutral ports. No other possible confederate of the *Spee* was seen ready to slip away to sea. Therefore only the stalled *Tacoma* had a rendezvous with Langsdorff. The dangerous pocket battleship must be fairly close at hand. The trap well baited, the steel net was tightening. If the *Tacoma* did not try to put to sea, Langsdorff's man-of-war must venture nearer and nearer.

An unknown system of signals and code flashes was rallying the ocean hunters. No longer the Allies' radio kept the master of the *Graf von Spee* informed of his adversaries' position. Langsdorff, despairing of German co-operation in secret, decided that he must pounce upon the first enemy coasting steamer he could overhaul and from her gain temporary relief in fuel and food supplies.

British ships had doubled their watch on the Plata estuary. The cruisers *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*—that immortal trio of light combatants—lay to the north of Montevideo. The cruiser *Cumberland* was a day's hard push to the south. Somewhere in Brazilian waters three

fast destroyers covered ports which might beckon Langsdorff. The mid-Atlantic was patrolled by the French battle-cruiser *Dunkerque*, one of the five ships then afloat with greater speed and heavier main batteries than the *Admiral Graf von Spee*.

The day of battle—December 13th—dawned bright and clear. At daylight “the white stretch of creaming surf, the green line of hills and forests that mark the Brazilian-Uruguayan coast” lay about fifteen miles to starboard of the cruising, hungry raider. At four bells—6 A.M.—lookouts sighted the top hamper of two ships off the port quarter. Alarm gongs sounded and the German crew ran to battle stations as the *Spee* picked up speed and turned toward the ships.

One of them, nearer the coast, was the *Formose*, a French passenger liner out of Rio de Janeiro for Montevideo, and “well stocked with staples and fresh food-stuffs, a prize indeed for a raider long at sea.” But the other, to seaward, was H. M. S. *Exeter*, Captain F. S. Bell commanding, a heavy cruiser with six 8-inch guns in three turrets and turbines giving her a top speed of 32 knots.

Exeter attained her full 80,000 H.P. in less than twenty minutes. The order was “Smoke!” and dense plumes of black poured from the British fighter’s two stacks, hiding *Formose*, which had headed shoreward toward Palmar Point, thereafter to hug the coast while running hard for Montevideo. *Exeter* twisted seaward to lead the *Spee* away from her prize, and the British cruiser’s wireless flashed out urgent messages to *Ajax*, flagship of Commodore H. H. Harwood, and her New Zealand sister, *Achilles*, commanded by Captain W. E. Parry.

Turning toward the south, zigzagging and laying down smoke, *Exeter* closed the range and her guns began to

speak. Young Ronald Hill of Plymouth, 17-year-old bugler soon to die, stood ready for orders, bugle to lips, on the cruiser's forebridge. The guns of the *Exeter* fired 256-pound shells, while the great 11-inchers of the German craft fired 670-pounds per rifle or a 4020-pound broadside. Langsdorff scored but a single hit in his first six salvos, but the seventh struck *Exeter* squarely, inflicting fearful punishment. Yet Captain Bell still closed the range; and *Ajax* and *Achilles* were in the fight now on the *Graf Spee*'s quarter, swiftly turning toward land to head off the formidable German adversary. *Exeter* was being hit again and again—a direct hit on the forward turret had killed outright eight of a crew of fifteen marines and smashed the bridge. Even the Germans' 5.9-inch battery was bearing, so close was the range by 7 o'clock; but the British smaller guns fired faster, the sixteen 6-inch rifles of *Achilles* and *Ajax* scarring the *Spee* with 100-pound projectiles.

Bell in the *Exeter* had to shift from the smashed forward station to the after control, steered his cruiser for forty-five minutes through a chain of ten sailors who passed their captain's commands by word of mouth to the after steering wheel and the engine room. One 8-inch gun still blazed away and that was served by hand, the turret trained and the rifle loaded by man power. Fires raged over the gallant cruiser and gradually she slowed—"off Cape Santa Maria she turned southeastward, no longer serviceable as a fighting unit, out of action and with decks littered with sixty-one dead and twenty-three seriously wounded." Yet *Exeter*'s white ensign was still flying and she had enabled the liner *Formose* to escape.

There came a lull, then the fight thundered anew, with the brisk, intrepid 7000-ton *Ajax* and *Achilles* wheeling

and turning, in and out of a two-mile-long smoke screen — emerging every three or four minutes to sting and be gone before Langsdorff's heavy guns could shatter them. Little *Ajax* actually attempted to head the pocket battleship off from her sanctuary in the broad River Plata. Daylight faded and the eighteen-hour running fight ended ingloriously for the great German warship. Langsdorff, who had taken the wheel himself, speeded up the coming of night by laying down a heavy smoke screen, seeking to deceive the terrier team that would not permit him to break off the battle. Under cover of the smoke he swung seaward a last time, but, with his bow riddled and woefully short of fuel, he turned again and charged up the estuary channel. The *Spee* reached Montevideo with thirty-six dead and sixty wounded.

Between them *Ajax* and *Achilles* had lost only eleven dead and eight wounded. *Ajax* had suffered the more, with two of four gun turrets put out of action. And now both light cruisers took up battle stations to wait for the early dawn, their tired crews sleeping at their guns.

The luminous page of naval history written all through that hot summer day has rather obscured the puzzle of a strange, unequal combat and how it came to be fought. There ensued the tragic finale. From his Olympian peak Herr Hitler commanded a double sacrifice: the *Spee* became a blackened hulk and Langsdorff a suicide, following the internment of German officers and crew. That the victorious British squadron ever rounded up the much-hunted pocket battleship was a quiet achievement of naval secret service and shore-and-sea team-work.

Another — never quiet — division of war-time secret service, the Nazi machine of agitation, intimidation and terror, took a propagandist hand in the Uruguayan battle an hour or two after the wounded from the *Spee* were

tenderly carried ashore. From Germany the omniscient short-wave radio began bellowing that the three British cruisers had attacked the *Spee* with mustard-gas shells. But Goebbels' sportsmen dropped that grotesque canard as quickly as though they had touched some blistering dichlorethyl sulfide, for leading physicians of Montevideo impartially examined both the German killed and wounded and could find no trace of the unmistakable burns of mustard gas.

Soon the short-wave frenzy was concentrating upon the fate of the hard-hit *Exeter*. "Where is the *Exeter*, which was crippled by the *Graf Spee*?" British voices of the German radio began to chant. "Where is the *Exeter*? Are you sure the Admiralty told the truth? Are you sure the *Exeter* isn't at the bottom of the South Atlantic?"

Thus challenged day after day, the British Admiralty finally had to answer: "The location of the *Exeter* is a military secret which may not now be disclosed. The object of the propagandists' persistent inquiry is to learn for German Naval Intelligence whether the cruiser is being repaired in Britain, Bermuda, or the Falkland Islands."

The suicide of Langsdorff and the scuttling of his ship were a double tragedy with several epilogues. Why did Hitler order the *Spee* destroyed? Was it because he feared the British would gain too resounding a success if the damaged pocket battleship was ordered out to stand against *Ajax* and *Achilles*, reinforced by the *Cumberland*? Or was he perfecting his pose as the tender-hearted guardian of his people by sparing the crew of the *Spee* from almost certain defeat and death?

It has been said that Hitler was thoughtful, even in December, 1939, of American—North, Central and

South American — entry into a second World War, and did not propose to have the *Spee* interned by Uruguay, only to fall intact with her many structural secrets into American or British hands should the government at Montevideo follow the United States in an eventual declaration of war upon Nazi Germany. And it has been added that Hitler preferred to save the lives of the hundreds of young Germans aboard the pocket battleship, because their sacrifice would gain him nothing in following the traditions of sea warfare, while interned they would add their potential strength to his already powerfully entrenched "fifth columns" in South America.

If the scuttling of the *Admiral Graf von Spee* was expected to rob British Naval Intelligence of her secrets, Langsdorff ought to have been told to risk a few salvos from the waiting British fighters in order to send her to the bottom many fathoms down. As a menace to navigation the hulk of the *Spee* was sold by the government of Uruguay to a firm of contractors in search of scrap metal. Divers were straightway employed by this high bidder to visit the hulk of the Nazi raider; and the writer has it on good authority that naval divers supplied by British Intelligence were on hand in Montevideo the day the work of salvage began. It was the work of the celebrated British diver, Shipwright E. C. Miller, in the first World War which dragged from sunken U-boats the code books and other invaluable documents wanted by the Admiralty. And we may assume that if British divers have been taking the *Spee* apart, what were her secrets are secret no longer.

All while the pocket battleship had fought the British ships, down below decks locked in her brig were some sixty British mariners, the officer captives taken from the nine merchant vessels sunk by Langsdorff in his weeks of

commerce raiding. The sixty mariners listened to the thump of the heavy turrets and cheered and sang when they heard a shell crash into their surging prison, even though all realized the defeat of the German might mean their death. And these pent partizans were, of course, set free when Langsdorff put his wounded and dead ashore at Montevideo.

Still aboard the German auxiliary *Altmark*, however, were the crews of the merchant vessels destroyed by Langsdorff. He had transferred them from his raider in November, during one of those smartly managed "chance encounters" of the South Atlantic, which we have seen providing the *Spee* with supplies. And from November to February the *Altmark* punished her cargo of prisoners by trying to sneak them past the British blockade. *Altmark* steamed far to the north, with half her captives fallen ill from the congested conditions aboard a purely impromptu prison ship and from her growing shortage of rations.

In the second week of February, 1940, the *Altmark* was really getting somewhere, creeping homeward down the coast of Norway, boldly imposing on Norwegian neutrality. There must have been a thick file of intelligence reports concerning the *Altmark*. Those mariners released from the beaten *Spee* surely knew what had become of their British crews. But when a British man-of-war entered the port of Bergen to investigate the German ship, Norwegian authorities — then free to be as comatose as they pleased — ordered the British skipper away, insisting that the *Altmark* had been regularly inspected and was a normal cargo carrier secure from attack while in neutral waters.

That same night, however, out of Norway — whence many an espionage report takes wing today — there seems

to have come a final and emphatic warning about the *Altmark*. And then H.M.S. *Cossack* took on the job of rescuing the captive British seamen. At dead of night — February 16th — the new destroyer dashed into Bergen harbor. There was a short, sharp fight, with a number of casualties, mostly German. The *Cossack* then returned to Britain with every prisoner freed. In trying to ram the rescuer, the *Altmark* had been run aground.

Such a “brutal violation” of Norway’s cherished neutrality sent the Nazi radio, Station GOEBBELS, Berlin, into hysterics of condemnation. Every German and every supporter of Germany was deeply shocked. And Herr Hitler himself was especially shocked, for by the night of February 16th he already had completed his plans and artful preparations for the April descent upon Scandinavia, the extinction of Norwegian neutrality and the conquest of Norway.

XXXVIII

THE SECRET SERVICE OF SURPRISE ATTACK

Hitler once told Sven Hedin, the explorer, that he would conquer the whole world by *not repeating* any of the mistakes made by the leaders of Hohenzollern Germany up to and during the first World War, a period roughly covered by the years 1906–1918. Hitler, the forgotten corporal, grieving for a lost cause, had taken nourishment from the old saying—battles are won by the generals who make the fewest mistakes. And so Hitler has posed himself as a mighty conquerer who will prevail on every front and in every field—including the important fifth-column and secret-service fields—by making few if any serious mistakes.

It is alarming to note just how few mistakes of the arrogant or “Hohenzollern” stamp this dictator and his Nazi lieutenants have had scored against them to date.

In the first World War German secret-service operations, although formidably outlined before the coming of hostilities, were through the four years’ duration surprisingly and often extravagantly clumsy. The great reputation for cunning and espionage omnipotence with which imperial Germany entered that 1914 struggle only proved a cushion for the incompetent and a persistent handicap to the otherwise accomplished German General Staff. It was, however, a quite legitimate reputation, deriving from earlier wars in the time of Prince Bismarck, from Teutonic exploits of spy-intrigue in overthrowing Denmark (1864), Austria (1866), and the tinsel empire of

Napoleon III (1870–1871). Behind Bismarck lurked and schemed his adjutant of ingenuities, Wilhelm Johann Carl Eduard Stieber. Christened like a king, this man was truly a king of conspirators, originator of many new forms of undercover attack, a typically ardent monarchist, implacable Prussian and second-rate genius who shone without giving forth much light in the grim labyrinths of professional foul play.

Now the blundering secret service in the war Germany lost in 1918 was a thing far removed from the dodges and dirty diversions sly old Stieber spent his life in fathering. Hohenzollerns and their generals had forgotten about Stieber. But Adolf Hitler has not forgotten him. Everything Hitler knows about trickery and betrayal of trust was known to Wilhelm Stieber. Hitler has been winning in times of alleged peace and in times of violent conflict by resorting to Stieber's methods. And Hitler magnifies them, too, doing everything with ten times the expansive flight and explosive force generated by the forgotten but invincible Stieber.

There is nothing in *Mein Kampf* about borrowing the sharp practices or cynical philosophy of Bismarck's malign spy-master. Yet this writer is convinced that Adolf Hitler has paid dangerously respectful attention to the methods and memoirs of Stieber. The writer has given a lot of his time to dissecting Stieber's innovations and activities; and the singular resemblance of Hitler practices — and successes — to Stieber practices — and successes — could scarcely be accidental.

It was Stieber, for example, who first understood the offensive power of a properly organized and concentrated secret service. Stieber never knew the term "fifth column," but he knew how to recruit, conceal, instruct and command an army of secret agents. From 1868 to 1870,

preparing for quick conquest, he flooded France with his hirelings and spies. Except for certain up-to-date adventures in sabotage and espionage co-operation with reconnaissance planes and dive bombers, Stieber's corps of disguised invaders behaved just as Hitler's secret corps is now known to have behaved in the demoralized France of 1940.

Stieber felt that army commanders were altogether too scornful of civilians—including Stieber himself, prevented by the Prussian military caste from ever attaining army rank. The man Bismarck relied upon argued that a civil population must be frightened to distraction, or bribed, duped and used. The "tourist" class with which Hitler saturated pre-conquest Poland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium and The Netherlands might have graduated from a school where old Wilhelm plotted and lectured. It was a Stieber rule to make foreign friends in high places, by means of promises, empty honors—ribbons and decorations made available by Prince Bismarck—threats, blackmail, or hard cash. Stieber, too, would have equipped his *Blitzkrieg* with a Beck in Poland, a Quisling in Norway, a Reynders in Holland and a king's favorite, van Overstraten, in Belgium.

While the last Austrian chancellor, Doctor Schuschnigg, was straining to exclude the poison of Nazi intriguers from his ill-defended country, he had a confidential secretary, Doctor Frölichstal, on whom he constantly relied. But Frölichstal was a member of the German Secret Service on active duty. It was he who helped to plant a dictograph in his chief's private office, so that Gestapo men in Vienna might hear everything Schuschnigg heard and identify every caller who dared to warn the chancellor, or offer him aid, or disparage Hitler and complain of the tide of Nazi aggressions.

In Stieber's day the favorite coachman of the French Minister of War was a professional spy working for Germany. When the minister drove to inspect new and secret fortifications, his coachman remained unobtrusive and content on the box, restraining the spirited horses and observing everything.

On the dark night of October 14, 1939, a German officer, Lieutenant Captain Günther Prien, ran his U-boat into the British naval base at Scapa Flow. Prien discharged four torpedoes without suffering counter-attack and sank, with great loss of life, H.M.S. *Royal Oak*. Thick oil poured from the wounded battleship, and swimming British officers and men suffocated in the oil. Prien proved not only that the base at Scapa Flow was vulnerable, but also that a valuable secret could be stolen and used before the theft had been discovered.

Prien, in contriving his brilliant offensive stroke, had to avoid the mine fields and a protective boom. It has been said that he went in on the surface, using his searchlight, like a British naval craft returning from patrol or convoy duty. The German knew just what sort of signals ought to accompany this surface masquerade. And he retreated also without submerging, finding his way again through a narrow channel close to the shore that had been revealed to him.

Now the Nazi propaganda department, by permitting it to become known that Günther Prien employed the subterfuge of keeping his submarine on the surface, may chiefly have sought to mask the coup of a virtual super-spy working for Hitler in Britain against the British. Had Prien submerged, either in entering or escaping from Scapa Flow, he would have had to have in his possession absolutely accurate, up-to-date copies of the latest British Admiralty plans of mine-barrage defensive.

Whereas, we may note, in staying on the surface Prien had only to be aware of the exact procedure of a British war vessel when entering or leaving an important base at night.

There might be hundreds, even thousands, of people in Great Britain from whom the naval secret of the signalling by searchlight or other means could not be easily reserved. But how many persons would be sufficiently well informed as "insiders," or intimate friends of insiders, to be able to transmit to a U-boat captain such accurate, up-to-the-minute plans as the mine-field defenses of the Scapa Flow base? Perhaps not fifty in England and Scotland.

British counter-espionage operatives must have grasped instantly the threatening significance of Prien's nocturnal achievement. Probably the British counter-spies were not taken in by what can only have been an officially inspired Berlin rumor concerning Prien's ruse of the surface approach and departure.

If the German's feat had been solely the accomplishment of technical skill and audacity, other U-boat commanders might before this have borrowed his skill and daring and raided other exposed British bases. But Prien's attack on the *Royal Oak* has thus far remained unique. The super-spying confederate has not been able to clear the ground for a second masterstroke of submarine assault.

Was it mere coincidence that a notable member of the British Parliament and a ranking officer, formerly the chief of British *Naval Intelligence*—the latter together with members of his household—were arrested and imprisoned on unspecified charges not long after Prien's Scapa Flow exploit?

British counter-espionage has evidently struck some unexpected and heavy blows in defeating — or, at least, delaying — Hitler's aggression upon the British Isles. Hitler has followed up his own threats and his own program. He has studied the best models — not only Stieber, but Karl Schulmeister and other dynamic pioneers in the secret service of surprise attack — and he has schooled himself in new and expansive practices of Nazi inspiration, founded upon close observations of past failures. But Hitler has not enveloped England in his poisonous cloud of long-prepared deceits. He has not surprised the British — at this writing — nor has he held to his bombastic schedule of pitilessly crushed democracies.

It is too close to the event to assign fairly the credit for this sensational breakdown of the *Blitzkrieg*. Hitler had his "tourists" and his "motion picture crews" in Poland. He had "tourists" and mobs of "merchant seamen" and secretly armed "commercial travellers" awaiting *Der Tag* in The Netherlands. Belgium, from palace to air fields, was a perceptibly humming hive of pro-Nazi, pre-invasion intrigue. Hitler's agents invaded brazenly the French Ministry of War, Ministry of Marine, and Chamber of Deputies. Wilhelm Stieber's flocking agents, in 1870, scratched queer childish symbols on garden walls and buildings to impart information to the oncoming Prussian invaders. Hitler's spies in France used the very same system in directing German tanks and artillery. A Hitler agent even made use of the air-raid siren in a French coastal town to signal in code to Nazi dive bombers.

Has Britain escaped all this secret service of surprise attack? And can Hitler conquer any country, weak or strong, without immense labors from a large and re-

sourceful fifth-column infiltration? He has still to prove that he has any winning weapons save treachery and tricks-krieg.

With respect to the siege of Great Britain, and to British undercover resistance and safeguards—it is not too much to say that the counter-spies, who were most effective during the first World War, have been surpassing that well-remembered British defensive by a ratio of 20 to 1. At the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the British authorities quietly corralled every German agent in the United Kingdom save one, and he had already left the country in self-liquidating panic. But in the month of September, 1939, the earliest bag of the counter-spies in Britain included—not twenty-one German agents, as in 1914—but more than four hundred persons clearly identifiable as Nazi operatives. Some of them had resided in England for years, and a great many were “loyal Britons” in that they had sworn allegiance to the king.

Such a round-up must have shattered the hopes of many a gloating spy-master. But more Nazi agents were undoubtedly sent over to replace those in custody. To-day with Britain's interned suspects running into the tens of thousands, it is believed that the British counter-espionage department has more than two thousand Nazi or Fascist fifth-columnists under lock and key, or, safer still, transported for detention in the dominions.

Great as have seemed the Hitlerian rushes from one prostrate country to the next, it must be remembered that the Nazi mechanism of secret-service penetration and subjugation is so geared that Herr Hitler will always prefer the more rapid and stealthy conquests of “peace” to the strains, deprivations and unfavorable publicity attending his victories in war. He had prepared to surprise and overcome one nation after another. It disturbs his

dearest plans that he has had to fight the British Empire just at this time, that the stupid Britons do not know enough to surrender, and that they give forth unruly cries of defiance and seem bent on changing the Nazi-form lightning-war to a long and dreadful contest of endurance.

If the British have grimly extended their span of independence and, to a degree, harnessed the lightning of the *Blitzkrieg*, who knows but that one day they may make use of the lightning themselves, or even borrow from Stieber's book and produce their own secret service of surprise attack. If, for example, there is to be a turning point in the present conflict, it may be discovered by future historians to have come that June day of 1940 — the same June of the contemptible French Fascist prostration — when the Royal Navy prevented enemy seizure of many powerful units of the French fleet by attacking those vessels in the battle of Mers-el-Kebir. And we shall see that two spies — each of them executed — exerted a kind of remote control upon that celebrated, deplorable clash of the recent allies at sea.

Marc Aubert, a French naval ensign who sold himself to Germany and Italy, was a portent of the coming "resistance" of too many of his countrymen. Aubert needed money; and soon French counter-espionage agents suspected his bargaining with German and Italian representatives. This was in 1939, some while before the outbreak of hostilities.

Ensign Aubert sold a number of the latest interior and secret designs of new French fighting ships. In which enterprise he was aided by a young and foolish mistress, Jeanne Marie Morel. Then the pair were arrested and duly brought to trial. Both were convicted, Aubert being cashiered, then condemned for his treason and

shot. The Morel girl drew a prison term of five years. While the Nazis and Fascists astonished each other comparing their knowledge of recent French naval improvements and variations of design.

The second of the two spies was a patriot. In Germany, serving his own country — and, after its conquest, the British — he chanced to learn of a strange and special thing. The Germans, in a new outbreak of thoroughness, had begun training naval crews to handle ships of other than German design. Not Italian — *French* design!

Certain dummy key-parts had even been constructed for this practice. The Nazi crews were almost ready — for what? France then appeared a healthy and resolute belligerent.

But this alert Netherlander got through with a second report late in May, by which time the French were skidding toward their no longer unpredictable collapse.

British Intelligence officers must have had other means of checking the reports from the Dutch operative, Myn-dert Miuwissen. And when Pétain, Laval et Cie. began giving up all over the map, it became imperative to seize or put out of action as many units of the undefeated but surrendering French Navy as could be kept from German hands. The Oran battle and other encounters resulted.

As the Nazis bear down upon their conquered Continent, whole regiments and brigades of men and women — and children, if the pattern of the first World War is followed — are being recruited for devious and far-flung activities engineered by the British Secret Service. We already hear of such prompt, artful reports from Norwegians and Danes that when the R.A.F. bombs oil tanks it usually spares a few — the empty ones. Or again, in Hamburg, when the Nazis gambled on a ruse and lodged

precious munitions stores in a row of commonplace dwellings that the Gestapo commandeered for this purpose, the British bombers ignored the large target of an empty arsenal, but flew low down this one obscure street and set off the "secret" row of dwellings like a string of firecrackers. From a Swiss traveller in Germany we learn that the regularly attacked junction yards at Hamm are rarely bombed until just after the crack Nazi repair-crews have finished restoring the damaged sidings and switches.

As the pressures of the German occupation increase, the unemployment, the hunger, humiliation and fear, a submerged Continent of spies and saboteurs will enlist to overthrow the oppressor. From hundreds of "listening posts" came the information which led, on September 16, 1940, to the smashing counter-offensive of the R.A.F. Nazi invasion of England, or its final dress rehearsal, was stopped that day with frightful German casualties inflicted all along the "invasion coast," while scores of small, hidden allies of Britain muffled their jubilation. From Norway to the borders of "unoccupied" France, the increasing severity of Nazi police regulations show us what counter-blows and underground ferment are already harrying the Master Race. There is also this epilogue to the tragedy of Mers-el-Kebir —

The Gestapo has proudly announced the beheading "for treason to the state" of the Dutch youth, Myndert Miuwissen. If treason it was, then it hit the Germans hard and where it hurt. Doing alone what multitudes in their humiliation will try to do, this patriot spy helped to restore to Great Britain the prestige of the initiative, and played his shrewd, self-sacrificing part in the immeasurably forceful secret service that prepares a surprise attack.

XXXIX

AMERICA ARMS FOR THE TERROR

Despite the unsparing velocity of aviation progress the Atlantic Ocean is still — at this writing — three thousand miles wide. But it is not three thousand miles *high*. People in the United States roused themselves slowly to accept this fact, but are now no longer wrapping themselves dangerously in a “Chinese Wall” of isolationism and complacent illusions.

As a nation we were ill-disposed toward the grim word “Enemies.” We were used to being criticized and patronized by a certain sort of foreign visitor or visiting American expatriate. Some had openly envied our riches, our progress and our way of life. In recent years too many alien, or alien-minded, agitators had been professing to despise our strength and our form of government. Americans, as a rule, found themselves embarrassed by the envy, puzzled by the hate, and inclined to swallow the haughtiest criticisms with proper humility. Perhaps we have been a “back-slapper” among cynics and sophisticates, unashamedly wanting strangers to like us and trying hospitably to show we wanted to like them.

Now, however, we know what “Enemies” mean and a change has set in. It was a long while on the way, but it is here — and not a second too soon.

It took years, it took a whole series of Horrible Examples and Shocking Lessons — it took plots and devastations in China, plots and devastations in Spain, plots, betrayals and armed aggressions all over Europe — to awaken America to one paramount and repugnant fact.

This fact is that the very governments whose spokesmen assail and deride us verbally are also attacking us with operations of secret service. With subtle intensity, with ill-concealed animosity, these governments — German, Japanese, Italian, Russian — promote a form of insidious warfare by means of an *underground invading force* of spies, conspirators, propagandists, agitators and saboteurs.

The Japanese have played this game in our hemisphere for the longest period of time. The Russians, armed with the dread word Bolshevism, have for two decades been the most abominated and most frequently denounced and exposed. But Nazi Germany today is playing the game with far more virulence and combative ingenuity. The Russians — in the person of Communist agitators — and Japanese, Italians, and Fascist Spaniards — influential in Latin America — simply trail along in the wake of their aggressive Nazi comrades or masters.

One sees the urgent phrase — “all aid to Britain short of war” — or hears the astigmatic optimists still bleating — “America must keep out of *this* foreign war.” Just as though the United States was not already at war, invaded for the past several years and defensively engaged in its own desperate combat with subterranean plotters who are not here to toy with America or distract America, but to limit American power and, ultimately, to bring about the destruction of American democracy.

In Berlin, in the Prinz Friedrich Karl Strasse, there is a plain looking, quite inconspicuous building which none the less houses a Nazi government bureau of vital concern to the United States and to every free citizen of the Americas. This bureau is a branch of the *Geheimdienst* or Nazi Secret Service Department. It is the so-called “Psychological Laboratory” where the secret agents of

New Germany, plotting in behalf of the New Order in Europe, are brought to a state of high polish and razor-edged keenness.

This laboratory is one of Adolf Hitler's cherished innovations. It is in itself one of those "new secret weapons" with which, according to the repeated Hitlerian boasts, the Nazi leader expects to win the war.

Why should Nazi agents have to pass through a psychological laboratory? It is obvious. Hitler has taken to heart those blundering, clumsy acts of 1914-1918—and especially of 1915-1917 in the Americas—and he has detected that they were mainly psychological. Every German conspirator then seemed unspeakably cocksure and contemptuous of any non-Germanic antagonist. And most German spies turned up as comic spies—even though many of them in Europe were shot in a thoroughly humorless manner—because they misunderstood or deliberately ignored the "psychology" of British, French, or American foes.

Hitler with his minutely organized program of conquest or domination has sought to correct this psychological infirmity of the vital secret service. At the laboratory in Prinz Friedrich Karl Strasse two executives who are said to be ingenious, imaginative and untiring—Colonel von Voss and Doctor Max Somoneit—apply most of the mental varnish, see to the polish and prescribe the razor edge. German agents "graduate" after a ten-weeks' intensive training period and are believed to be skilled in "thinking themselves inside the skin" of specified foreign opponents.

Hundreds of these Nazi spies beat the Poles by thinking and acting like Poles. To all intents and purposes they were ardent Polish patriots—and, of course, congenially anti-German—until the moment came for them

to strike, and strike hard, in the service of Nazi Hitler. They had been carefully trained to hide all normal, overbearing Teutonic characteristics in their dealings with the Poles, trained to grasp Polish psychology and impose upon it. And they had been particularly trained to hit below the belt.

Another corps of Voss-Somoneit graduates came forth to deal with the Danes and Norwegians, the Dutch, Belgians and French; and we know how diabolical was their subterranean offensive. If we could get a close-up of any recent graduating class of the Prinz Friedrich Karl Strasse laboratory of secret service, we would have material enough for a hundred Hollywood dramas, not to speak of a few comedies and thrillers. All sorts and kinds of men and women are recruited for the work of secret conquest abroad, because the strangest variety of human beings has been found necessary to the world-scale Hitlerian offensive.

Sorry as one may feel about the decent, civilized nations already betrayed and overpowered by the Nazi secret service of surprise attack, it is vital to look to the defenses of the United States and of all the Americas — it is imperative to know what special classes of graduates have been drilled and fanatically inspired to “think themselves into the skin” of Americans. Counter-espionage authorities in Washington have not been deceived by the more obvious pro-Nazi partizans. Vociferous trouble-breeders and hate-spreaders, with thick skulls and thicker accents, are not the dangerous enemy agents threatening our peace and security.

In a well-known Washington hotel a telephone line was discovered to have been tapped. It was a private line, which did not connect through the switchboard, so that even the operators of the hotel did not know of its ex-

istence. Frequently it was used by officials at the White House, even by the President of the United States, in communicating with a ranking officer of the government who lived at the hotel. And foreign agents—who must have seemed plain, everyday Americans, though they have since been traced to a Nazi espionage organization—invaded a brokerage office in the hotel, and succeeded in tapping this line and listening in on conversations of the greatest moment during the recent months of international crisis.

Turn back for a moment to Chapter XIII and join the writer in an apology to the Poles. It seemed pretty ridiculous for a jealously regarded, wholly “surrounded” country like Poland to be so careless of its counter-spying defenses that Nazi and Soviet operatives could prey upon government departments in Warsaw, even tapping the telephone lines of the Ministry of War. Now Poland lies prostrate, a prize divided between the Nazi and Soviet masters of the very spies who roamed at will in Warsaw. And now they are gathering here, the invaders, with time enough and inclination to tap our special lines.

The authenticated instances of recent sabotage in the United States—some one hundred and twenty of them—may not be enumerated in this place. Fires and explosions, damage to costly machinery and reversed controls in aircraft just assembled—these and others acts of subterranean warfare are occurring in nearly every state of the Union.

Smuggled narcotics, handled by a “business concern” whose profits are known to belong exclusively to the Japanese Secret Service in China and Manchukuo, have been uncovered as far from Asia-for-the-Asiatics as Kansas City. Hunters in northern Pennsylvania discovered a cache of arms so peculiar for that locality they reported it to the

F.B.I. Thus they were instrumental in causing the seizure of arms and the smugglers of arms—and also narcotics—whose operations directly connected with the secret-service work of Germany and Japan.

In the West forest rangers are kept alert today looking for ordinary sheets of newspaper—Sunday supplements, country weeklies, or racing issues. These sheets burst into flame an hour or so after some subversive visitor has dropped them in a tinder-like place. One such novel “bomb” started a fire in the storeroom of a factory having important relation to the aircraft industry. The sheets of newspaper have been found impregnated with a certain chemical—which fire-bringing substance is imported from Stuttgart, where the Nazi powers have located a secret-service headquarters devoted to “overseas business.”

Latin American hospitality is even more flagrantly violated. A time-bomb wrecked the British steamer *Gascony* in dock at Buenos Aires, killing an Argentine stevedore and injuring five others. The bomb undoubtedly had been intended to kill instead the British crew by destroying the vessel suddenly in mid-ocean. Not the “British Intelligence” but Nazi saboteurs were immediately blamed for this crime. Argentine police began hunting for Gottloff Diertoff, an escaped officer of the scuttled pocket battleship *Admiral Graf von Spee*. And in process of tracing this Nazi adventurer, Argentine detectives unearthed a huge arms cache—including field guns and armored cars—in Misiones, northeastern Argentine.

Other stores of contraband arms and munitions have been found in Uruguay, Brazil, Venezuela and in Central American areas much nearer the Panama Canal. In Uruguay the lately reorganized secret police are becom-

ing extremely vigilant. Underground conditions there have struck many observers as close to the volcanic.

The radio operator at Cape Polonia, though a naturalized Uruguayan citizen of twelve years' residence, was discovered to be an active agent of the *Geheimdienst* — Nazi secret-service department. And cracking this case opened the door upon a citadel of Nazi-Fascist conspiracy and aggressive preparations. The Cape Polonia operator, so long as Langsdorff kept the *Spee* at sea, had regularly assisted the raider by sending out false signals and calls for help from "British merchant ships," thus frequently scattering the hunting cruisers of Commodore Harwood's South Atlantic squadron.

In Latin America the Japanese are more subtle than the Germans, yet they play the same anti-North-American game. The Japanese as a people must imitate or die, and so they have lately joined the dictator states, which are also, like Japan, police states — and bankrupt. Japan has signed up for the duration, becoming the Far Eastern wing of the Aggressors' Axis. And what is more, the despotic military clansmen of Nippon have made singularly clear their personal objective in such a drastic and hazardous concentration of policy. Japan signed to play in the Axis outfield as a gesture of defiance and an unmasked threat to the rights, interests and government of the United States.

The only new thing about this Japanese hostility is its loud propagandist exploitation in Berlin and Rome, where new treaties and alliances are announced both as appetizers and to substitute for a good square meal. In secret the Japanese ruling caste has been displaying anti-American impulses for many a year. Until 1934 or 1935 there was only one clandestine foe of the United States in steady practice, and that foe was the Japanese Secret

Service. The spies in America, and especially the magnetic Panama Canal Zone, were Japanese or the hirelings of Japan. Former members of our armed forces, John S. Farnsworth and Harry T. Thompson—each detected, convicted and imprisoned for his crime—were the first renegades for a century to betray our military secrets to a foreign Power. And these men were induced to ruin their lives and kick honor and good repute into the gutter because of substantial bribes slipped to them by Japanese Naval Intelligence officers.

The government and people of the United States are not in need of further warning. We are aroused and arming with all possible rapidity, and helping our neighbors of the Americas to arm. We have, in the Canadians, well-equipped allies with great combatant reputations.

There are, however, 16,000 aliens in the United States on visitors' permits. Counter-espionage suspect lists, the combined compilation of the F.B.I., and of the Army, Navy and Coast Guard Intelligence, are said to have passed their 370,000th name. And high on these lists for months past have been the names Auhagen and Draeger—Doctor Friedrich Auhagen and Friedhelm Draeger, a Nazi vice consul in New York.

Auhagen, a fugitive, attempting to escape to Germany via Japan and Soviet Russia, was arrested in Los Angeles. His subsequent confession implicated Draeger, who has been using a diplomatic post to mask his work as Adolf Hitler's chief agent of sabotage and offensive secret service in North America. Federal authorities have known all about the brazen Herr Draeger and his underground acts—just given publicity—and they have known that such acts constitute acts of war.

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